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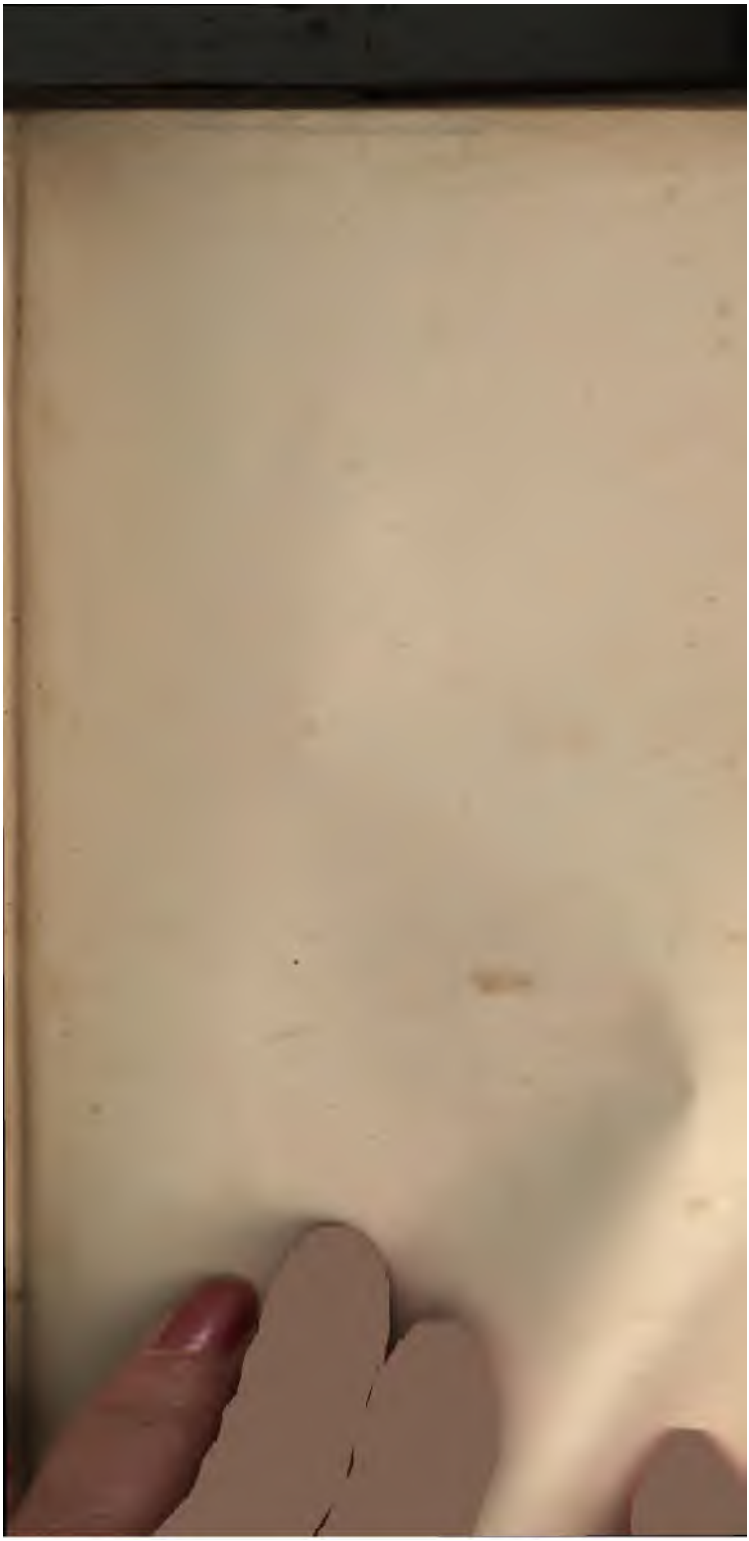

THE

MATCHMAKER.

A NOVEL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"COUSIN GEOFFREY," AND "THE MARRYING MAN."

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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THE MATCHMAKER.

CHAPTER I.

"Bad luck on the pennie that tempted my Minnie
To sell her poor Jenny for siller an' lan'!"

There are two kinds of matchmakers—those who make matches to kindle a flame, and those who make matches which, alas! often have the effect of extinguishing one. The reader may like to know of which species of matchmaker we are about to treat. Fear not, ye worshippers of the Real! fear not, sensible utilitarians, who, travelling at the rate of thirty miles an hour, in the easy, softly-cushioned, first-rate seats of a railway carriage, glide at a similar pace through the

one of the bygone stage-coaches, d
yore so rapid of motion. No; we
ot to weary the public ear with a "
Matilda" story of a romantic beggai
ho has made small matches for others
crying them in clear and dulcet tones
akes a great match for herself, and quit
ene, after seven volumes of romantic ac
re, wedded to at least an earl!

Our matchmakers have a fancy for e
o; but the former matchmaker ranks
grants and vagabonds, and yet is she
ged in a more sensible, a more reputa
d a less dangerous species of matchmal
an she who seeks to knit together careles
ladies knit silks of different shades, two
cters perhaps in startling contrast, two
nies never intended to unite, two imm
uls brought together by her designs, no

The poor matchmaker who cries matches in the streets is a more deserving and a far more blameless character than she who plans them in her silken boudoir, and makes them where the young and giddy meet.

How few such matchmakers think of the heavy responsibility of a task undertaken through interest or sport, and carried on in cupidity, or in idleness!

If none would willingly have to answer for a death, surely none who reflect would choose to have to answer for a marriage! True, there is no happiness so great as wedded happiness.

> "They who joy would win, must share it.
> Happiness was born a twin."

But certainly there is no misery to be at all compared with wedded misery. What cares, what sufferings would not be aggravated by a heavy and eternal chain! And to feel that the soulless, frivolous manœuvres of another, not one's own free will, had bound one in such a chain, makes it heavier and more gall-

ing still. Beware, ye matchmakers! few bless, and many revile you.

But the universal matchmaker, anxious to get all the spinsters and bachelors of her acquaintance married as fast as possible, is a rare character, a genuine amateur. Hers is something of the feeling of the actor in Nickleby, who, when he performed the part of Othello, blackened his whole body, in gratuitous self-sacrificing enthusiasm for the art.

The ordinary matchmaker is only anxious to get those married who are in some way dependent on, or whose interests are linked with hers. She takes no concern in the marriages of others, unless they can in any way militate against or forward her own designs, plots, and plans: the matches she meditates, once made, all the world beside may be in full enjoyment of "single blessedness."

The matchmaker we speak of is generally a mother. Mothers are Nature's matchmakers; but, as with gamblers, repeated successes put people on their guard: those who always hold good cards, and play them well,

at last find none who will venture to engage with them. There are the "Deadly Smooths" of Almacks, and the opera-box, as well as of Crockford's, plumed, jewelled, and not unlike their own caps and hats, all satin and blonde without, and all pins and wire within. They watch, and wait, more "deadly," more "smooth" than their celebrated namesake, and engaging poor novices, at frightful odds, to play for the most fearful of stakes.

Enough of them; their triumphs must be limited; for, their reputation as matchmakers confirmed, their occupation, like Othello's, is gone—for ever.

Mrs. Lindsay, our matchmaker, is not one of these. The fashionable manœuvring mammas are now hackneyed characters—the same in all their evolutions, and wearisome in their sameness. All women of fashion are alike, whether as daughters, mothers, wives, or widows: they never want the touch of art, but the touch of nature—that they want, indeed.

Our matchmaker, then, is a *parvenue*. To be a *parvenue* proves talent of some kind, and,

what is rarer still, perseverance of all kinds. An orphan, she showed her talent first by making a match for herself. She married a gentleman—poor, but yet a gentleman. She then contrived to get her brothers allied to women of fortune, and afterwards, as they were vulgar, and "provided for," she cut them. At the opening of our tale she has two daughters yet on her hands; two she has already disposed of.

Mrs. Lindsay was very proud of those matches; and yet they might have cured her of matchmaking. One, a young and delicate girl, doatingly fond of her parents and her home, and extremely simple in her tastes, she married to a sordid man, going out as a judge to India. There, in wretched health, she pines in vain for home and pure air. What to her is the pomp she cannot enjoy, the jewels around her wasted neck and arms, and the money-getting husband, yellow and cold as his own guineas! Yet it was "a splendid match;" at least, so said the world and the matchmaker.

Another, a timid creature, was married to a sporting squire, who tried to make an amazon of her; but, driving her one day, spite of her terror and dismay, in a tandem to cover, the leader took fright—he was thrown into a horsepond, and she was dashed against a tree, and carried home lifeless.

The poor mother! she had been so proud of that match: it had been so envied by mothers and daughters. She was the most to be pitied, for the bride's escape was a happy one. The man was a domestic tyrant, who rated women far below horses, or even dogs. Death was surely preferable to life with him!

One would have deemed that these unhappy matches would have sickened the mother of matchmaking. But what gambler, what speculator is deterred by failure! Experience shows it only rouses him to further risks. Matchmaking is the worst kind of speculation, the worst species of gambling: the capital speculated away is happiness — the stake gambled for is the life of life.

CHAPTER II.

"The elderly walked through the library,
And tumbled books, or criticised the pictures;
Or sauntered through the gardens piteously,
And made upon the hothouse several strictures:
Or rode a nag which trotted not too high,
Or on the morning papers read their lectures,
Or on the watch their longing eyes would fix,
Longing at sixty for the hour of six."

BYRON.

The Marine Parade at Brighton was thronged with fashionables in every species of gay vehicle and striking attire, the sun was sinking like an eastern king on a canopy of purple and crimson, and every courtier-like wave that bowed before him, retired laden with gold. It was one of those autumns with which the climate of England atones for a cold spring and a wet summer; and every empty-headed exquisite, caracolling on a crea-

ture far more "clever" than himself, informed each lounging, vapid belle that it was a "lovely evening," and she in return announced that it had been "a very fine day."

On an evening like this, a family was assembled at the windows of one of the palace-like houses looking on the spot we have named. At first the watchers—for watchers they evidently were — seemed all complacency, but as time advanced, and what they looked for came not, little impatient ejaculations occasionally escaped from the ladies, and a few grunts and growls from two old gentlemen, who compared watches, and murmured the cabalistic words, "late," and "dinner."

These gentlemen were old Mr. Lindsay, a merchant of immense wealth (the master of the house in question), and Mr. Grunter, an old chum, quite dependent upon him, a surly, bearish fellow, about whom there was nothing of the toady but his situation.

Old Lindsay, though a humourist, was a man of the warmest benevolence of heart; Grunter had no claim upon him but that of

having been an usher in a school where he was a scholar, and of being not merely without a friend in the world, but shunned and disliked except by those who dared not offend the rich Mr. Lindsay's uncouth *protégé*. The good-hearted old man not only endured and provided for, but actually felt an interest in Grunter (on account of what he called his misfortunes) — a kind of habitual respect for one whose severity had embittered the bright joys of his boyhood, and had caused Homer and Virgil to rank for ever in his memory with the rod and the strap.

Rather to spare his feelings the mortification of receiving benefits for which he rendered none, than for any service he was really of, Grunter was considered and remunerated as tutor, reader, and librarian. Mr. Lindsay's nieces had occasionally been his pupils in writing, arithmetic, and grammar. The Latin grammar being his *forte*, they had been compelled to go through it with him; and though they had long since learned all he had to teach, he still preserved an air of authority

with them, and occasionally ventured to correct, if he detected any want of Lindley Murreyan exactness in their expressions.

Of late, much to Grunter's annoyance, a new pupil had been found for him by Mr. Lindsay, in the shape of pretty, ignorant Annie Maxwell, whose Scotticisms almost drove him mad, and who never could understand the difference between shall and will.

The ladies of the party were the Reverend Mrs. Lindsay—(if being the wife of the Reverend Gregory Lindsay, Mr. Lindsay's brother, could entitle her to the appellation!) — her daughter Augusta, a proud young beauty; Miss Tibby Maxwell, an old twentieth Scotch cousin of Mr. Lindsay's (also a dependent), and Annie Maxwell, a young relative, dependent on *her* — a hoyden of fifteen, blooming and fresh as her native heather.

At the moment our tale opens, Mr. Lindsay was very impatient, for he was expecting his only son, Julian, who had been for three years absent on the continent, and who, during

those three years, had been for ever uppermost in his father's thoughts.

Mr. Grunter was equally impatient, for *he* was expecting a splendid turbot, which he himself had discovered in the market, and forthwith secured. Since the hour of luncheon, this "beautiful creature" had been ever present to his mind. Six o'clock, the dinner hour of Mr. Lindsay, was already passed; for three long hours had he been constant in every thought, and counting the minutes, when he should meet again the creature who had proved to him that there is such a thing as love at first sight. Who can marvel at his impatience! He was nervously watching for a bell—the only bell that could make his heart beat—"that tocsin of the soul, the dinner-bell."

"I think I'd be the better of my dinner, cousin," said Miss Tibby Maxwell, taking out of a deep pocket a large silver watch. "Young folk are na jist sae punctual as they war in my younger days; they gang flirting aboot after every pretty new face they see,

and never consider wha may be waiting dinner for them at hame. Ah! it was na so when I was a lassie, cousin; as the clock struck ain we were a' listening to my puir father's grace over the brose and the haggis; and wha was na present at the thanksgiving was just dispenset wi' at the meat. A wee minute too late, and we might dine where and how we could. Ah, that was the gude gait to mak young folk mind their elders, and larn betimes to be ponctual!"

"That's a most sensible observation, Miss Maxwell," gently observed the obliging Mrs. Lindsay.

"And one we'd surely better act upon," said Grunter, looking at his watch, which he held in his hand. "That lovely turbot will be done to rags—ruined past redemption. As Miss Maxwell observes, old people enforce no discipline, and young people have no idea of obedience, or punctuality."

"It was na sae in my younger days," repeated Tibby, pleased with the success of her observation.

"But," said Annie, laughing (and with words to which a slight Scotch accent gave a wild sweetness like that the taste of the heather imparts to our northern honey) "but, Miss Tibbie, if ye were not unpunctual yersel, ye surely caused others to be so. When young Donald of the Brae, and young Douglas of the Castle, as ye ca them (though they'll be auld eno' by this time) — but when they were watching a' day, round aboot the Grange, as ye've tauld me yersel, for a blink o' yer bonny blue 'ee, they could not be very punctual themselves at their ain father's tables, I'm thinking."

"Well said, my little Annie!" cried old Lindsay. "What say you to that, cousin Tib? and if Julian is, as you suggested, following some ignus-fatuus' eyes into the slough of despond, what is he the worse than young Donald o' the Brae, and young Douglas, and all the other youths of fifty years ago?"

"Na jist fifty, cousin," said Tibby, half-pleased, half-piqued, drawing herself up.

"What Annie says is somewhat pert for sae young a lassie, but na a'thegither untrue for a' that. The Grange was aye a sad place for making the young men forget that time waits for na man. I'll jist tell you a very clever speech Sandy Maxwell, your great-uncle, Annie, made about it, to the first cousin of Jock Macdonald; but first I must tell ye a' that led to it, it'll wile awa' the time a wee bit till Julian arrives."

Here Miss Tibby settled herself into the attitude of one about to tell a very long story. But this was too much for Grunter. Having slyly pushed the hands of his watch on ten minutes, he held it to Mr. Lindsay.

"It's half past six," he said, in a husky voice, which betrayed his emotion; "a few minutes more, and the turbot will be a wreck!"

A tear glistened in his hard, cold eye. Mr. Lindsay was moved. Miss Tibby, offended at the interruption, had stopped short, after saying "It was in the spring of the year 1799, when first I became acquent wi'

young Donald o' the Brae. I was a young lassie, and mony said a bonnie ain——."

Stopped at a moment so interesting to herself, she sat in cold, offended dignity, stroking down her white muslin shawl and apron, and glancing resentfully over her spectacles at Grunter.

"You have stopped Miss Maxwell in such an interesting story," said the accommodating Mrs. Lindsay, "dear Mr. Grunter, but then, of course, you cannot bear your fine purchase to be spoiled. What is to be done?——"

"There's but one sensible thing to be done, ma'am," growled Grunter—"to go to dinner at once; that is," he added, recollecting himself, "if Mr. Lindsay pleases."

"Let it be put to the vote," said Mrs. Lindsay.

"Well, I vote for dining directly," said Grunter.

"And you, Miss Maxwell?"

"I'll jist remain neuter," said the still offended old damsel.

"And so will I, sister," said Mr. Lindsay, who was anxious, as a host, not to disoblige his guests, yet desirous, as a father, to pay his son the attention of waiting for him.

"And you, Annie?"

"Why, I'd be the better of my dinner," laughed Annie; "and by waiting we're spoiling not only the dinner, but the young gentleman, too."

"Annie," said Grunter, "you're a sensible girl."

"And what do you say, Augusta? Shall we dine now, or wait to see whether your cousin will come?"

Augusta raised her eyes from "Corinne," which she held in her hand as an excuse for not sharing in the conversation, at a time when she was all anxiety for Julian's arrival.

"Dine! Oh, no, not till my cousin comes. I care not if we do not dine at all!"

"What a fool the girl is!" muttered Grunter to himself.

"What a darling!" thought Julian's father.

"But, Ellen," remarked Annie,—"Ellen

is not come in, she only went out for a ride. Where can she be?"

"Perhaps she rode to meet Julian," said Mr. Lindsay.

"Oh, no!" exclaimed Annie; "Ellen is not the girl to go out to meet a young mon. She went the other way."

"How strange in her," said Augusta, "to go out at all, when my cousin is expected every minute! The hour when we anticipate meeting with the friend of our infancy is the festival of Hope; and I would not rob myself of its enjoyment by any exercise that could divert my attention."

Old Lindsay kissed his niece.

Grunter exclaimed, "Let's change this fine festival of Hope, Miss Augusta, for that of reality. Miss Ellen often comes in when dinner's half over. Miss Maxwell, allow me to offer my arm. There was great truth in your sensible observation on young people of the present day, ma'am."

Miss Maxwell, softened, took Grunter's

arm, the party repaired to the dining-room, where the turbot, to Grunter's unspeakable rapture, proved to be done, as he expressed it, to a 'T.'

CHAPTER III.

Alas! that Poverty's evil eye
Should e'er come hither such sweets to wither.
The flowers lay down their heads to die,
And Hope grew pale as the witch drew nigh.
MOORE.

Mrs. Lindsay was a woman of humble birth, and imperfect education. Her beauty, which in early youth had been very great, had captivated Gregory Lindsay when yet an under-graduate at Oxford, romantic and devoted (a reading-man, too); and, therefore, not roving like a butterfly from sweet to sweet, he remained constant to his first love. He obtained a high class, took orders, married on a curacy and a hundred a year, and knew for a time all the miseries of poverty and disappointed hope—of the annual

addition to his family of a young heir or heiress of sorrow—of pupils with their own dulness and contumacy, and their parents' discontent—and the complainings of a wife who sincerely regretted having married a poor gentleman, as she said, for love, when, shabbily clad, she found herself splashed by the gay carriages of *ci-devant* tradesmen (then rich merchants) whom she had rejected, and compared the waving plumes and velvet robes of their wives, their complacent looks, and over-decked offspring with her own turned silk and home-made bonnet, her beauty on which care had done the work of time, and the vamped up finery of her lovely children.

The reverend Gregory was about to conquer his pride, and attempt to open an actual school, when his father—who, proud as Lucifer, or as a Scotchman with a long pedigree, had never forgiven or noticed him after his marriage with a Miss Gubbs—died, and he, as eldest son, succeeded to a small patrimony. At the same time a moderate living was bestowed upon him by his university, and

Competence (dear domestic angel!) sate at his board and by his fireside. Mrs. Lindsay renewed her own and her children's wardrobe; and, as the rector's wife, looked from the rector's pew a very unchristian degree of scorn on all her upstart rivals.

Meanwhile, Gregory gave to a grand classical work the time he had been forced hitherto to bestow on stupidity and the Latin grammar. He generously shared with his brother, Edgar, the patrimony of which the entail ceased with him.

Edgar, who, having displayed no genius for the classics, had been condemned to a mercantile career, went abroad with his small capital, married, and returned some years before the opening of our tale, a very wealthy widower, with one son, Julian, then a boy of fifteen.

He found Gregory and his wife grown somewhat round and rubicund, and of all their children two fair girls alone survived—one Augusta, of the same age with Julian; the other, Ellen, a little younger than her cousin.

Of his now great wealth he would fain have conferred much on Gregory, whom Mrs. Lindsay failed not to remind of his former generosity; but Gregory was obstinate and independent. He had enough, and he was content. However, he objected not to his brother's avowed intention of giving handsome portions to his girls—was pleased at his desire, artfully instilled by the matchmaking mamma, to see one of them the choice of Julian, and suffered them to divide their time between Mossgrove Rectory and Lindsay Hall, the magnificent abode of his brother. Sometimes they accompanied their uncle to the sea-side, sometimes to town. He loved them both most fondly, his heart now deciding for the one, and now for the other. And he was looking forward with anxious curiosity to the impression they would make on Julian, their early playfellow, but who had been absent from them during those important years in which the girl glides into the woman.

Mr. Lindsay was a great observer of men

and speculator on character; but just when he was most anxious to decide to which of his nieces his own heart gave the preference, he discovered that, as we cannot judge of an object held close to the eye, so he had lived too much and too affectionately with these girls to have been able to take an extensive view of their natures. A kind and affluent relative, always ready to promote pleasure and afford shelter from sorrow, was, of course, very dear to young hearts as yet untainted by the world. Both, for his sake, bore patiently with all his pets and *protégés* — both submitted to the constant wheezing of the fat old spaniels, who were cherished because they were descendants of a favourite of his wife's — both patiently endured the screeching of a deafening old cockatoo who had belonged to her, and whom no petting could entirely tame — both had forgiven repeated falls caused by old Capricorn, the Cashmere buck, when at Lindsay Hall — both bore with Miss Tibby, and remained silent, if not attentive, while Mr. Grunter (at Mr. Lindsay's as well as his

own desire) read aloud, in a monotonous and thundering tone, a considerable portion of Rollin's History every evening when the family were alone—both were, in short, sweetly officious to please him — both, if he was ill, were as anxiously attentive as daughters to him—both really loved him ; but which might most be relied on when any real touchstone was applied to her character — such as love, or sorrow, or adversity, he now grieved to find himself completely ignorant.

Sometimes he fancied there was more of fire than of constancy in the beautiful and impassioned Augusta, and often he wished that a little more enthusiasm lighted the mild blue eyes of his gentle Ellen; but, as yet, they were both untried, for it is easy to the happy to be amiable, and not difficult to love those who have never caused them any sensations but those of pride and pleasure.

As for Julian, as a boy, he liked Augusta best. When at a juvenile ball, his Harrow chums decided that she was the *belle* of the room. He was very proud to walk or ride

with a tall, handsome, and nearly grown up girl; but, during a long illness, he liked best to see Ellen's soft face by his bedside. Ellen could read longest without being tired, and insisted on staying at home with him while Augusta went abroad.

At the age of twenty-three, he was returning perhaps to make his final selection. Both girls had received many hints and counsels from their mother, whose low birth caused her to look up to wealth and station as the grand objects of life,—who valued beauty (as all *ci-devant* beauties do) as the most precious of means for the noblest of results, and whose mother-heart made her very anxious that her daughters, by prudent matches, should be for ever secured from trials such as she had known in early wedded life.

Mrs. Lindsay was what the world calls "a good sort of woman" — a really obstinate but outwardly submissive wife, one who never disputed her husband's will by word, or conformed to it by deed. Attentive to appearances—regular at church—a fond, proud mo-

ther, cunning in hiding the early defects of her education by smatterings acquired in after-life, but betraying her origin chiefly by her deference to rank and wealth—her intense contempt for poverty and low-birth, and a toadying manner to her rich brother-in-law and all his dependents—from Grunter and Miss Tibby down to the screeching cockatoo, the rude-butting Cashmere he-goat, and the three noisy, asthmatic old spaniels.

It was one of her maxims (for of worldly maxims she had many) that a servant, or even a pet animal, constantly with a rich relation, has more actual influence than a brother far away. Many a rich legacy has been lost, she said to herself, by the ill-will of a poor servant, or a petted dog; and so she listened to Miss Tibby, praised and agreed with Grunter, fondled Annie, petted the old spaniels, the cockatoo, and Capricorn, and was thought by Mr. Lindsay the kindest creature on earth.

CHAPTER IV.

" Il y a des filles à marier,
Je ne sais comment les marier."
French Song.

If the hearts of the young beauties of the Lindsay family beat high with a sort of indefinite expectation at the heir's approach, the head of the matchmaker throbbed and ached with her complicated calculations, her half-formed plots and incipient manœuvres.

Hitherto, as there was not one eligible match in the neighbourhood of Moss Grove Rectory, her tactics had been all of the defensive kind. She not only looked forward to Julian's arrival on his own account, but she knew that her brother-in-law meant to give her daughters the benefit of a season in town, which was to be shared with their cousin Ju-

lian. She had no doubt that a young man of three and twenty, thrown constantly into the sweet and exhilarating society of two brightly intellectual and beautiful girls, of such different styles, would fall violently in love with one. "A commonly pretty and moderately pleasing woman," she said to herself, "seen in the beguiling intimacy of every day life, ever at hand to throw over the harsh commonplaces of existence the halo of grace and good humour, and, by a playful and ready wit, to turn all domestic tragedies into farces — even such a one, watched closely, becomes a source of marvel and of love to the romantic dreamer—and what else is a man of three and twenty ?—but, if he sought the world over, he could scarcely find two so gifted and so beautiful as these girls, and yet so sweetly contrasted. Many mothers would send the one away for a time, but I think they shew each other off; and, at least, I shall try the effect of the contrast. If the one acts as a countercharm to the other, it must be seen to."

Mrs. Lindsay loved both her daughters, and

could scarcely decide to which she wished the heir to propose. She had no doubt about Augusta's making a good match, whether she captivated her cousin or not. She saw in her something of the ambitious, plotting, and coquettish character she recognised in herself, but which she called maternal anxiety.

Augusta, then, she felt sure, would marry well; but Ellen—Ellen was to her the most impracticable of characters. She was so straightforward, she could not even understand any one's delighting in plots and counterplots; the spirit of intrigue was as incomprehensible to her as the patient pleasure people take in angling. Augusta could sympathise in the pride and joy of hooking a wily trout, and forget her own past fatigues and his tortures in the triumph of success. Ellen could never seem the thing she was not for a moment, nor bear to give the slightest pain to any thing that breathed. Under these circumstances, Mrs. Lindsay rather hoped that Ellen and Julian would make a match, and that Augusta would turn her season in town

to account, and secure both title and fortune.

True, Augusta was three or four years older than Ellen, and those years some people would have considered the best of a girl's life: passed principally at Moss Grove Rectory, or Lindsay Hall, they had been lost as far as conquests were concerned, but Mrs. Lindsay thought improved, as far as the power of making conquests went. Her beauty, in the quiet life she had led, and the pure air she had inhaled, had ripened into perfection without losing one particle of its first bloom; and how much of tact, of presence of mind, and of the art of winning, and the greater art of keeping a lover, a young woman under the *surveillance* of a watchful mother acquires between the ages of nineteen and twenty-three!

Mrs. Lindsay was an unsuspected matchmaker, for she never betrayed the very bad taste evinced in any thing like showing girls off. She knew how much opposition there is in man's stubborn heart—she knew that most

men hate the accomplishments which are forced upon them. If a mamma begs her "darling girl," or her "sweet love," to oblige her with an overture or a song, the man listens with an angry and impatient fear of being victimized, bored, taken in, &c.; the same performance, had the mamma nothing to do with it, would have thrown him into ecstacies. So with drawing—large portfolios, she said, brought forward for display, were wearisome and odious; but let a man find out, as if by chance, that a girl had an undreamt-of talent for drawing — let her carelessly sketch something at hand, his own profile, perhaps, or his favourite dog, and ten to one his admiration increases, and his intentions, if wavering before, become confirmed.

Mrs. Lindsay had nothing of the transparent cunning of Mrs. Primrose, in the Vicar of Wakefield; she never betrayed her wishes by hints; she would never have bade Olivia and the squire stand up together to show how well they were matched; she would never,

when the cakes, or pickles, or home-made wine were praised, have ascribed the merit to Olivia. Her motto was, that the love of opposition formed the basis of most men's characters; that, where they saw themselves courted either by mothers or daughters, they became unattainable; that, if parents seemed anxious to get rid of their daughters, they were fixtures for life; but that if, without any overstrained affectation, their parents seemed indifferent about their marrying, or rather anxious to keep them at home, the great principle of opposition was called into play—the men were not on their guard—silently the merits of the maiden stole into their hearts, and the unsuspected matchmaker, by keeping scrupulously in the background, did what no parading, showing off, boasting, and palpable manager could ever achieve.

One of Mrs. Lindsay's maxims was, that it was better to make a good match at five and twenty, than an indifferent one at seventeen. "The earlier you marry a poor man," she would say, "the longer you will have to live in

poverty, and the greater the number of heirs of discontent and penury you will be doomed to see struggling with fate; '*tout vient pour celle qui sait attendre.*' Be in no hurry—a bad match is worse than no match at all." Under this impression, Mrs. Lindsay, caring, alas! more for her daughter's worldly than her parishioner's eternal prospects, would not rest till she had effected the removal from Moss Grove of a very handsome young curate, whose eloquent sermons, delivered in a clear, emphatic voice, the old and feeble could hear, and whose fine eyes and curly, curate-head of hair brought the young from their pleasant rambles on a Sunday afternoon, at first to admire him, but at last to be roused by his eloquence, alarmed by his denunciations, and instructed by his reasonings.

Seeing that her girls, then very young, shared in the general feeling of admiration for and interest in the preacher, Mrs. Lindsay had him removed, and in his place came a bald old man, whom no one could hear, but with whom certainly no one could fall in love. The church

was again ill attended—the village-girls were again abroad during the service, engaged in idle flirtations—but Mrs. Lindsay thought of a curacy, a hundred a year, and an endless family for her proud Augusta or her gentle Ellen, and then she praised herself for her maternal care; and, with her favourite maxims, "Safe bind, safe find," "prevention is better than cure," and "Charity begins at home," she reconciled her mind to the inaudible preacher and the empty church.

CHAPTER V.

"*Falstaff.*—Give me a cup of sack, to make mine eyes look red, that it may be thought I have wept; for I must speak in passion—and I will do it in King Cambyses' vein."
King Henry IV., Part 1st.

Dinner was almost over, and all were beginning to feel very much surprised at Julian's delay, and very anxious about Ellen, when a dashing travelling-carriage drove to the door, and all save Grunter rushed to the windows.

Out sprang a tall, very handsome young man; but he paused to lift out and carry in to the house a young girl, in a habit, her hair dishevelled, and her dress stained with mud. Mute with surprise, the party rushed into the hall (all save Grunter, who had transferred his devotion to a pheasant); but surprise was exchanged for alarm, when they recognized

in the arms of the foreign-looking, moustached Julian, Ellen, pale and insensible.

"My son," ejaculated old Lindsay.

"My daughter," sobbed his sister-in-law.

"Ellen, dearest!" shrieked Augusta, rushing to her, forgetful at such a moment of her own beauty, and even of the young heir.

"Wha con ha' happened?—an accident, I fear," said Miss Tibby.

And Annie cried aloud and wrung her hands.

"A surgeon this instant!" exclaimed Julian. "*Sacre diable*, François, run to the nearest surgeon."

"When I know where he live, mylor."

"Run, James, run to Mr. Bone's," said old Lindsay. "Dear Julian, carry Ellen into the dining-room, and lay her on the sofa."

Julian did so.

The recumbent posture revived her; she looked up, raised herself a little, and smiled faintly.

"Are you much hurt, dear Ellen?" said several voices.

"No! no! be not uneasy, I am not hurt; indeed I am not, mamma, dear uncle, dear cousin—I am not much hurt." But even as she spoke, the acute pain overcame her, and she fainted away.

"Perhaps a glass of wine might be of service," said Grunter, ashamed to remain at table without any excuse, when all were so alarmed.

"No," said Julian, sternly, "Miss Lindsay has fainted from extreme pain; she is quite insensible."

"Had you not better take a glass of wine yourself, Mr. Julian? you look very pale."

"None but a brute could think of himself, sir, at such a time as this."

Grunter felt the reproof, crimsoned, and left the table, saying, "I'll run to the surgeon's myself. Servants are so stupid, poor dear Miss Ellen....." but as he opened the door, in came Mr. Bone.

He desired that every one, save Ellen's mother and sister, should leave the room—this all did, and remained for half an hour in that

most wretched of all suspense, that attendant on the suffering and danger of one dear to us. How much of agony is concentrated into those moments when we know that the surgeon's calm hand is putting to torture (albeit necessary) the being we could die to spare! What is the bodily suffering of the patient, compared to the mental anguish of the watcher, when the strained ear catches, perhaps, nothing but the low moan, or irrepressible cry? And all else is silence and mystery—servants gliding noiselessly about, their scared faces adding to one's terrors, and the surgeon calm, bright, and methodical, apparently as unconscious as his own instruments of the pang he gives — perhaps making an occasional remark on the weather or the news, or else silent and unconcerned as a mute at a funeral.

For half an hour, which seemed half a day, Julian, pale and agitated, strode up and down the room, now and then ringing the bell for the latest intelligence, now and then swearing in French at the supine, asthmatic old spaniels, and the screeching cockatoo, who always

took care, in any commotion, that his voice should be pitched the loudest, and heard the longest, and answering angrily to the expressions of interest Grunter thought it wise to make use of, while he hovered round the table on which the dessert was spread, and surreptitiously abstracted a few preserves, bonbons, a fig, or a bunch of raisins.

It was Mr. Lindsay's custom to leave the dining-room directly dinner was over, and to have the dessert in a drawing-room looking on the sea. By this time all was nearly dark without; but Grunter, anxious to escape Julian's angry eye, affected to be gazing from the window, while in reality he was conveying to his mouth the dainties hid in his ample hand. Had he dared, he would have helped himself to a glass of wine; but, just as he was about to do so, he encountered Julian's glance, and turned hastily away.

Mr. Lindsay sat pale and still. Annie continued to weep, and Miss Maxwell drove Julian almost mad by long details of perils incurred, and necks and limbs as gude as

broken, by the rash admirers of the charms of Miss Tibby Maxwell.

At length, agitated and tearful, Augusta came to say that Mr. Bone's opinion was not very unfavourable—that Ellen's arm *was* broken; but that, being a simple fracture, it had been easily set, and would, probably, soon be well—that her shoulder was severely bruised, and that a blow on the back of her head had rendered it necessary to bleed her freely. This, he, Mr. Bone, had done; she had been carried to her own bed, and, though evidently weak and in some pain, Mr. Bone had said that an opiate and perfect quiet would probably secure her a tolerable night; and she herself had sent her love to all, and an assurance that she would soon be quite well.

"Thank Heaven!" exclaimed at once Mr. Lindsay and his son.

"Jist like Donald o' the brae," said Miss Tibby; "he got a ugly fa' a leaping the fence at the Grange; he swore it was jist naething at a', and yet for twa weeks he did na' stir fra' the best bed at the Grange; and he was

na weel for a lang day, though spitefu' folk did say he made himself waur than needfu' — jist for the sake of being nursed and tended by mysel. I was then a young lassie—

"And mony said a bonny ain."

Annie was now weeping for joy; and Grunter, not knowing how else to bring the company to the dessert-table, said, "We've much to be grateful for that it is no worse; let us drink to Miss Ellen's perfect recovery, and a welcome to Mr. Julian."

"Willingly," said Mr. Lindsay, "if Julian will tell us now where he met with Ellen, and what he knows of this accident."

"That I will do presently," said Julian, whose natural and interesting agitation had, now all danger was past, given way to a somewhat affected superciliousness; "at present the bath and the toilet require my attention. I am often accused of not being attached to my native land, but just now there is more of my native land attached to me (pointing to a few small specks of mud on his diminutive and dazzling boots) than any but the rudest patriot

could tolerate. *Ma belle cousine,*" he added, "you 're divinely handsome, but all those ringlets are *de mauvais gout par l'âme de Napoleon*, they are; and that corsage and garniture are as old as — as Mr. Grunter's wig. *Ne boudez pas ma belle*, we'll set all that to rights. My *friseur*, who had the honour of wreathing the royal tresses for the last state ball, will be here to-morrow; I've engaged him really rather for you and Ellen than for myself, for he's only tolerable for men, but divine for women. Adieu; a little *bandoline pour lisser les cheveux* will set all that to rights."

"I do not dress to please myself," said Augusta, smiling, but at heart much piqued; "the friends who value me, like my present style because it is mine, and associated in their minds with me. I doubt whether any modern Parisian mode would atone to them for a change in one they love."

"Oh, *ci fait*. However, I'm glad there's so much sentiment in these cold climes; that remark of yours is worthy of George Sand.

Adieu, *pour le moment.* In two hours, sir, I shall be ready for dinner; in the enjoyment of your own dessert, pray do not forget, Mr. Grunter, that I have not even dined."

So saying, he unfolded a handkerchief, redolent of Araby, and white as snow, in the corner of which his name and crest were wrought as by a fairy. He rang for François, and left the room.

All gazed at each other in mute surprise and dismay. Was that affected coxcomb the earnest, agitated man of a few minutes before? Augusta's eyes flashed fire at his impertinence about her *coiffure.* Grunter vainly tried to drown in bumpers the recollection of the insult offered to his wig. Mr. Lindsay was deeply disappointed.

Miss Tibby remarked, "My kinsman is na jist what I expectit. He's a wee bit foreign, I think — a braw young mon, that one canna deny, but na jist the manner I expectit. Awell, aweel, I like the auld gate after a'; but if I war a young lassie, I 'd sune bring him to his sinses, as I did mony a ain before

him. Did I ever tell you, Augusta, of a proud young callant, who seemed to care for naebody?——" But Augusta was gone to tell her mother, who was watching in Ellen's dressing-room, what a puppy Julian had become; so Miss Tibby told her tale to Annie, who, however, was completely dazzled by the personal beauty and elegant dress of Julian Lindsay; and though she could believe that woman's wit might conquer a callant's airs, and that Tibby had brought to her feet men as wilfu' and pridefu' as Julian, she warmly disputed any of Miss Tibby's lovers having been as handsome or elegant as young Lindsay, particularly when she found that Donald of the brae, who was the very pictur of him, had a wee cast in his ee, that was na disfiguring for a' that, and saw, in an old locket of Miss Tibby's, a piece of his hair, which seemed, for coarseness and colour, to have been cut from a fox's brush.

CHAPTER VI.

"He was perfumed like a milliner,
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
A pouncet-box, which, ever and anon,
He gave his nose, and took 't away again:"
King Henry IV. Part I.

It was an hour before Julian had completed his toilet, and another, before his dinner was over. Mr. Lindsay was both hurt and displeased, but a little reconciled to his son, when he heard that in that interval he had sent three separate times to inquire most anxiously after his cousin, Ellen.

"His manners are spoiled," he said, to himself; "his person is disfigured by foreign foolery, but, if his heart be the heart of three years ago, he is not ruined yet."

Julian entered the drawing-room the very pink of Parisian elegance; his person, however, was of a style which gave dignity even

to dandyism; and a sculptor could have selected no finer model for an Antinous. His long hair, his moustachios and Neapolitan beard (all in conformance with the edicts of the extra-absurd *école romantique* of Paris) were, what few of the same school are, indebted solely to Nature for their jet and shining black; and no *friseur* could improve the natural wave of the too long and abundant locks.

Mr. Lindsay, as he looked at his fine form and perfect face, felt pride supplant his displeasure, and Augusta's eyes, which were flashing scorn when the door opened, softened into admiration. Our dandy's mood seemed changed with his dress; he was all mirth, good-humour, and cordiality; expressed to his father a most gratifying delight at being again under his roof; talked to him of the French funds, and gave him several financial pamphlets fresh from the press. With a hand the perfection of pruing, almond-paste and *crême de concombre*, he cordially shook the red and usher-like one of Grunter, which had never known aught more emollient than hard

water and yellow soap; he listened to a long story of Miss Tibby, as if he were really interested; and glanced at the admiring Annie in a manner which shewed he thought her well worth looking at.

Having thus exerted himself a little to win the favour of every one, he relapsed into supercilious coxcombry, as will be seen by his account of poor Ellen's accident. Having been repeatedly urged to give one, he at length exclaimed,

"How truly English you are to delight in horrors; never satisfied but when listening to things that make the blood run cold, and the hair stand on end! In Paris, they care more for their looks and their *coiffure*. However, the tale is soon told."

"Oh, I *will* so like to hear aboot it," said Annie; "it *shall* be so interesting."

"I *shall* so like to hear it, it *will* be so interesting," corrected Grunter.

"Thank you, Mr. Grunter," said Julian, appearing to consider his emphatic speech as a spontaneous compliment. "Well, then,

yesterday, taking up a paper at Long's, I saw that La Zelie, a charming creature, a dawning cantatrice, whom I mean to patronize, was staying at Worthing, laid up with a cold, caught, of course, from breathing our odious fogs. So I resolved, before coming here, just to take Worthing in my way, see her, and give her a few boxes of the *trésor de la poitrine* and *pâte pectorale*, which I had brought with me for the colds I expect to catch."

"Na great compliment to yer ain family," said Miss Tibby, with dignity, "to keep us a expecting ye, and waiting dinner, while you were ganging to see a mere play-actor. I never knew na gude in nane o' them; they're a' jist na better than they should be."

"I never yet met with any one who was, nor half as good as she should be, either, cousin; but, as to La Zelie, you wrong her; she has a voice like Philomel, and an ankle . . ."

"Play-actors are very bauld, and too ready to display their ankles, I'm thinking," said Miss Tibby, carefully drawing under a long

grey tabinet gown a pair of large feet, in quilted silk shoes, with pointed toes.

"Oh, no; no lady is anxious to display her ankle unless she is sure it's a fine one, or careful to hide it unless she has some doubts on that point."

Annie, who had some doubts, coloured deeply; Augusta, who had none, smiled approval.

"It was na sae in my younger days," said Miss Tibby, haughtily.

"Julian," said Mr. Lindsay, rather in sorrow than in anger, "will you proceed to what I am most anxious to hear—tell me where you met Ellen, and how this accident happened—if it is true that you let your father, whom you had not seen for three years, watch for you in vain, while you were waiting upon an actress. Had you the heart so to act, you should also have had the sense to conceal it."

"My dear, dear father," said Julian, catching his hand, a tear glistening in his fine eyes, "can you so wrong me? have you forgotten my old tactics with Miss Tibby; my

pleasure in surprising, and hers in reproving me? No, no; it is true that a poor young girl I knew at Paris (a singer) is at Worthing, but it was at the earnest summons of a friend in dreadful need that I went there; and so fearful was I of keeping you in suspense, that I left London at dawn, and should have been here before the time I mentioned, but for meeting with Ellen, and her unfortunate accident."

Old Lindsay cordially shook his son's hand, and Miss Tibby said, "And pray how did that hoccident happen?"

"Why, Miss Tibby, there I fear I am somewhat to blame, though, perhaps, you doubt it."

"I do na' doubt that."

"I wish I could; but the truth is, driving along, I remarked on the road, coming towards me, Miss Tibby, a very pretty person, on horseback, attended only by a groom. When we met, I, hating to indulge in the broad English stare, looked away, else I should have known Ellen, of course; but, if one indulges in the

truly British habit of looking a woman in the face, one deprives her of the pleasure of examining one's own."

"Yer a very mistaken young mon, cousin," said Tibby, reddening with the offended pride of her sex, "if you think that, were you as noble-looking a crater as Samson himsel, a woman would take half sae much pleasure in looking at ye, as in being looked at hersel; sae dinna forget that cousin, or ye shall na be weel respectit by the lassies."

"Thank you, Miss Tibby; when I wish to please I must come to you for a lesson," and he glanced alternately at Annie and Augusta, in whose eyes he read that he did not need one.

"But how did the hoccident happen?"

"I know not exactly, but I heard a shriek—I looked out—saw that a lady had been thrown,—in a moment I was by her side, and, lifting her up, I recognised dear Ellen. She had fainted, and I had to wait for some wafer before she could be recovered; at all events, I was mad with alarm, for I feared her arm was

broken. The sweet girl, when she came to her self, assured me she was not much hurt; but I, remembering her kind, noble temper of old, did not quite believe her. We stopped at the houses of two surgeon's, and neither was at home. I then thought it best to drive here; poor Ellen fainted again with the pain of the motion, and I do believe my torture during that drive will atone for all my sins and all my follies."

"I wush it may," said Tibby; "but wha frightened the horse?"

"My confounded valet; his green veil came untied, and the wind blew it right into the eyes of Ellen's horse — frightened him, of course, and she, quite off her guard, was thrown."

"A green veil! wha ever heard o' a green veil for a valet? I hope ye'll jist send him off, for his impertinence in wearing such a thing."

"Why, no; it was by my orders."

"And wha for?"

"Miss Tibby, even in a valet I cannot en-

dure freckles, and chaps, and all the horrid *etceteras* our east winds bring to the complexion, so I ordered him to wear a veil, to protect his——"

"Aweel, aweel!" groaned Tibby.

"Hush!" exclaimed Mr. Lindsay; "Mr. Grunter is ready."

"Ready for what, sir?"

"Do you not see he is ready to read aloud?"

"He was always too ready for that," (in an under-tone).

"More ready to read than you to hear, I imagine."

"In my young days, we were a' ready and pleased to hear my father read Robertson's History agen and agen—but a' things are changed now."

"But what is to be read?"

"Rollin's Ancient History."

"I'm waiting for silence," said Grunter, sternly, from a reading-chair and desk in which he was raised.

"Rollin's History! Why, you were reading that when I left you."

"We're jist going through it agen—if ye think it na worth your while to listen, just let Mr. Grunter examine ye, cousin, and if ye know it a', we'll read something else."

"Do you consent, Julian?"

"Not I: read on, Mr. Grunter."

"I may as well begin the work again, out of compliment to Mr. Julian," said Grunter.

"O dear no!" said Julian; "I shan't take it as a compliment."

But in vain; Grunter began. Mr. Lindsay set an example of profound attention, and, at every whisper or noise of any kind, Grunter either raised his voice, looked over his spectacles, or paused abruptly.

After an hour and a half of hard reading, Grunter closed the book. Julian then challenged Augusta to a game of chess; Mr. Lindsay looked over; Miss Tibby proceeded to knit a—no matter what—a long strip on which she had been engaged for months; poor Annie took up her Latin grammar, but merely as an excuse for watching the handsome Julian; Mr. Grunter amused himself with a newspaper,

and revelled in the best place by a blazing fire, not always unwelcome on any English September evening.

"How can you endure those over-gorged, pursy, asthmatic horrors, sir!" asked Julian. "There they lie, puffing and wheezing like broken bellows, and fat as prize hogs.—Get off!" he exclaimed, pushing one with his foot, who, finding the rug too hot even for her, had waddled to his feet; but Fatima, unused to such treatment, set up a loud, sharp, incessant bark, and Julian was about to renew his attack, when he found himself caught by the elbow, and, turning sharply round, he perceived that Screech, the cockatoo, had stolen off his perch and climbed up his chair on to the chess-table; he looked up for a moment at Julian with his round, black, bead-like eye, and then dug his beak into his coat.

"*Sacre diable!*" exclaimed Julian, beating off the bird, and in doing so knocking down the game. "How can you be so tormented, sir? why do you keep such pests?"

"For your mother's sake, Julian," said old Lindsay, emphatically.

"But their stunning noise will destroy my nerves."

"If old nerves can bear it, young ones surely may. You kicked Fatima, and Screech is a true friend. He does not often bite without a cause. You must bear with us, if you expect us to bear with you."

"With us! Is Screech, or Fatima, one of you?"

"They are. Hush, Fatty! come here, Screech, poor boy!"

But it was some time before either would hush; and, stunned by their noise, Julian wisely resolved never to attack either.

"Miss Tibby," said Annie, in an undertone, "is he not handsome? Oh, he *shall* cut out all the beaux on the parade to-morrow; no one *shall* look at Mr. Forrester, or Captain M'Donald."

"To-morrow, no one *will* look at Mr. Forrester or Captain M'Donald," said Grunter, who had overheard her, in an angry, usher's

voice, and quite regardless of the meaning of the speech, while correcting the error of construction.

Poor Annie blushed deeply, for the ludicrous effect of Grunter's repeating such a sentence made every one laugh; even Julian could not suppress a smile.

The game of chess over, Augusta retired to share her mother's watch by Ellen's bedside.

Having heard that Ellen was sleeping, and seemed tolerably easy, Julian declared his intention of looking in at the libraries, observing there was nothing like evening amusement to be had in England, unless Rollin's History, and a rencontre with Screech, could be called such.

"It was na sae in my younger days," said Tibby, with the air of an offended beauty.

Julian rose, and asked the way to the libraries.

Grunter fully explained, fearful lest he should be requested to accompany him.

As he left the room, Annie said, "Oh, no one *shall* show him the way, and he *shall* go astray."

"No one *will* show him the way; he *will* go astray," said Grunter, correcting her.

"Now, may you prove a false prophet, Grunter!" said Julian, turning round, and smiling. "Dear father, I shall be back shortly, and will see you in your dressing-room, on my return. Mr. Grunter, Miss Tibby, and Annie, 'rosy dreams and slumbers light;' but, Annie, do not say he *shall* go astray, for the *shall* of such pretty lips sounds ominous."

"No, no," thought Mr. Lindsay, on the whole much pleased with his son; "if his head did lead him astray, his heart would bring him safe back again."

"He's a fine young mon," thought Tibby; "but, for a' that, he's na worth Donald of the brae. Puir Donald! he never thought there war lack of evening amusement, when he could sit a listening to my sangs and the whirl of my spinning-wheel in our ingle nook. But then I war a bonnie young lassie. It's true, he war in love—and weel he might be —and Julian is na sae. Nor, I think, is he like to be, wi' ony thing but himsel'. True,

these young lassies are a' weel favoured and —but they're na what I was in my younger days—I doot whether they've the bonnie face or the braw figure I had; and I'm very sure they've na half the wit and spirit, and the cannie tongue to while awa' the time."

And what thought Augusta and Annie? The reader must guess.

CHAPTER VII.

Heaven first sent letters for some wretch's aid,
Some absent lover, or some captive maid.
POPE.

The next morning Miss Tibby came down to breakfast with a letter in her hand, and looking very mysterious indeed.

"Where's my young kinsmon?" she asked.

"He is not yet down."

"Aweel, aweel, what will the young folk of these times come to next? not down, and it's half past ten. Why, when I was a lassie, we dared na sit at breakfast at a' if we were na a' ready wi' our bason o' porridge at eight preceesely."

"Perhaps," said Annie, "Julian would be down at eight, aunt, if such a dainty as that awaited him."

"You're ower saucy, lassie," replied Miss Tibby, re-perusing her letter.

"I hope, dear Miss Tibby, you have no bad news," said Mrs. Lindsay, who was very curious.

"Nane at a', I thank ye, ma'am. Where's Mr. Lindsay?"

"He's gone to see Ellen; he'll be here directly."

"And how is Ellen, to-day?"

"Much better, my dear Miss Tibby. Have you good news from Scotland?"

"I have good news, ma'am, but na from Scotland."

"I'll call my brother, perhaps you wish to consult him."

"There's na hurry," said Tibby, returning to her letter.

Urged by Mrs. Lindsay, Mr. Lindsay soon appeared; Julian followed in a Parisian *deshabille* of the newest elegance; Augusta looked so blooming, having taken a short morning walk, that he was drawn a little from the contemplation of himself.

"The compliments of my twa friends, Miss Grizzy and Miss Babie Douglas, to you, kinsmon."

"Miss who?"

"The Miss Douglases o' Douglas Glen."

"And who are they, *ma foi?* What do they know about me?"

"They seem to know more good aboot ye than we're likely to know, except fra' them. My letter is a' aboot you, and your gallant behaviour to them in an hour o' peril."

Mr. Lindsay rubbed his hands, and looked proudly at his son.

"Come tell us all about it, my dear boy," he cried.

"There's nothing to tell, sir."

"Perhaps," suggested Mrs. Lindsay, "Miss Tibby would kindly read her letter. That will spare our dear Julian the unpleasant office of sounding his own praise."

"Oh do, Miss Tibby," cried all present.

And Miss Tibby, with an important air, began,—

"It's only a letter fra' Grizzy Douglas;

we've corresponded for mony years, but I have na seen Grizzy since I left Scotland. She was a fine woman then, and Babie was a pretty wee lassie."

"They can't be the same," said Julian. "Those I saw are neither fine women nor pretty lassies, but two old scarecrows like——."

"They're my friends, kinsmon; they're may be na sae young as they have been, but ye'll grow auld yoursel' one day, may be."

"I do not complain of people's growing old, Miss Tibby—that cannot be helped. What I blame is the mania in the old for growing young again."

"It's no to be wondered at, when people see how much age is despised in the present day, kinsmon, that they seek to conceal it." And she put up the letter.

"Oh, do read it," said all in one voice, including Grunter, who was waiting for his tea, which Augusta (interested in the letter) had not poured out.

After much entreaty, Miss Tibby began,—

"Bruce Cottage, Aberdeen Place.
"London, September 4th, 1840.

"My dear Friend,

"You'll be surprised to hear from us so sune, and from such a place. Ye dinna deserve a letter, for ye never answered our last. However, I ken you've much to occupy your time, and you are na of the scribbling schule o' modern times, when lassies ken mair o' the pen than of the needle —the waur for them and those about them. Our present object in writing is to acknowledge a great service done us by your young kinsmon, Julian Lindsay. Scarce had we set fute in Lunnon town, when twa fause Southrons, men o' name and family, and fine dress and figure, offered their civilities, and being alane, we accepted them, when a' at ance, ain o' them tried to rob Babie o' na less a treasure than Rufus, wha is with us of coorse, and was jist snug asleep in her basket, his eyes shut on this sinfu' town, as weel they might be. Your young kinsmon, by gude luck, passing by, came forward in a manner worthy of his kith and kin; he rescued

Rufus, and behaved in sae modest, discreet, and noble a manner that we think him jist an honour to the name o' Lindsay, and to auld Scotland, and when you're a' in town, we'll e'en be glad to see him to tea at Bruce Cottage, Aberdeen Place, whenever he can spare time fra' his studies—he'll na doot give ye a history of our peril. I think the mon was na gentlemon at a', but just had had a peep at Rufus, and may be thought the queen, God bless her sacred majesty! might tak a fancy to the noble creature, wha has na parallel, my dear, and pay a bonny sum for him; but Babie inclines to the notion, that the mon is a nobleman, who took a liking to Rufus for her sake, and jist carried him off in order to have an excuse for calling to bring him bock agen. I dinna ken, she may be right for a' that.

"She was here when I began this letter, but she's off now, jist being mad after every kind o' gaiety. She's awa' to the Baker Street Bazaar, alane, for I 'm na that weel, and dinna frequent crooded places o' fashionable

resort; they suit na my age nor my taste. I hope Babie will na meet him (gentle or simple) who tried to carry Rufus awa'. I fear the lassie is but too weel disposed in his favour. She's to gang to-night to a grand play over the water, at a place ca'ed the Surrey, wi' a fellow-traveller of ours, Mr. Burster, a man weel to do, but na genteel. She thinks he has an eye to her, but I would never consent to such a disgrace to the family o' Douglas of Douglas Glen.

"I'll be very glad when ye come to town, for then Babie can gang aboot to a' the gay places wi' ye a', and have a suitable attendant as I tell her, in your young kinsmon, to whom I mak na objections, and wi' mony thanks to him and respects to his father, I remain ever your well-wisher and friend,

"GRISELDA DOUGLAS o' Douglas Glen."

"Ha! ha! ha! I go to tea at Bruce Cottage, Aberdeen Place! What do you think of that, Miss Tibby?"

"I think you might do waur, kinsmon."

"Ha! ha! I wonder what studies they think I am engaged in."

"They would na wonder if they kenned ye better, kinsmon. They'd learn then that you value no reflection, but that o' yourself in the glass. And that you're engaged in na study, but that o' decking yourself out, and ridiculing your elders and betters."

"Fancy my walking about with Babie Douglas, an old Scotch scarecrow!"

"Mair respectit, and mair respectable than mony an English peacock, or jay dressed up in peacock's feathers, sir. Shame on ye, you would na be seen wi' a Douglas o' Glen Douglas, wha na sae lang ago was account a great belle in Edinburgh, an' wha is descended fra' brave ancestors, because, forsooth, her dress is na o' the newest mode, nor her face sae young as it has been, and you'd flaunter about wi' some low-born lassie, wha kens na wha was her grandfather, in a' 'the pride o' rustling in unpaid-for silks.' I'm ashamed o' ye, kinsmon! I've na patience wi' ye."

"I see, madam, you are deficient in that article, but I have a stock, as you must perceive, at your disposal. And more, so far from meriting your censures, if you refer to your letter, you will see that I do honour not only to my auld name, but to auld Scotland. Come, Miss Tibby, let us be friends—be sure that if I can serve the Douglases in any way, I will. Witness, Rufus and Captain Vincent—Rufus, a huge tiger-like cat, the old lady was carrying, fastened up in a basket, and Captain St. Vincent, a common London pickpocket, who, from the care she took of the basket, fancied it contained some valuable prize, and made off with it accordingly."

"There's my hand, noble boy," said old Lindsay.

"Noo ye speak like yoursel'," said Miss Tibby.

"The tea's getting quite cold," said Grunter, half crying.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Fie, wrangling queen!
Whom every thing becomes, to chide, to laugh,
To weep, when every passion fully strives
To make itself in thee, fair and admired."
Antony and Cleopatra.

A fortnight had elapsed before Ellen was sufficiently recovered to join the family party, but when she did so, all that remained of the accident were a delicate pallor of complexion, and a soft languor of expression.

In the mean time, Augusta, (resolved to fascinate her cousin) in love with his beauty, and excited by the difficulty of the conquest, had repeatedly changed her mode of attack, at one time all melancholy sentiment, at another all sprightly sally, now all pretty perverseness, and again all gentle compliance,

but as yet no great impression seemed to have been made.

Mrs. Lindsay, the watchful matchmaker, had carefully kept in the background. At first, her wishes had rather inclined to a union between Ellen and Julian, but Ellen had been confined to her room, and during this time Augusta had tried to make the conquest of her cousin, and without any palpable or decided success.

The mother's vanity was now enlisted on her side, and, while appearing to take no part in the affair, but to be engrossed by Ellen in her sick room, many were their earnest and whispered conferences, inexpressibly wearisome to the poor sufferer. It was in these discussions that all these different modes of attack were resolved upon. The mother's experience aided the innate coquetry of the daughter, and, though Mrs. Lindsay considered affection not indispensable in a good match, still she thought it could do no harm, and, as Augusta's seemed engaged, her mother-heart made her now think it should not be in vain.

Julian was often absent the whole day, professedly visiting his bosom-friend, Le Comte Alphonse De Villeneuve, an invalid confined to his room at Worthing, and whom he had promised, when recovered, to introduce to his family; but Augusta suspected that *La belle* Zelie had something to do with these long and frequent absences, and resolved to equal in elegance one whom she felt sure she must outshine in beauty. She submitted her fine dark hair to Julian's *friseur*, permitted him to gum it down with the orthodox *bandoline* in formal folds by the side of her black eyes, and round her blooming cheeks, and actually sent her measure, and a large order to a Parisian milliner, whose address Julian gave her.

At first, Mr. Lindsay hated the change thus made in his lovely niece, and Mrs. Lindsay bewailed the loss of Augusta's long ringlets, even while she complimented Julian on his superior taste, but certainly the only witch of these days is Fashion; and, much as we love unadorned beauty, and flowing locks, we must

own that drest by Victorine and *coèffée* by Le Gracieux,

> "The mighty magnet set,
> In woman's form, was mightier yet."

And Ellen, ah Ellen was no coquette, and, therefore, a much more impracticable person. Yet Julian, emboldened by his success with Augusta, tried and tried again.

"Ellen," he said, "do let Le Gracieux dress your hair once. Behold Augusta! she does not look like the same person!"

"That is why I hate the change."

"But does she not look far more elegant, more fashionable, more *divine?*"

"More fashionable, yes, and, therefore, in my eyes, not half so lovely. As for *divine*, cousin, it seems to me an absurd expression when applied to aught so earthly as mere mortal beauty; but I should say a woman never looked so perfectly the opposite of divine, as when she comes fresh from the hands of a Parisian *coiffeur* and *couturière*."

"And will nothing induce you just to try

Le Gracieux?—there is a finish about his style. I am sure no one would recognize you."

"There is a great want of finish about yours, cousin," said Ellen, laughing. "Are those the compliments you bring from your gallant city of flattery and tact? Not recognize me!—thank you, I wish to be recognized, and, therefore, once for all, I decline the services of Monsieur Le Gracieux."

"And I think Ellen quite right," said Mr. Lindsay, fondly stroking her soft gold ringlets.

"Weel, to think of the taste o' young men of these days; mony's the compliment I've had paid to my curls in my young days; these locks did their execution, I can tell ye, or if na jist these, my ain war as like as twa peas;" and Miss Tibby put her hand to a sandy front, which nearly covered her forehead: "it's vary trying to bare the face in that way, cousin, and to my taste it looks mighty bauld. I wish ye'd a' take pattern by me, young lassies. I remember young Douglas used to say, caught in the tangles of

Miss Tibby's hair — not that my hair ever was tangled, and puir Donald used to say, if I'd na gold in my pocket, I'd mickle on my brow, and mony a sonnet I've had on my curls, I can tell ye."

"But, if you decline Le Gracieux, Ellen, you will employ Victorine."

"No," said Ellen, "do not think me disobliging, but that I am still more decided not to do."

"And why?"

"Because I think English ladies should encourage English industry. My mantua-maker is a young, obliging, hard-working girl, who supports her mother by her needle, and, could your Victorine really make me appear what you call *divine*, I feel, by employing her, I should be scarcely human!"

"I suppose, then, you spurn French silks, blonds, laces, all, in short, that our neighbours excel and we fail in—you are a mighty patroness of English manufactures."

"No, not a mighty, a very humble one — would I were mightier for the sake of starving

age and toiling infancy! I see, I appreciate the superiority of the foreign articles you allude to, and yet knowingly I never purchase them. It is very little that one so humble as I am can do; but, if all high and low would do the same, much misery would be avoided, and I am sure there are few beauties so heartless as to wish, by wearing foreign finery, to prevent our poor from earning wherewith to cover them from the cold."

"After all, you are right, Ellen," said Julian, gazing at her with admiration.

"Such noble sentiments make me seem very cruel and paltry, Ellen," said Augusta, evidently hurt. "You do not know that I have received all sorts of fine things from Paris this very day."

"No, dear Augusta: had I known it I should have been silent, but I am sure you yielded to Julian's persuasions; you were too kind to refuse, as I have done, so that even your 'frailties lean to virtue's side.'"

"When I first saw Donald," said Miss Tibby, "I was just in a neat light-prented

cotton *saque*, (so we called a kind of upper gown) made by mysel', and a full petticoat, wi' a sma' basket hoop, and my hair was curled in a bonny bunch on my forehead, with a sma' sprinkling of pooder, and a sma' white muslin ornament on my head, also of my ain devising, and likewise made by my ain sel'. I'm sure I never looked sae bonny as on that day."

"Now," said Mr. Lindsay, who saw Augusta was hurt, "I know not which of my nieces to love the best—Augusta for her graceful compliance with another's will, or Ellen for her noble defence of her own."

"I hope," said the conciliating Mrs. Lindsay, "Ellen's refusal has not offended my dear nephew. I'm sure his taste is the finest I ever met with."

"Thank you, aunt. Ellen is right in the sacrifice of appearance to principle, as Brutus was right when he sacrificed his own son. But Augusta and I are not made of such stern stuff, nor capable of such an heroic self-martyrdom. This evening I am going to intro-

duce my friend the Count De Villeneuve, and if I have been a little too urgent with Ellen, it is because he is at Paris 'the glass of fashion, and the mould of form,' and I wanted to prove to him that there are women worth looking at even in England."

"Leave it to us to prove that," said Miss Tibby, drawing herself up, "and dinna you prove that there's na mon worth speaking to, when once he's been out o' England."

At this moment in came Annie, fresh from the hands of Le Gracieux, her fine auburn hair gracefully braided round her handsome Scotch face. She had compressed her Hebe form into a Parisian dress Augusta had given her. The metamorphosis was complete, and to the cursory glance the wild Scotch lassie was the handsome Parisian *élégante*.

CHAPTER IX.

When pensive, it seemed as if that very grace,
That charm of all others, was born in her face;
And when angry, for e'en in the tranquillest climes
Slight breezes will ruffle the flowers sometimes,
That short passing anger but seemed to awaken
New beauties, like flowers that are sweetest when shaken.
Lalla Rookh.

"*Bon jour, belle* Zelie!" said Julian, entering a drawing-room in the Marine Hotel at Worthing, where a young and foreign-looking girl lay on a sofa near the window—a soft September breeze blowing freshly from the sea, and a bright September sun sending through the crimson curtains a glow like that of health on the clear olive complexion of the young sufferer. "How are you this morning?" he added, kindly taking her hand; "still feverish, I fear—I came to lure away

your brother for this evening, but I fancy you are not well enough to be left alone."

"If he can bear to leave me, I can bear to be left, Monsieur Jules," replied Zelie, while her colour rose and tears filled her eyes.

"No, no, I will not propose it," replied Julian, struck by her emotion.

Zelie smiled her thanks, but at that moment Alphonse De Villeneuve himself entered from an inner room. He was attired in a flowered satin dressing-gown, antique slippers curved upwards at the toes, his long black hair was surmounted by an Apollo cap, and his beard and moustachios might have belonged for length and thickness to an itinerant vender of "old clo'," but for the care evidently bestowed upon their gloss and perfume.

"You will not propose to take me," he said; "then I must propose to go—Zelie and I have had a little quarrel," he added, smiling, "and nothing secures pardon between those who love, like a brief absence. Repentance is the offspring of solitude, and I am sure, when I am gone, she will whisper something to Zelie's heart."

Alphonse spoke in French; Zelie burst into tears, and replied, "I have repented, Alphonse; do not leave me alone in this drear place, with nothing to look at but the sea, one wave supplanting another, all monotonous and selfish as mankind—I am not well, oh! do not leave me."

Julian walked to the window, fearful of seeming indiscreet in listening to this dispute between the brother and sister. Alphonse drew near the sofa, and whispered something to Zelie. He then joined Julian, and said, "Zelie is reconciled to my going, she even wishes it. I will get ready. Come!"

"I hope you are not angry with me?" said Julian, speaking in a low tone to Zelie, while the French exquisite went to exchange his elegant undress for a *toilette distinguée.*

"No," said Zelie, also in a low tone, "I am too miserable to be angry."

"You are nervous and low-spirited from past illness."

"It is not the past, it is the future affects me."

"And why? the future can bring you nothing but success, triumph, glory!"

"The future can bring me nothing I value —except, yes, success will enable me to serve Alphonse—"

"And your brother loves you so, and wealth, and fame, and universal admiration will follow your *début;* the young and lovely Zelie will warm our cold islanders into enthusiasm, coronets will be flung at your feet. Ah! it is a proud thing for a woman, by the mere power of her beauty and magic of her genius, to make for herself a destiny brighter than that of queen; for the power we win is dearer than that we inherit."

As he spoke, a gleam of ambition and enthusiasm lighted Zelie's large wild eyes. "Come, I will repay you for your prophecy," she said, and seizing her guitar she poured her rich and wondrous voice into an Italian air, the excitement of the moment lending such inspiration to her talent that Julian actually trembled with admiration, and Alphonse came to the door yet engaged in adjusting his

neckcloth, and won from so important a task by Zelie's magic strain.

"Brava, brava!" he cried. "Jules, if she sings thus at her *début*, the field is won, her fortune is made!"

The last sentence fell coldly on Julian's ear, and Zelie murmured, as Alphonse returned to his toilet, "My fortune!"

Julian tried by his praise to dissipate the gloom he saw stealing again over her peculiarly expressive face—Alphonse returned.

"I am ready," he cried. "Zelie, be not idle; practice for a couple of hours, it will amuse your mind and keep up your talent; that last shake was a little feeble."

"But I am ill and weak, Alphonse."

"True, but your weakness is not of the lungs."

"I know not that."

"But, thank Heaven, I do! else all would be over with me, for you—"

"Well!" said Zelie, eagerly.

"Would fail," trembled on his lips, but luckily the little sprite Tact came to his rescue;

"would perhaps be lost to the fondest of brothers. You would leave Alphonse alone in the world."

"No, dearest, no!" cried Zelie, springing up and catching his hand. "I love thee too well to leave thee—smile Alphonse and come back soon; I will practice all day and all night. Ah! would he be indeed alone in the world if Zelie died?"

"He would indeed."

Zelie kissed his hand, and, changeful as an April morn, said, "Go, go! now I am so happy, I can bear to be alone! come back soon though; take care of him, dear Mr. Jules —farewell, my own Alphonse!"

"How much your sister loves you!" said Julian, as they hastened down stairs.

"Hush!" replied Alphonse. "You alone possess my secret, you only know she is my sister."

"But the world must know it."

"The world must *not* know it! Think what a blot it would be on the name of De Villeneuve were it known that a daughter of that ancient house gave her talents for hire. It is agony

enough to me to see her compelled to do so. I would rather burn out my very soul by the midnight lamp, as I have done—but Zelie feels her power. She is ambitious, she knows she can win wealth and fame. She is like a racer who sees the goal—there is no stopping her till it is won."

"But do you not place her in a false position? What a far deeper stain, should a daughter of such a house as yours pass, even though her name be not known, as living under the protection of a man not recognised as her brother!"

"But that will not be—in London I shall hire a duenna to attend her, I shall not live with her; here we are all unknown. Dear girl! she does love me with all a sister's love; I told you that we are not sprung from the same mother—mine, a proud daughter of the English house of Howard; hers, an impassioned child of Italy, with a heart all fire and a soul all song—well, we alone survive, proud beggars as we are! I cannot tell you all our story, nor why it would be ruin were

she known now as my sister and a De Villeneuve. Your noble generosity, my dearest friend, enables her to make this trial, and if she succeed as 'La Zelie,' perhaps I may be able to recover the estates of Villeneuve, and compel the world to receive her as a daughter of our house. She is much better, to-day. She likes you, Julian, and is always impatient when she hears you are coming; to-day she said you were the *beau ideal* of a proud sensitive Englishman—a very Oswald, and she plaited her hair in your honour, for the first time, since her illness."

Julian coloured. "I think," he said, "she has no eyes, no heart, but for her brother."

"It is her first affection; I am her only relative; her warm young heart is so attached to mine, that the girlish heaven of her fancy conceives nothing brighter than the lunar rainbow of a brother's love. But the sun of passion must dawn one day; and richly blest were he for whom it dawns. If she so loves her brother, how would she adore her husband!"

"But, accustomed to your glowing sentiments and poetical imagery, which you pour alike into your novels, your plays, and your conversation, the common language of common human beings must seem to her as stiff and soulless as the sentences of a phrase-book, learned by rote."

"Not so; she laughs at me, and says I talk like a book; and she praised your conversation, and said, you must be a poet."

Again Julian blushed. "Alphonse," he said, "you will suit one of my cousins marvellously; a girl all soul and sentiment."

"And handsome?"

"Yes, both are handsome, but she is the *belle*. The form of Juno—black eyes, half love, half pride; a nose whose slight aquiline gives dignity, and yet is feminine, too — beautiful dark hair, and a lovely skin, so clear, you can read each message of the heart in her tell-tale cheek. How do you like her picture, and my adoption of your flowery style?"

"She must, indeed, be beautiful! and the other—"

"What, Ellen? I scarcely know whether

to call her handsome, and yet she is; but 'tis a face one loves to look at, though it strikes less at first—she's very fair, long, golden hair."

"Ah! a true English blonde! I shall prefer the other."

"Then we have a young Scotch lassie; a Dian for stature, and a Hebe for bloom."

"And you, Julian, with this galaxy of beauty, are you quite heart-whole?"

"Yes, one counteracts the other. When I am all but caught by Augusta's beauty, Ellen's sweet voice breaks upon my ear, and while I listen, Annie, the young Scotch girl, looks at me with a smile, which, full of unsophisticated interest, shows me the whitest teeth that ever glistened through the coral lips of a highland lassie."

"You said, I think, your cousins are not wealthy. I do so hate your purse-proud English girls! suspecting every man who pays them a compliment of a design upon their fortunes."

"No, they are not rich, but my father will give each a handsome portion when she marries."

"So much the worse; for what you English call a handsome fortune, we should pronounce *immense*. I hope that knowledge does not spoil your cousins."

"I doubt their knowing it; but Annie Maxwell has not one *sou*. So, if beauty to please you must be penniless, let me recommend her."

"There is something so sweet and feminine in woman's dependence upon man," said Alphonse; "and the consciousness of wealth so destroys that feeling, that an heiress, had she every charm and grace under Heaven, would find it hard to win the heart of Alphonse De Villeneuve."

"Alphonse, you are a noble fellow!" said Julian; "come, my cousins are no heiresses; and as for the pride of wealth, they pass half the year at their father's rectory, dressed as young country girls should be, making broth and red cloaks for the poor. And they have no idea of the value of money, beyond the purchase of a new bonnet, or some such finery."

"So much the better, Julian. I hear my

new novel and new drama *font fureur*, as we say at Paris. I hope ere long to repay you all you have so kindly lent.....in the mean time.....some unforeseen expenses ...Zelie's illness....."

"Speak not of it! dearest Alphonse, here! is this enough? if not——"

"Oh! that is ample. I am sure you must know, Julian, I would do the same by you. It is the sweet privilege of friendship to....."

Before the speech was concluded, they reached Mr. Lindsay's house.

CHAPTER X.

"Conquest is the pride of woman:
Let her slaves be what they may."

Old Song.

Augusta was very anxious to shine in the eyes of the Count De Villeneuve, for she knew his influence with Julian. She wished, too, to make some impression on a man, handsome, noble, and a poet. She was seated at her harp when he entered, and the grace of her form and beauty of her person were strikingly displayed. Although she had been watching for an hour, she affected a pretty surprise at his approach, and said, as she extended her hand,

"I cannot greet the Count De Villeneuve as a stranger, since his works have made me

intimate with his mind, and my cousin's praises with his heart."

"I had rather," replied the Count, "be judged by my heart than by my mind; the one has often erred, but the other never."

He smiled and bowed, and Augusta fancied she read in his eyes the power of her charms. But a graceful and beautiful coquette was nothing new to De Villeneuve. Such forms, perhaps not quite so perfect, and such faces, or, if not faces so lovely, at least expressions as arch and winning, were familiar to him in every Parisian *salon*. It was on Ellen his eyes rested with the delight with which Parisian eyes dwell upon something new—on Ellen, who had taken no pains to captivate him, and had not even thought it worth her while to change the morning dress, her still lingering indisposition excused.

She was lying on a couch, attentively reading—so much so that she did not hear the friends announced. De Villeneuve's rapid glance recognised the book, a romantic tale of his, which he had given to Julian. Al-

ready, with a Frenchman's quick *amour propre*, he liked her for being so engrossed by a work of his. Her face had not the dazzling beauty of Augusta's, yet was it soft and regular — a sort of face Westall delighted to draw—the broad, full, but not high brow, the small straight nose, the inexplicable yet all expressive little mouth and small round chin, the large, very blue eyes, placed rather far apart — enough so to give a frank but not a vacant expression. She was somewhat pale from recent illness, and the hand on which she leaned was whiter than a hothouse lily. Her hair, of the gold painters and poets depict, parted on her forehead, fell down either side of her face on the purple velvet shawl wrapped around her, while the "back hair" was gathered in a thick knot behind.

As she looked up, and, without any feminine affectation or coquettish embarrassment, rose calmly and kindly to welcome her cousin and his friend, the latter of whom felt that she was a being he had faintly imagined and imperfectly portrayed, but never met with before.

She simply said, but without offering her hand, "I ought to apologize for not being aware of your entrance, but this is my excuse," pointing to the book, "and one its author will surely admit."

"Most proud," said De Villeneuve, "in any way to have caught your eyes, and arrested your thoughts. We poets have many disappointments, many sorrows, but we have, above all men, the glorious privilege of stealing on Beauty's solitude, and unlocking, with the golden key of poetry, that rich casket of gems, her heart."

Ellen smiled, and raised her frank eyes quite unmoved by the ardent admiration of his. She was indeed a rare specimen of a purely English maiden—a mixture of the Psyche and the Madonna, a combination of soul and feeling, frank without boldness, gentle but not inanimate, intellectual without aiming at being so. There is a virgin by Guido, which would resemble her, if, to the holy sweetness of the face, were added the thought and tenderness of a woman not so blest.

As De Villeneuve gazed at her, he felt that his heart was not pure enough to mirror such a nature, but that his intellect was bright enough to understand and appreciate her. Already, with a French poet's talent for turning all things to account, his active fancy had woven her form into a wild web, which was to delight all Paris as soon as he could hurry through two small volumes.

However, this was no place for reverie. Annie had to be introduced — Annie, who, flushed, squeezed, and scarcely able to turn her head, so tightly had Le Gracieux tied and twisted her hair, had never felt so wretched, nor looked so awkward.

"*Assez jolie mais très-gauche*," said De Villeneuve, when Julian asked his opinion. However, Annie felt all the admiration she did not inspire: if she had thought Julian's small moustache and imperial beautiful, the immense Grammont of De Villeneuve seemed to her finer still. He was not by any means so handsome nor so well made as Julian, but he was more *outré*, more striking, and taller.

He was dressed in the extreme of the romantic school. If Julian's hair hung in ringlets on his collar, De Villeneuve's fell on his shoulders. His fine eyes, rather light than dark, but of a strange dazzling light, startled poor Annie; his cheek was pale, his attitudes were studies for a tragedian, his voice was deep, and calculated to wake all the romantic echoes of a young girl's heart, while almost every speech was a sentiment, every expression, poetry. He spoke English with grace and ease; and, as is common with well-read foreigners, his words were rather those of books than of men, while a foreign accent lent an interest and novelty to what he said.

The girls retired to dress for dinner.

"What think you of Augusta?" asked Julian.

"She is most beautiful!"

"And of Ellen?"

"She is less, and yet more than beautiful."

"And of Annie?"

"She is a wild Scotch girl aping *la Parisienne*. In a snood and kirtle she would be pretty and picturesque; as it is, she is—may I speak freely? . . ."

"Of course."

"A caricature."

"Then you admire Ellen most?"

"I seldom admire any woman, for admiration implies inferiority; yet, if my own imagination does not invest her with a false halo, if she is what I divine, I could revere her."

"But her beauty is not of so grand, so noble a style as Augusta's."

"The one, Julian, is the queen-like beauty which makes a court around it, whether it dwells in cottage or in palace — but a court with all its little vanities and petty strifes, its worldly passions and its paltry aims; the other is the kind of saint-like beauty which makes the poorest niche that holds it a sort of shrine—in its pure atmosphere no thoughts of earth can dwell: the one may wake earthly passion, but the other heavenly love!"

"Bravo, Alphonse! the poet has the only

true philosopher's stone, turning all to gold. Into what saints and deities can you transform those that approach us now? Let me introduce my aunt, Mrs. Lindsay, and my cousin, Miss Tibby Maxwell."

De Villeneuve bowed, and scarcely smiled at Mrs. Lindsay's Anglo-French exhortation —"*Ne troublez vous pas, monsieur,*" nor at Miss Tibby's formal curtsey, her hands crossed in front, and her curious head-dress, in which she had been trying to reproduce that in which she had first seen Donald of the brae.

"I 've had the honour of meeting several French gentlemen in Edinbro,'" said Miss Tibby, who always liked to take the lead in conversation. "It was just before the revolution I met a very fine old count—I wish I could remember his name—perhaps he was a friend of yours——"

De Villeneuve bowed, Julian laughed. "A friend of his! What—a man who was old before the revolution! why, he would be a Methuselah now!"

"And what if he were, Mr. Julian? Do

ye think a' young men despise auld age? I can tell ye it was na sae when I was young, sir; the aulder a mon is, the more o' a mon he is in good breeding and the like; and we young lassies at Edinbro' was a' a pulling caps for the auld French count; but it was na long before I was his favourite, I ween."

"That I can well believe," said Alphonse. "We Frenchmen are the very slaves of wit and grace."

"I'm sure, sir, you're the very soul of politeness and civility, sir," said Miss Tibby, "and give me a much higher idea of French breeding than I'd formed from a young relative of mine, who shall be nameless."

Miss Tibby then offered her snuff-box, and "the count" took a pinch of Scotch mixture, which quite upset his delicate Parisian nerves. After a little while he began to inquire, in English, whether Mrs. Lindsay found herself quite well.

"*Qui très,*" replied the lady, very anxious to be thought a French scholar.

Julian, feeling for De Villeneuve as he

vainly tried not to smile, exclaimed, "Aunt, my friend is an elegant English scholar, son of an English lady, and, partly educated in England, he prefers our language."

"In that case, I will sacrifice my own taste, dear Julian, which is for speaking French."

"I fear I've forgotten my French," said Tibby. "In my younger days I might jist have passed for a Frenchwoman born. No one could beat me in the verbs *avoir* and *être*——"

Here Mr. Lindsay and Mr. Grunter came in, the one, his bald head shaded only by a few soft silver locks, displaying organs of benevolence and piety, his mild blue eyes, bright with cheerfulness, and his form upright with conscious integrity; extreme neatness, and cleanliness, the only personal charms of age, distinguished him, and a noble cordiality, becoming to old or young, was mixed in him with a majestic grace.

He welcomed De Villeneuve with a warmth that made him feel at once at home, and introduced, with a kind of habitual respect, and

as if presenting a superior being, his old usher, Mr. Grunter, whose ferocious wig seemed to have been filched from a negro, so black and woolly did it look. With some personal vanity, which he displayed, not by an acceptable attention to soap and water, but by gay colours, which had a charm for his purblind eyes — a bright blue coat, with brass buttons, a huge frill to his shirt, a yellow waistcoat, a cornelian brooch, and a huge ring on each fore-finger. He was proud of a very showy, but not a really good, leg, and always appeared for dinner in silk-stockings and the lower garment which had been the fashion on dancing-days, when he was usher. He made a formal bow, which he had surreptitiously caught up from the dancing-master, who taught the "boys." And the young ladies having appeared, and dinner being announced, he handed Miss Tibby down stairs.

CHAPTER XI.

"On ne hait jamais la flatterie, on ne hait que la manière de flatter."

La Rochefocault.

"La flatterie est une fausse monnoie, qui n'a du courant que par notre vanité."

Idem.

De Villeneuve was enchanted with his new acquaintances, and most anxious to be liked by them. A man of genius and eloquence, he was not very likely to fail in winning the favour of a warm-hearted and simple English family.

His noble sentiments found an echo in Mr. Lindsay's nobler heart. He won the *ci-devant* usher by appearing to defer to him in all matters of learning and critical acumen; and Miss Tibby, by listening to her stories of

her youthful days, and by a thousand little attentions which recalled them, and made her forget they were quite gone. With regard to the girls, his attentions were marked to none, and, therefore, welcome to all. Augusta sometimes tried, by her apparent admiration, to make Julian jealous. Ellen liked him — for she liked poetry — and believed he felt all he expressed; and Annie — poor Annie had nor eyes, nor ears, nor heart for aught but "Alphonse;" but this was only betrayed by her crimson blushes, the additional distaste she evinced for Grunter and the Latin grammar, and the increased difficulty she had in mastering a verb or a declension.

Our party were now thinking of leaving Brighton, where all but the matchmaker had passed a quiet, happy winter. She was far from satisfied with the state or the aspect of affairs. There happened to be no great catches at Brighton just then; and Mr. Lindsay, anxious that his daughters should make their *début* in London with all the charms of novelty, would not allow them to enter into any

society where they would lose that first gloss, which, as Rochefocault says, "like bloom on fruit, is so easily rubbed off, and which can never be restored."

Mrs. Lindsay was obliged, then, to keep herself quiet till time should bring on the London season; her solè amusement, in the interim, being some vain attempts to bring Julian to the point, in which, however, when she gazed at her Augusta's very bright and bewitching beauty, she was not always earnest, for the thought would intrude, that she might marry a duke or an earl, since love, with her, she knew was not a *sine quâ non*, while, with a woman's and a mother's instinct, she suspected that with Ellen it was every thing, and that it was already bestowed; if so, Ellen, she felt, would never try to please, or deign to accept another; and, as far as she was concerned, the matchmaker's occupation was gone! With regard to De Villeneuve, she watched, but only to see that he made no way in the affections of either. It was a general maxim with her, that all foreigners were de-

trimentals — German barons, French counts, and Italian princes—she had the same horror of them all!

And now the London season had commenced, in which Mr. Lindsay intended to give both his nieces the chance of a spring in town, with all the *éclat* wealth can lend to beauty. He wished, before either gave her heart beyond recal to his son—before his son, too, was bound by an eternal chain, that both should see what the world had to offer of fairer and better. With a father's partial judgment, he suspected that both his nieces preferred Julian to any man they had yet seen. Augusta contrived generally to keep him by her side in public: it was by her horse he rode; it was she hung on his arm when they walked; she accompanied him when he sang; she netted purses, and copied music for him; and all this, which their cousinship sanctioned, a something of dawning passion in his eyes, and devotion in his manner, was beginning to explain otherwise.

But it was difficult quite to understand

Augusta's feeling towards him; and while she, by her attention, kept off all others, she yet gave not sufficient actual encouragement to sanction his declaring his love, if love he felt. She took great pains to attract him, and then, by a sudden change of manner, repelled the affection she herself had sought. Perhaps all this was owing to Mrs. Lindsay's maxim, "By keeping them off you keep them on;" perhaps the consciousness of his power roused her pride to an affectation of independence; perhaps she wished to dawn unfettered on the London world of fashion.

Julian's was a true English heart — the springs of feeling and passion lay deep, and the sluice was firmly closed by reserve and pride; but, once unlocked, the deluge would be fearful. As yet, the waters were only working; the torrent had not gushed forth.

De Villeneuve's visits were very long and very frequent; and poor Zelie had no companion the while but music and a mournful heart. However, Mrs. Lindsay was quite at rest concerning him. She saw that Ellen's

heart was full of another, and into Augusta's head she had conveyed all her own contempt for foreign titles and foreign fortunes. She was very civil—nay, even affectionate in her manner to the count, when once she was certain on this point; for she knew his opinions were influential, not merely with Julian, but with a set of fashionables, whose fiat was important to the *debutantes*. His public devotion would set the stamp on the gold, and it would pass current in consequence.

Annie's passion, unsuspected by every one else, had not escaped the eye of the mental anatomist, De Villeneuve. His pride and vanity were gratified; he was of a keen-headed, but cold-hearted school; and he scrupled not to encourage what was a moment's amusement to him, and perhaps eternal misery to her. Augusta he flattered and trifled with, but Ellen was his real aim. His pride, his vanity were concerned in winning the calm, apparently unimpassioned girl. He suspected that at heart her wealthy uncle nourished for her a preference which, in a true

French spirit of calculation, he thought would shew itself in *une dot énorme* and, a rare mixture of vanity, interest, and passion, he privately smiled on the entranced Annie, and yet set all the powers of his mind to work to win the heart of Ellen.

We have said that Mr. Lindsay suspected both his nieces of a preference for Julian. Ellen, if she shunned him when present, which for some time she had done, was ever his warmest champion when he was absent. A disparaging word even from Miss Tibby brought blood to her cheek, and eloquence to her tongue. Mr. Lindsay began to wish the London season and his nieces' trials over; for he remarked that Ellen grew somewhat pale, her manner abstracted, and her voice less joyous. What could it be from, if not from love of Julian? De Villeneuve evidently tried to please her, but Julian's father could never think that a Frenchman could have any chance by the side of his handsome son.

CHAPTER XII.

"Heaven gives our years of fading strength
Indemnifying fleetness;
And those of youth a seeming length,
Proportioned to their sweetness."

CAMPBELL.

It was the last evening they were to pass at Brighton. The Count De Villeneuve was of the party; and, in the midst of gay projects for the full enjoyment of the London season, all felt some regret at leaving a place where they had been so happy. For once, an evening passed without Rollin; for Augusta had conveyed the book away to be packed up; so Mr. Grunter had nothing to do but to mend pens (which he did almost unconsciously), and to correct Annie.

"But you will soon join us in London,"

said Julian to Alphonse, who had been expressing a most poetical and romantic regret at their approaching departure, in language which was aimed at Ellen's heart, but sunk only into poor Annie's. "My dear fellow, why should we not be equally happy there?"

"Past happiness is the only happiness we are sure of. I have no faith in the future. The solitary joy of my life, *that* I have tasted among you dear friends, was born here; and, like a child pining for its native air, so will that one flower of my heart pine for these breezes, and this sweet, quiet fireside."

"The atmosphere of the heart is made by the kindness and affection of those around us," said Augusta, "and that will surround you in London as it has done here."

"I'm sure I quite agree with the count," said Miss Tibby. "The feelings depend very much on the climate; it's not so many years since I left Edinbro', but, I can truly say, I never feel as I did there, nor there, as I did some few years before, in the Highlands, when I was jist on a visit at the Brae, when I

used to tak a morning walk wi' Donald, the air was warmer and kindlier than I ever felt it; and, I'm sure, the warm hearts of auld Scotland, and the clear heads....."

"Are not owing to the Scotch air, or the Scotch mists," said Julian, laughing.

"Mists, kinsman!" replied Miss Tibby; "talk o' mists, indeed! I little knew what mists war till I left Scotland. Why, here I often canna see for the mists, and wi' spectacles to help me, too, and there I could see to read the smallest prent, and mark the finest linen by the threads. In those walks wi' Donald I could see the mountains mony miles awa' clearer than I can see your gimcrack chain-pier from this window. Mists indeed, kinsman!"

"But, Miss Tibby, you forget you're not so young as you were then."

"You forget yourself, cousin, to remember a lady of her age—that does na credit to your foreign breeding; and I only wish you'd take pattern by the count. A very gude evening, and better manners to you!"

And Miss Tibby retired in dignified disdain.

Julian, who had a very kind heart, followed her to make his peace.

"Pray, miss," said Grunter to Annie, "do you know that verb? You seem to be idling your time, miss."

"Know it?—no, I never *will* know it, unless you *shall* teach it me, Mr. Grunter."

"I *shall*, and you *will*. Miss Annie, you deserve—however, as you're a young lady—miss, I won't say what you deserve; but I've flogged many a boy for that fault; what verb is it?"

"An active verb," said Annie, sulkily, half crying, "like you; you're active eno' in teazing my heart out; I canna larn it, and I wunna try any more."

"If I'm like an active verb, miss, as you say, I govern the objective. And now I insist on your going into that room, and making no more objections, until you know your lesson." And Grunter took up a pen, and instinctively mended it, quite unaware of what he was

doing—wonderful force of habit! His penknife was ever in his hand; and, whenever he and a pen encountered each other, the latter was sure to be the better for the meeting; so that Miss Tibby often said, "I wish the auld fule could mend his manners as weel as he mends a' the pens about him."

There was too much of the master in Grunter's eye and tone for Annie to refuse. Mr. Lindsay kindly said, "Here, Annie, I'll come and help you to get it by heart; I remember being flogged for the same verb. But we musn't disobey Mr. Grunter, you know." And for an hour the kind old man remained closeted with Annie, drumming a Latin verb into her Scotch head as one schoolboy might assist another; and so great was his idea of the importance of obeying Grunter in such cases, and so great the pupil's wish to rejoin the party, that, at the end of that time, the panting and tearful Annie conjugated the verb "amo" without a fault.

In the meanwhile, the young people in the drawing-room had been amusing themselves with music and waltzing.

Augusta had made Julian jealous by waltzing an unusually long time with De Villeneuve, and as Ellen refused to gratify his wish to retort by a protracted waltz with him, he exclaimed, "After all, I hate waltzing; I hate to see women waltz — at least, I should hate to see a woman I cared for waltz."

"And yet how you have been urging me to waltz!" said Ellen, in the accent of gentle reproach.

"Ah, forgive me, Ellen, but *you* are like a sister to me; I look upon you as my sister quite. You are not angry?"

"Angry! oh, no;" but a tear struggled with her smile. De Villeneuve remarked it, and his brow clouded, and his eyes flashed, as he murmured to himself, "*Elle l'aime!*"

"Come, Julian," said Augusta, "as you look upon us as sisters, I may ask you to waltz with me. Do, dear Julian!" and she joined him where Ellen had left him on the sofa.

"I never said I looked upon *you* as a sister," replied Julian, pale with jealousy; "but I shall not subject myself to a comparison, as a waltzer, with De Villeneuve."

"And you will not waltz with me?" said Augusta, fixing her dark eyes resentfully upon him.

"I hate waltzing; and, above all, Ellen, I hate the waltz you are playing now—there is something in it that drives me mad."

"It is mournful," said Ellen. "It is Weber's last waltz."

"Then, Ellen, darling," said Mr. Lindsay, "after my fatigues, as Annie's usher, read me the lines you wrote on that very waltz."

"Wrote!" exclaimed De Villeneuve. "Does Miss Ellen write?"

"Do read them, Ellen dear," said Julian, anxious to make Augusta jealous. "Whatever the lines, your voice is worth all the waltzes that ever were played or danced."

"I will not disoblige my uncle," said Ellen, "else these lines are, I fear, little worth the attention of a poet like M. De Villeneuve. They were written on hearing Weber's last waltz (which, with Julian, I think very mournful), in a gay ball-room, and

remembering that it was composed on Weber's deathbed."

WEBER'S LAST WALTZ.

"Hush! hush! it is a wild, unearthly strain;
Let it not fall unheeded on the ear;
Follow it not with glancing feet, ye vain!
In its low murmur is there nought to fear?

"To me it seems to tell of one who died;
And dying, swan-like, breathed that heavenly strain:
I trace the spirit struggling in its pride,
With th'enthralling sense of earthly pain.

"Oh God! how thrilling is that last farewell!
The dying and the deathless seem to part;
The soul of harmony withdraws its spell—
The gifted ear grows dull, and stiff the hand of art.

"Ah! who can tell what fearful forms might crowd
The bed where Life and Death contested still!
What future scenes prophetic Death enshroud!
What hopeless tears the closing eyelids fill!

"Oh, at that hour when all a life's desires
Seemed aimless nothings—ghosts with flowers bedight,
And earth-born genius dwindled like the fires
Whose flames are quenched before the God of light!

"Ah! who can tell what taught his soul to twine
The self-sung knell with earth's most earthy strain—
It might be, revellers at Pleasure's shrine!
To blend the thought of death with sports so vain!

"Millions unborn might flit before his eye;
He, steering fast to the eternal shore,
Marks the ephemeral insects with a sigh,
And weaves a strain that warns to sport no more.

"He sees the yet unborn adorer press
The fairy waist of one, like him, unborn—
He sees him bound by woman's loveliness—
He sees and wakes each warning note to scorn.

"He sees the giddy sporting on a brink,
While gulfs of liquid fire are spread below.
His strain grows stern, for now he bids them think;
And now flows sad, as mourners' tear-drops flow.

"He knows the moments which the vain ones waste,
Are coins with which eternity is bought—
He knows, if stamped by virtue, they shall taste
Joys which surpass your crippled powers of thought.

"And knowing this, he sees you idlers all—
And vicious idlers many—as you glide,
His strain becomes a funeral-dirge—a ball,
A living Golgotha to sons of pride."

"Thank you, my own darling," said Mr. Lindsay. "Few such pretty heads ever turned a waltz in a ball-room to such good account."

"Ellen dear, will you copy those lines for me?" exclaimed Julian. "No waltz could ever be to me the source of so much pleasure

as you have made this. I wish I could copy the expression of your face while you read them. I shall try. I never," he added, in a whisper, meant yet to reach Augusta's ear, "saw so sweet an expression."

Ellen's face and neck crimsoned as he spoke. She was silent, but her very silence was eloquent of pride and pleasure.

"Miss Ellen," said Grunter, "I feel proud of my pupil; that is the result of having conquered the fourth grand division of grammar, which is called prosody. Miss Annie, let emulation lead you to success. You, too, will, I trust, march boldly on to the first part of prosody, which teaches the true pronunciation of words, comprising accent, quantity, emphasis, pause, and tone; and thence to the second, which teaches the grand laws of versification."

"I hope I will," said Annie, awed.

"*Shall*, miss," growled Grunter.

"Of course, Annie will do her best to please you, Mr. Grunter," said old Lindsay. "And what she can't do by herself, I'll help

her with; so go, Annie, and shake hands with Mr. Grunter, and tell him you're very grateful for all his kindness, as I was before you."

"I feel as if I had discovered an undreamt of mine," said De Villeneuve, in a low, deep tone to Ellen, while the rest were engaged listening to Grunter. "To find you a poet is to find you a kindred soul—a worshipper at the same shrine—a fair helpmate in the same rich vineyard—a coheir of the same bright inheritance. I feel too surprised, too happy to trust my thoughts in words. Lend me that poem, and let me try to translate it into French. It will lose much of grace of expression, but the thoughts, like sterling ore, will retain their value."

Ellen thanked De Villeneuve, and presented him the paper, but coldly withdrew her hand when she found he attempted, in taking the verses, to press her fingers.

"With such a mind, such poetry, such feeling, she cannot, she shall not remain indifferent to me," thought Alphonse. "What pride, what joy, to be loved by such a

woman! And by the extreme fondness with which her uncle embraced her, she is his favourite. I see she would be a *parti magnifique*—she shall be mine!"

Meanwhile, Mrs. Lindsay, wearied with superintending the arrangements for departure, entered, exclaiming—

"Come, girls! I'm sure you ought to be much obliged to me. Here I've been wearing myself out with the packing, to leave you to enjoy the society of these amiable gentlemen. Mr. Grunter, I've put 'Rollin' where you can lay your hand on him directly you get to town. Brother, your dear, wicked, spiteful, old cockatoo has given me such a bite! What a spirit the old dear has! he's been following me every where to give me another."

At this moment a noise, between a roar and a yell, issued from Grunter. The cockatoo had sidled up, unperceived by any one, and caught Grunter's toe in his iron beak.

For some time, Grunter yelled in vain. All attempts to get the bird off only made

him cling the more. At length, with a violent kick, Grunter sent him upon Annie's shoulder. Annie screamed, for he began very gently at first to take hold of the tip of her ear, but she could feel the beak closing more tightly by degrees. Mad with terror, she beat him off upon Ellen, who came to her rescue; and the bird, angry at the noise, was about to fly at Ellen's face, when De Villeneuve seized him, incurring thereby a bite which made the blood pour from his fingers.

Every one exclaimed with horror, but Alphonse only smiled, and said, "*Ce n'est rien ou plutôt c'est un bonheur que de souffrir pour mademoiselle.*"

He then valiantly forced the bird into his cage, and, though his hand was really very seriously hurt, playfully bound the wound in a riband he took from Ellen's workbox.

Meanwhile, Julian had been entirely engrossed in protecting Augusta, who, in her alarm, had screamed and clung to him, and this little incident might have let a close observer into the secrets of some young hearts.

"Oh, I will die, and nobody shall help me!" exclaimed Annie, fainting at once from jealousy and the sight of blood. Alphonse had not rushed to her rescue, but had braved every thing for Ellen. Poor Annie; her swelling heart, restrained by her tight belt, made her feel as if she were suffocated. "I will die, and no one shall help me!" she cried.

"You *shall* die, and no one *will* help you, you mean," said Grunter, as, with an ever ready penknife, a remnant of his usher days, he cut open belt, dress, and stays, and Annie, relieved, burst into tears.

The ladies crowded round her to assist and to restore, and the gentlemen departed.

CHAPTER XIII.

"Auspicious Hope, in thy sweet garden grow
Wreaths for each toil, a balm for every woe."
CAMPBELL.

It was a particularly gay season, and never was there a party more disposed to enjoy a gay season than that assembled in Mr. Lindsay's house in St. James's Square. Mr. Lindsay's great wealth was of course greatly exaggerated, and would have been of itself a sufficient passport, but he was also of an ancient family, and all his fashionable connexions, who had quite forgotten him when he was a poor adventurer, and his brother a curate, eagerly claimed kindred with him now, and were very lavish of cards and invitations, flattering attentions, and proffers of service.

Mr. Lindsay was not deceived by beings

so shallow; but of such the *élite* circles in which he wished his nieces to move were made up; he could not make such people amiable, but he could make them useful, and so he smiled when he met them, bowed when they flattered, returned their visits, and accepted their invitations.

Mrs. Lindsay had obtained the Reverend Gregory's permission to leave him alone to do all the duties of a populous parish, while she did the honours of his brother's house in town, and chaperoned her daughters into every fashionable scene. Her pride and pleasure were boundless. Her girls, new, beautiful, young, and gifted, created a sensation beyond what even her maternal vanity had hoped. She found herself courted by the wealthy and the titled, and began now to feel almost sure that the brilliant Augusta might make a much better match than her rich and handsome cousin, while all fears of failure were lulled by the conviction that, to use her own words, she had always "that to fall back upon."

But, if they were popular, he was not less

so; his expectations were exaggerated twenty fold by his dashing friends, who seemed to think his wealth reflected credit on them, and often made it the means of obtaining credit. The faultless beauty of his form and face, his affectation and *insousiance*, made him the idol of shallow hearts and empty heads, that is to say, in the world of fashion, an almost univeral idol. Coquettes, husband-hunters, and sentimentalists, all played the whole artillery of their charms off upon him, and all in vain, cabs, coats, and *coiffures* too were all à la Lindsay.

As for old Lindsay, he was all delight in seeing those around him so happy. He gave his nieces leave to draw upon him for any sums they needed, allowed them a front box on the first tier at the opera, subscribed to every thing worth subscribing to, secured them tickets for Almack's, welcomed to the house any one who seemed to please them, allowed them to give balls and fêtes to their hearts' content, and only stipulated that he should not be obliged always to join in the sports he thus promoted.

Augusta's life was now one dream of joy and gaiety. Dress and dissipation took up all her time—the gayest butterflies of the season fluttered for ever around the rose of that season. Hers was, as De Villeneuve had said, the beauty that makes a court around it, and Augusta was so much taken up with conquest, she had no time for love. She seldom sought her couch till Dan Phœbus had quitted his, then loitered over a late breakfast and fashionable papers teeming with praises of her beauty, till it was time to ride or drive through the crowded parks; then the toilet, the dinner-party, opera, or ball, and sometimes all crowded into one night. If Ellen, and even Mrs. Lindsay, could not keep pace with her, there were plenty of thorough-bred London chaperons, to whom the hot air of crowded rooms is as a native element, ready to take charge of the "belle of the season"—generally mammas with involved sons, who considered that a niece so equipped and so indulged would be a desirable wife, in what they considered the important point.

And Ellen—oh ! Ellen was young, too, and to the young, novelty is ever charming, and pleasure alluring. She did not drain the cup with the avidity of Augusta, but she tasted, and the taste exhilarated. She liked to join the fair and gallant in the graceful dance ; to her the opera was a pleasure, for the harmony of her soul found an echo in fine music. The theatres, too, had a deep charm for her poetical mind.

But Ellen, in the enjoyment of these things, never forgot either herself or others. She was always down to make her uncle's breakfast, always preferred those amusements which he could share, always walked with him in preference to riding with a gay party, always promoted poor Annie's sharing the pleasure of the hour, and several times remained at home to hear a chapter of " Rollin," and to nurse Miss Tibby when she was unwell. Mr. Lindsay rejoiced to see that the perpetual variety of scene had a salutary effect on Ellen's health. At first, she seemed to seek amusement in order to fly from thought, but now she really

appeared to enjoy it for its own sake. Perhaps, if she had felt a preference for Julian, which, unreturned, would have saddened her gentle spirit, now that she saw him so frivolous, so idle, so vain, so careless of every thing but shew and dissipation, she felt ashamed to let her cheek grow pale, and her heart sad, for such a trifler. Be that as it may, London, which steals the bloom from so many cheeks, restored hers. As she was not so lavish of her presence as her sister was, so did people begin to value it more.

Among the many, she sometimes chanced to meet some who could appreciate her. And there were already those who preferred the white robe woven in a native loom, and the simple wreath of wild roses, heath, or blue bells wound round the golden hair and Madonna brow of Ellen, to all the complicated novelties and Frenchifications of Augusta, her Parisian brilliancy of dress, and coquettish *agacerie* of manner.

As for Miss Tibby, she fortunately found several old Scotch contemporaries with whom

she could take tea, play cribbage or dominoes, and talk of Donald of the brae; and often before the family carriage bore its gay young burthen to a fashionable dinner party, it carried Miss Tibby, and sometimes the tearful and unwilling Annie, to a Scotch tea-table.

Mr. Grunter, whose chief ambition was to be thought a *savant*, since he had discovered that with his tailor and modest expenditure he could not shine as an *élégant*, spent his mornings at bookstalls and the British Museum, made acquaintance with some old threadbare authors, got himself elected member of a literary club, sported his black wig, blue coat, and showy leg in Regent Street, and daily returned from a protracted luncheon at a pastrycook's, on turtle soup and oyster patties, to an excellent dinner with Mr. Lindsay, who frequently staid at home out of respect to his *ci-devant* usher.

The kind old man then made it a point of duty to listen to the chapter of Rollin—now, alas! shunned by the gay, for gayer amusements; and never, even to please Ellen, left

Grunter alone, in a delightful arm-chair by a blazing fire, without a thousand apologies, and a good supply of brandy, sugar, and hot water; while, whenever he could do so, he contrived that old Grunter should display his quaint figure at opera, concert, play, or second-rate *soirées*, but to exclusive private balls and parties he did not dare to carry him, nor did Grunter care to go, for there he could not play the lion at his ease.

Of all the Brighton party, Screech and the spaniels alone seemed to regret the change. Screech, his temper soured by London noise and uproar, was frequently obliged to be banished from the drawing-room; his attacks upon fops and fashionables, who, if used to be bit, were not used to such a bite as his, and upon ladies who had always hysterics and fainting fits at hand, made it impossible to tolerate him in their presence—particularly as, whatever lions were present, he would outtalk them all, and, like other loud talkers, could bear no voice but his own. As for Fatima and her two fat daughters, the London

fogs affected their spirits and increased their wheezing, and they now seldom moved from the rug, or woke from their sleep, even to snarl or to bark.

CHAPTER XIV.

"Serene, accomplished, cheerful, but not loud;
Insinuating without insinuation,
Observant of the foibles of the crowd,
Yet ne'er betraying this in conversation,
Proud with the proud, yet courteously proud;
So as to make them feel he knew his station
And theirs—without a struggle for priority,
He neither brooked nor claimed superiority."

BYRON.

De Villeneuve had now been but a few weeks in town—a relapse of Zelie's at Worthing had detained him there, and he seemed all anxiety, by his constant attendance on the Lindsays, to make up to himself and them for lost time. Mrs. Lindsay was not quite at ease when she marked the exclusive devotion of the detrimental count to Ellen; but Augusta's conquests just then engrossed her, and Ellen became a secondary consideration: what she had most at heart was that Augusta, by

some splendid match, should punish Julian for his supineness and security. As long as Ellen did not fall in love with the French count, she was glad to see her welcome the attentions of any one; it made her hope that the impression she suspected was not indelible, and took from her the anxious and *délaisseé* appearance, which, as a matchmaker, she knew to be, of all others, the most unfavourable to a *demoiselle à marier*.

The count was become Ellen's shadow; but apprised by the affair of the verses that forwardness would as yet avail him nothing, he adopted a melancholy reserve of manner, and, though ever at hand, was so quiet and unobtrusive that she might as reasonably have quarrelled with her shadow as with him. To rescue her, when occasion offered, from a disagreeable partner, a shallow, coxcombical, or dull neighbour, to anticipate her slightest wish, and watch and wait to offer her every little gallant service and attention, now seemed to be the chosen delight, the sole ambition of the genius, the poet, the *élégant*.

He could have devised no plan more likely to make him welcome to Ellen; his graceful melancholy awoke her sympathy, his timely services her gratitude, and his poetical eloquence contrasted finely with the poor impertinences and vapid prosings of the generality of fashionables.

He marked, with a triumph he had tact enough to conceal, that Ellen welcomed him more warmly to their opera box than she did any other *habitué* there—that at dinner-parties she looked almost naturally for his arm, and, if any very insufferable bore approached to ask her to dance, her eyes were immediately turned towards him as towards a rescue.

If the parties were divided, he generally contrived to be included in that which Ellen formed, and disdained the gayest *fête* of the season to go with Ellen, Mr. Lindsay, Annie, and Mr. Grunter to the play, or to some out of the way party, where duty, not pleasure, called them, or even to sit at home to hear Grunter read Rollin's History, or meet a Scotch tea-party of Miss Tibby's. He was

thus thrown much in the way of poor Annie, and Annie had seen nothing in all London, in her opinion, to compare with Alphonse.

As for Julian, what with clubs, horses, bets, &c. his time was almost engrossed. He still sought Augusta in gay parties and at the opera, and meant to make love to her when he had time; but he was now constantly with a light set who laughed at marriage, except as a means of making a fortune, who assured him he would lose *caste* as a married man, who flattered him into a belief that no woman could say him nay, when he *did* propose, and then introduced him to their own sisters—finished coquettes, whose snares would probably have caught him, but that, though his head was turned, his heart was still true to Augusta. His father had, however, requested, nay insisted, while he gave him the means of rivalling the most dashing men about town, that he should await the end of the season before he finally pledged himself to any woman for life. He, therefore, easily reconciled himself to a delay which he fancied

would prove the truth of Augusta's attachment, and revelled to the utmost in what he considered as the winding up of his bachelor career.

For some days, De Villeneuve had been hardly seen at the Lindsays, and Ellen began sadly to miss him. Not that she loved, or ever thought of him as a lover; he had never pretended any thing like love for her, nor could she encourage it, if he did—but as in society, however exclusive, mind is the rarest attribute a companion can boast, and at the same time the most delightful, Ellen began to feel the dull crowd grow duller, and to wonder why he came not.

The fact was, Zelie's *début* approached. She could not, would not, bear Alphonse's absence at such a time, and he had much to do. The excitement about the new singer was intense; the opera goers talked of nothing but "La Zelie," the papers overflowed with prophecies of the most brilliant *début* in the annals of the opera. It was whispered that "La Zelie" was young, beautiful, and with

a voice uniting all the charms of a Catalani's, a Malibran's, and a Grisi's; of a noble family, some said, and devoting herself to raise its fortunes — of irreproachable character, added others, and so reserved that she had refused to be introduced to Prince G——, the Duke of B——, and all the titled *dilettanti* whom curiosity had induced to crave that honour.

Even Augusta's heart beat high at the thought of seeing one whom she suspected to have been the object of Julian's visits to Worthing, and Ellen blushed at the deep interest she found herself taking in all that concerned the young *débutante*, and the many questions she detected herself addressing to De Villeneuve about her face, form, manners, and even dress. His perfect unconcern of manner, and careless coldness of opinion about her probable success, prevented any suspicion that La Zelie was an object of any importance to him, much less of that tender protecting interest, due to a sister.

CHAPTER XV.

"She was a form of life and light,
That e'en became a part of sight,
And rose where'er I turned my eye,
The morning star of memory."

The Giaour.

The day of Zelie's *début* dawned, and all the gay world was in a fever of excitement. Augusta and Mrs. Lindsay had planned a *petit souper*, after the opera. The Honourable York Sparkleton, a beau a little on the wane, but the son of an earl, Captain Dashington of the Guards, and Sir Peter Riskwell, a speculator, (reputed immensely rich) were, with Julian and De Villeneuve, to form the party. The three new beaux we have introduced had been constantly in Augusta's train since her arrival in town. The mother wished them to

propose, in order that she might judge whether it would be wise to accept, and if not, by proving to Julian, that others sought Augusta's hand, to increase his wish to secure it, and to make some maternal remark to him, in strict confidence about the readiness a man of honour ought to show, in offering himself to a girl who refused all other matches, however brilliant, for his sake.

This *petit souper*, in which Augusta was to display all her charms, was meant to bring the beaux to the point—a difficult manœuvre for country plotters like the maiden and her mother, for Sparkleton was wily and middle-aged, and resolved in making a lady honourable, that she should enable him to be so, and to pay his debts. The guardsman was always on his guard; and Riskwell, the most in love, and who would have proposed, had he been sure of acceptance, was too clever a speculator, to risk what he called being "done."

Augusta returned from her ride in Hyde Park, blooming with the exercise and radiant with the anticipated triumphs of the evening.

In the drawing-room, she found her mother (who knew the value of money too well to squander it) remaking a turban, and Ellen reading to Mr. Lindsay, whom a cold had confined to the house.

"Well," she exclaimed, "Mr. Sparkleton and Dashington have seen 'La Zelie,' and declare, after all, she's not at all pretty, and they think of a figure very unsuited to the stage."

There was triumph in Augusta's tone. Ellen felt for a moment, a brief moment, a similar sensation, but, after an instant's reflection, her expression grew sad, and from her heart she exclaimed, "I am very sorry for it!"

"Sorry, why?"

"She is the less likely to succeed if it is true, and think, what failure must be to a young girl who has ventured all upon one throw of a die!"

"Ah! but she has been so puffed off, I quite hate her very name."

"Poor girl, at this hour she deserves pity, rather than hate."

Ellen was seated at her uncle's feet, and looked somewhat pale and wearied when contrasted with the brilliant Augusta. Mr. Lindsay, kindly stroking her locks, said, "You are tired, my own darling, leave off now; here is my little Augusta, fresh from her ride, she will come and finish this article."

Augusta ventured not to decline, but said, "I must change my dress first, dear uncle."

"Be as long as you can," whispered Mrs. Lindsay; "reading in this warm room will make your eyes and nose red. Shall I finish the article, brother; Augusta will scarcely have time, she has to dress, you know."

"Augusta will always find time to oblige her old uncle." And Augusta, not all a worldling, hastened to her room, rapidly changed her dress, and took Ellen's place with a very good grace.

But her thoughts were far away, now wandering to a diamond bandeau, which she meant to wear on her brow, now to a new sleeve she was going to introduce, now dwelling on Zelie's reputed ugliness, now roaming between

Julian and her three new beaux. It was very difficult to follow a reader who evidently took not in herself the sense of what she read, and Mr. Lindsay was just going to joke her about her being so deeply absorbed, and to release her from her task, when Mrs. Lindsay, going to the window to thread her needle, exclaimed "Good heavens, brother! a vile old hackney coach."

All eagerly rose to behold so unusual a sight, and to witness a violent strife between Miss Tibby, and two old Scotch spinster friends, (Miss Babie and Miss Grizzy Douglas) with the old whitey-brown, straw-sprinkled, purple-faced coachman, who had brought them from Pentonville, where the Miss Douglases resided. The shrill Scotticisms of the enraged spinsters conquered the London slang of the old half tipsy Phæton: — "Gie us another tizzy," he exclaimed, "for the honour of auld Scotland."

"Its na for the honour of ony land to encourage imposition," said Tibby.

"Imposition! come, that's a good un!

why I an't a licensed show-man, old uns, and who knows but what I may be fined now, for taking about such old forrin'-looking kangeroos, setting up such a regelar yell as never was, and whose united ages would make ..... Let me see," and he scratched his head. By this time, Tibby and the elder Douglas had passed on; the other being lame, and somewhat behind, was not inclined to hear the amount of their united ages, and, enraged to see the footmen stifling their laughter, she put a silver fourpence into the coachman's hand, which, tipsy as he was, he took for sixpence, and, the footmen recovering themselves, and ordering him off, he with an oath, and a recommendation to them "to show none o' their imperence to a gen'lemon whose coat was his own," drove off to the nearest public house.

Meanwhile, Miss Tibby, with much dignity, ushered her two odd-looking gigantic companions up the broad and handsome staircase so seldom trod by any thing but fashion and elegance, (saving always Miss Tibby.) They

were, indeed, as the coachman had said, most outlandish in appearance, but the proudest beauty Carçan ever equipped for conquest never stepped along with more pride and self-satisfaction. Though it was still broad day, they seemed to be dressed for the evening; Miss Grizzy had a small plaid turban, with a plume of cock and hen's feathers, a well-preserved grey lutestring gown, made in the time of broad backs, high shoulders, waistcoat sleeves, and demi-trains: a large oval miniature of some Highland officer hung round her neck, over which a very rusty black lace cloak was thrown, and a flowered apron and large green fan completed her antediluvian toilet.

Her younger sister aimed at the juvenile; she wore an auburn crop-wig, curled on her forehead, and with a plaid ribbon by way of snood; a white gown, of the yellowish tinge of white, long laid by, with the little frilled jacket behind, known half a century ago, as a curricle-dress; with a plaid silk scarf crossing her bust and shoulder diagonally, and

tied, like a Scottish chieftain's, under the arm. Her arms were bare, except that long black kid gloves were drawn up them; and all this elegance was wrapped in a little scanty, short, grey satin cloak, trimmed with swansdown: by the side of these extra oddities, Miss Tibby, with her black bonnet pitched, *à la vieille mode*, almost on her nose, her grey tabinet, and antique mantilla, looked a modern, every-day person.

Mrs. Lindsay (the ever affable) rose cordially to welcome her dear Miss Tibby's friends; Mr. Lindsay greeted them with real hospitality; Augusta hung back to conceal her irrepressible laughter, and even Ellen could not prevent a smile.

But Augusta's laughter suddenly ceased, and Ellen's smile became more unconquerable, when Miss Tibby said—

"Cousin Lindsay, I've often wished to introduce my vary dear friends, the Miss Douglases o' Douglas Glen; they've na been long in toun, and, never having been at the opera,

and being mickle curious to hear the new singer, I've taken the liberty of offering them a place in our opera-box. I've had no scruple, as I hear you've engaged the adjoining box too, to accommodate a large party. I'm sure it's little eno' I avail mysel o' the privilege o' going there at a', or of taking a friend."

Mr. Lindsay, who delighted in the ridiculous, expressed the greatest pleasure at this unexpected announcement. Mrs. Lindsay thought of the exclusive *petit souper*, and could scarcely echo his words; and Augusta, unable to repress tears of mortification and anger, hastened from the room. Ellen alone came gracefully and cordially forth to do the honours, and to make the strange beings feel at home—but that they already did. With the blood of a long succession of old Highland chiefs in their veins, they were a proud and warlike pair, and considered that, in accepting Tibby's invitation, they were far more honouring than honoured.

"I've taen an early dinner wi' my friends,

cousin," said Tibby, "so I sall just leave it to you to amuse them, while I mak my ain toilet; and bid Annie prepare an early cup o' tea, for we'll na like to lose the overture."

"It's weel to have one's pennyworth for one's penny," said the elder lady, taking out of a very old-fashioned work-bag a roll of scarlet lambswool, and proceeding to net; "and whoever pays the penny, it's a purty penny, I doot, and weel to mak the most of it. Will you excuse my taking out my wee bit wurk, and making mysel at hame, in my auld schoolfellow's hame," she said, unrolling a huge comforter and brandishing an immense netting-needle and mash, and fastening the loop to a long foot in a pointed blue kid shoe with a high heel. "I never lose a moment, if I can help it; time lost canna be recalled. Babie, I hope you brought your work-bag; yer too wastefu' with your time, lassie."

"I'm just going with Miss Tibby to her

dressing-room; my hair's got a wee bit out o' order," said the junior damsel. "I'd be the better of settling mysel a little." And she took Tibby's arm and left the room.

"If you've ony thing particular to do, miss," said Grizzy, proudly, to Ellen, whose politeness induced her to stay and atone for Augusta's absence and Mrs. Lindsay's silent dismay, "dinna let me impede ye; I ken weel eno' that on a gala-night like this, young lassies have a warld o' gimcracks to settle; so leave me, my dear, when you like; I'm na without resources in mysel, and never less alane than when alane. I'm a true Douglas for that."

Here Mrs. Lindsay, awed by the pride and assumption of the condescending old spinster, came forth and tried to *faire l'aimable;* but Miss Douglas knew from Miss Tibby that she was just naebody at a'; an upstart, who had had a purty face; and that was na very remarkable now. She had unbent a little to Ellen Lindsay, but she could not unbend to a woman who had been a "Gubbs."

After a little while, Ellen, Mr. Lindsay, and her mother, were obliged to retire to make their toilet, and left Miss Grizzy to the society of Screech, whom she resembled in feature, and the spaniels, who, being thorough-bred Blenheims, she considered of a very superior race to a *ci-devant* Gubbs.

They found Augusta pacing her room in impatient dismay.—To be seen at the opera with those old quizzes! What would the Honourable Mr. Sparkleton think! how Captain Dashington would sneer! how Riskwell would stare!

"What does that matter?" said Ellen, kindly. "Dear Augusta, don't make your eyes red with those silly tears, and you will look lovely enough to atone for a box full of quizzes."

"If it had been any other night, I would have staid away!"

"Nay, that would have offended cousin, Tibby."

"How dared she bring those horrors?"

"Dared! she has as much right as we

have—and I can tell you those horrors, as you call them, think us scarcely worthy to sit in their presence!"

"Oh, what shall I do! What will Sparkleton think!"

"Think! if he thinks at all, it will be what he never did before!"

"How Dashington will sneer, and Riskwell stare!"

"And what of that? they seldom do anything else."

"Oh, what shall I do?—and they will be at supper, too!"

"Do! why rouse yourself to a proper spirit—treat our uncle's guests with due attention—and, if you do so, no empty-headed coxcomb will presume to do otherwise. Look all the fops into nothing, if you see any symptom of insurrection, and I will be your aid-de-camp. But I doubt the bravest of them venturing too far with that martial old giantess, Miss Grizzy Douglas."

Augusta smiled, and resolved to adopt so wise a counsel.

Each lady repaired to her toilet; the diamond bandeau and the new sleeve drove away all thoughts of the Douglases.

"And awful Beauty put on all her arms."

CHAPTER XVI.

"Fair maids and well-dressed youths around her shone,
But every eye was fixed on her alone."

POPE.

The party was assembled in the drawing-room, waiting the announcement of dinner. Augusta, in the pride of youth and loveliness, was too much taken up with her dress and her charms to heed the assumed superiority of the Misses Douglas, who were formally seated at the tea-table, where Miss Tibby presided with solemn dignity.

"As you are anxious to hear the overture, Miss Tibby," said old Lindsay, "you had better order the carriage when you please, and send it back for us."

"We canna manage without a beau, cou-

sin. Ah! Miss Douglas, do ye remember you o' Donald o' the Brae?"

"I'm na like to forget him, Miss Tibby; puir dear Donald! Indeed we're na used to go to public places with na escort; in Edinbro' it was a fight wi' the men who should attend us," said Grizzy, angrily stirring her tea.

"At least, it would be a great novelty to go without a beau," said Babie, shaking her auburn curls.

"Well, then, as soon as possible I will hasten over dinner, and have the honour of attending you, ladies," said old Lindsay.

"Na, na, cousin; where's Mr. Grunter? Dinna you inconvenience yoursel."

"Wha's Mr. Grunter?" asked Grizzy; "it's a queer name eno'; I never heard of the family."

But at this moment in came Mr. Grunter. He had arrived in an omnibus from the British Museum, and had brought with him one of his new cronies, who certainly rivalled in appearance any or all of the curiosities exhi

"And Grunter? that's a new name to me."

"Grunter! the Grunters are coeval with the tower of Babel, madam. The Grunters are a very numerous family, indeed."

"Live and learn, sir," said Grizzy, who piqued herself on being a genealogist. "I never heard of them before."

Here dinner was announced. Miss Grizzy, who did not approve either of Mr. Grunter or Mr. Fitzcribb as an escort, proposed to Miss Tibby that they should repair as soon as possible to the opera. Miss Tibby, decked in the "wee bit muslin ornament of her ain devising," agreed; Miss Babie was in high spirits, and was frequently reminded by Grizzy of what was, and what was na becoming to a lassie o' the Douglas family; and the elegant equipage of Mr. Lindsay deposited at the entrance of the Opera House the most *outré* party that ever crossed that threshold. But let Beauty hang her head abashed—that box had never been the mark of so many opera-glasses, the object of so much attention before. Miss

Grizzy's turban, Miss Babie's crop and snood, and Miss Tibby's bunch o' curls and "muslin ornament o' her ain devising," riveted more attention than the *beau monde* had ever bestowed on "the three graces," as the brilliant Augusta, the lovely Ellen, and the blooming Annie, had been called by the Court Journal.

The overture was completed before the Lindsays arrived. The proud Douglases did not attempt to yield their places, but Tibby, who was very kind, offered hers to Augusta. At first, she declined; but, recollecting that the contrast of her elegance and beauty with the frumpishness of her neighbours would shew her to advantage, she accepted, and sat with a beating heart, expecting the curtain to rise, and nervously glancing at Julian, who was one of the party in the next box, to learn from his face what he felt towards the *débutante*.

CHAPTER XVII.

"Music, oh! how faint, how weak
Language fades before thy spell!
Why should feeling ever speak,
When thou canst paint each thought so well?"

That dense and brilliant crowd was breathless with expectation. Beauties for a moment forgot the studied attitude and acquired grace, and beaux their own white hands and jewelled rings; and all this excitement was about a young girl with a reputed talent few, very few, in England really care for, except because it is the fashion to do so. And yet the excitement, superinduced as it was, was sincere, and hearts whose existence was almost forgotten by their *blasé* possessors actually beat high.

There was a considerable delay after the completion of the overture, and impatience began to manifest itself in a variety of ways. At length, the manager came forward, and announced that the *débutante*, when about to appear, awed by the brilliant crowd she caught a glimpse of, had fainted, but was recovered, and would only tax their patience for a moment. This avowal of the importance of the audience, and the natural timidity of the woman, had its effect—for the honour of human nature, be it observed, the impulse of the many is generally noble and kindly. The manager retired amid tumults of applause, and while the feeling of sympathy was at its highest, the curtain rose, and the opera of Norma commenced.

At first, overcome by the novelty of her situation, the young priestess of that savage worship stood, her face drooping, her hands crossed on her breast; for a moment, she seemed about to sink on the ground, and one of the priests came forward to support her, when, suddenly inspired by the clamours of

applause, and the music, which rose above it, she motioned away the priest's hand, as if disdaining assistance, raised her hands to her brow to throw back her long black hair, came suddenly to the front of the stage, in full view of the whole house, and, forgetting every thing but her genius and its language, she poured forth the richest and most triumphant strain that had been heard since the palmy days of Catalani.

Her tall, slight form was well suited to the white robes of the priestess, and her beautiful head had no ornament but the wreath of oak-leaves and acorns; yet the dress suited the inspiration of her face and manner; there was nothing of the actress about her; she looked —she was for the time the Pythoness. One felt transported to the depths of green forests now no more; the simplicity of the old time came back upon the heart; the very air—the heated air, which thousands were breathing, seemed to grow fresh, as La Zelie sang; and when she paused, the enthusiasm amounted almost to insanity. For a brief space, the

clamours of applause impeded the opera; and, during this time, Zelie having proudly bowed in return for praises which certainly were, and which she seemed to consider, her due, she stood leaning against an old oak, waiting, as it were, like the spirit of the storm, until the tumult she had called forth should subside.

Augusta now discovered that her beaux had either little taste or little sincerity, for La Zelie looked sublimely beautiful. The faults of her face were an extreme pallor of complexion—a brow somewhat too lofty, and eyes somewhat too large for the rest of her features, with an expression of melancholy, sometimes amounting to misery; but these defects, which had perhaps shocked Sparkleton's commonplace taste, either appeared not, or, by the magic of the scene, were converted into beauties. Excitement, and the artificial bloom necessary on the stage, gave a dazzling beauty to her complexion, and lighted up her eyes with a surpassing lustre. The lofty brow, gracefully crowned by the oak-leaves, gave nobility to the face, and all identity of the

mournful Zelie was lost in the inspiration of the priestess, and the passionate love of the woman, who had broken her vows to Heaven, and forgotten its altar to burn unholy fires at an earthly shrine. It was in the delineation of passion that Zelie surpassed herself — in that part where, jealous of the love of him who has made her false to her faith, she is about to stab him, there was an awful reality, which sent a shudder through the house, and made the actor start with real terror. All felt that that young and fragile girl had depths of passion in her own heart—all felt that her own revenge would be, if she were deceived, "like the tiger's spring, deadly and crushing."

Julian left the box after the first act, and the gentlemen who dropped in were full of nothing but La Zelie. No one heeded Augusta's diamond *bandeau* or new sleeve; and the belle felt the mighty superiority of genius over beauty, and tears of mortification filled her eyes. She heard a silly young lordling say that Lindsay — lucky dog — was behind the

scenes — that he was La Zelie's grand pet; and, excited by jealousy, she resolved he should propose to her before a week was gone, or lose her for ever.

All this time she was maddened by the remarks and queries of the Douglases, and Miss Tibby, and by the criticisms of Mr. Fitzcribb, who was stringing together a few observations meant for a morning paper, and repeating them with emphasis, lest he should forget them.

Sparkleton, Dashington, and Riskwell, who considered it quite the thing to be suddenly enamoured of La Zelie, were gone in hopes of an introduction to her; and as Augusta looked round, and saw the box deserted by all but Grunter and Fitzcribb, on the very night she had marked out for triumph, she wished herself in her little white-curtained bed at Moss Grove Rectory, with the moonlit woodbines peeping in at her open casement, and the soft spring night-breeze bearing on it the note of the nightingale, or the distant hoot of the owl.

Poor girl! Who, in the frequent disappointments vanity prepares for its votaries—in the buzz of a glittering and selfish crowd, and amid the glare of dazzling lamps, has not regretted the quiet scene, where fancy painted so brightly what proves so dreary in reality?

As for Ellen, the voice of the syren was enough to charm her into ecstasy. What were Sparkleton and his tribe to her? she was with the old Druids and their hoary oaks. She shuddered at the savage rites, the wicker idols, the human sacrifices; she felt the agonies of the guilty priestess; but she knew not whether Dashington and Riskwell stayed or went; and Julian — oh! she *would* not think about Julian. Yet she remarked he had a beautiful *bouquet* in his hand, and she suspected it was one of many which were to be showered on La Zelie. De Villeneuve, too — she had not seen him at all; but Norma appeared, and De Villeneuve was forgotten till the curtain fell again.

"And those places where the men have

such long beards, and are making such a clamour, what are they called?" asked Grizzy.

"Stalls."

"And a vary good place too for such a set of creatures, with beards like goats, and braying like asses—they're only fit for stalls."

"And what's that large box wi' sa mony in it?" asked Tibby.

"The omnibus-box."

"An omnibus, madam, but without a cad," said Mr. Fitzcribb, who piqued himself on ready wit. "No cads, madam — all regular nobs, booked for St. James's, not the bank."

Miss Grizzy looked at him with ineffable disdain.

"Grizzy," asked Tibby, in an under-tone, "wha' is that Heeland officer round your neck?"

"You're of a vary inquiring turn o' mind," said Grizzy, concealing it.

"Na," urged Tibby, in a whisper, "but wha is it?"

"Wha should it be, Tibby, but jist Donald o' the brae."

"Donald o' the brae!" exclaimed Tibby—"ye canna mean that."

"And wha for na. Ye ken weel the puir fellow's unfortunate attachment; it's na secret, I believe."

"Na! his unfortunate attachment to me," said Tibby, "was, as you say, na secret to naebody."

"Twa negatives mak an affermative, Miss Tibby: dinna forget either your grammar or yoursel; ye really spake such braid Scotch I canna weel understand ye."

"It's na vary likely I should speak braid Scotch, ma'am—I who havena set my fute in Scotland these thirty years; I believe few people would guess, from my hoccent, that I'd ever been there at a'."

"Your long absence, ma'am, excuses your short memory!"

"My memory 's a vary gude ain, ma'am."

"I should na think sae, by your forgetting puir Donald's devotion to me."

"I have na forgot that the puir lad was well nigh demented for my sake, ma'am."

"Upon my word, Miss Tibby, you mak me laugh — I canna help it." And Miss Grizzy forced a shrill and nervous titter, while her plume of cock and hen's feathers quivered in unison with the movements of her forced hilarity.

"Let those laugh who win, ma'am," said Tibby, much incensed.

"There's na much to be won, ma'am; puir Donald o' the brae is far awa', but his memory is dear to me still. Puir lad—he had na the siller, but he had a true heart, and mony thought a gude taste."

"I had na reason to quarrel with his taste, ma'am," said Tibby—"it was too flattering to me, that's a'."

"My dear Tibby, I could na offend you for the world; but, indeed, as a friend, I think it my duty to tell ye you're most strangely mistaken; often and often I've quarrelled wi' Donald for his remarks on your red hair, and your ankle, and ——"

"My hair!—my hair red, ma'am!—you're surely thinking o' your ain! Remarks on my ankle! Noo, I have heard Donald say you war na deficient in a good, strong understanding. My hair, indeed!—I have taken him to task for saying your shoes would be too large for him. My ankle!——"

"I really think, Miss Tibby, you must have a bee in your bonnet!"

"And I really think, Miss Grizzy, you must have a wasp in yours." And Tibby raised her voice so high, that, as the *entre acte* was over, a "hush" from several parts of the house alone recalled her to herself.

"This is folly, Miss Tibby," said Grizzy; "it's na becoming at our time o' life, to be disputing aboot a young callant like Donald o' the brae; but if ye've any doot o' his attachment, this will set it at rest"—and Grizzy, leaning back, adroitly and privately displayed to Tibby the portrait of Donald o' the brae. But Tibby was not behindhand; she fumbled for a moment in the folds of her

skirt, and suddenly, in her turn, presenting a portrait to Grizzy, she said—

"If you've ony doot o' his attachment for me, let this set it at rest." For a second, the enraged spinsters sat, comparing portraits like two disputants about the hour, each presenting his watch.

Miss Grizzy gazed in mute dismay; at length, she slowly unfastened her own miniature of Donald, and said, "May I mak bauld to ask in wha' year it was he gave you that pictur?"

"In 1798, ma'am, as ye 'll see here on the pictur."

Grizzy turned very pale, tears filled her eyes, but she drew herself up, and said, in an under-tone, "Enoo, Miss Tibby, enoo! I did na think, after wearing the pictur o' Donald for mair than thirty-five year, ever to be ashamed o' it; but a fause face shoudna rest on a true breast; and the mon who gives his pictur to twa lassies, does na deserve to have it worn by ain. If I have been too warm, I

ask your pardon. A Douglas is ever ready to atone for an error. Babie, be sae gude as to tak charge o' this pictur, and never let me set eyes on it again."

Grizzy then turned to the stage, and, apparently, gave her whole attention to the performers for the rest of the evening.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"Oh! how hard it is to find
The one just suited to our mind;
And if that one should be
False, unkind, or found too late,
What can we do but sigh at fate,
And sing 'Woe's me! woe's me!'"

CAMPBELL.

The closing scene of the opera more than realized the expectations Zelie's *début* had excited. In the heroic sacrifice of herself, as the priestess who had broken her vows, there was a simple and solemn grandeur which made one feel that she was a kindred being with her whom she personated. Her last strain surpassed in pathos and power all she had poured forth before, and as the curtain fell, the deafening shouts of applause seemed to shake the house.

La Zelie was loudly called for—she came at once, led by the hero of the piece, the Roman lover, whose exquisite voice had for once been eclipsed. There was so much majesty in her mien that several people rose instinctively—the tumult increased, handkerchiefs were waved, wreaths and bouquets flung at her feet as fast as her escort could pick them up; a bouquet and a small crown of white roses were flung from an upper box near the stage; Zelie raised her eyes to the box, smiled, bowed, and picked up both the crown and the bouquet. Augusta and Ellen looked, as did all present, towards that box, and recognised De Villeneuve and Julian in the happy beings on whom La Zelie had smiled, whose offerings she, proud queen of the night, had stooped to pick up.

The sisters' eyes met. Augusta's sparkled with sudden jealousy, and her very brow and neck reddened; Ellen grew rather pale and a tear trembled in her eyes, but recovering, in a moment she turned kindly to converse with Grunter and Fitzcribb.

It was over; the ballet was an uninteresting and oft-repeated one—Grizzy had no wish to see it. Both she and Tibby thought it no decent exhibition for modest women. Babie was tired of being confined in so small a space —Babie, an antiquated mountain romp; Annie looked ill and weary, and so all resolved to go home at once. Mr. Lindsay gave an arm to each Douglas — Fitzcribb tucked the proud Augusta under his, as if she had been an old folio; our young beauties, generally so courted, so followed, had no one to pilot them through the crush-room but Grunter and Fitzcribb!

While they were entering their carriage, Sparkleton, Dashington, and Riskwell joined them; they had been trying to get included in a select *petit souper*, which La Zelie, who had a duenna of great respectability, gave for the first time; for, with such men, every thing (politeness, punctuality, and even a real preference) yields to an insane worship of a fashionable idol, the acknowledged "Cynthia of the minute!" But they had failed, and then they remembered that *those* Lindsays had asked them to supper; but *those* Lindsays

had an excellent French cook, and their suppers were not often thus slighted.

Nothing would induce the still incensed Grizzy to join the supper party. She and Babie were therefore borne back in Mr. Lindsay's carriage to Pentonville. Mr. Fitzcribb too had a critique on La Zelie to write for the morrow's paper, which, as he was a very slow writer, he knew he must lose no time in preparing; so he sighed and went supperless away. Annie was ill and unhappy; even Ellen was not in her usual spirits; Augusta was all offended pride and cold reserve at the long desertion of her beaux; Mrs. Lindsay alone was all flattery, and Mr. Lindsay all hospitality; Tibby could not get over her *démêlé* with Grizzy, and the discovery that Donald o' the brae, the moss-grown idol of that antique shrine, her heart, "was a treacherous *fause* flirt after a'."

The supper, from which so much had been expected, was extremely dull, enlivened only by a sad mishap occasioned by Screech, whose perch had been placed carelessly behind a curtain against which Sparkleton sat, and

who awoke out of his sleep, gently protruded his beak, and caught hold of a very bushy whisker of the *ci-devant* beau, which, to the surprise of all present, came off at one fell swoop, fresh from the hands of Truefit, not of nature. Sparkleton, in a violent rage, tried to wrest away the prize; but the bird, still holding it fast, flew at him with the most belligerent intentions, and then waddled consequentially across the room with the whisker in his beak.

The party was well-bred enough to suppress all but the first burst of merriment; Sparkleton knew full well that his disaster would be made, by his dear friends Dashington and Riskwell, the joke *par excellence*, and the subject of sallies in all the papers; he therefore took the wise part of laughing at it himself; but, spite of this, the party was dispirited, and in short quite a failure. Julian and De Villeneuve came not at all; ere long the trio departed, and Augusta hastened to her own room. There the bandeau and the sleeve were thrown angrily aside; a sense of bitter mortification

swelled the breast of the young beauty; and, for the first time since her arrival in town,

"Her heart desponding asked if this were joy."

while a few bitter tears fell upon her pillow.

As she indulged in the useless and painful reveries of disappointed vanity, she heard a light step, and presently a gentle hand drew aside the curtain, and a soft voice whispered, "Augusta, are you awake?" At first, Augusta made no answer; she wished Ellen to fancy that she slept, and Ellen thought so, and gently sank on her knee by her sister's bed. "May Heaven bless you, my own sister, and make you happier than I....." she sighed. The words were so faintly spoken, they scarcely passed Ellen's lips, yet they reached and sank into Augusta's heart. She sat up, extended her arms, folded Ellen to her bosom, and burst into a passion of tears. It was a beautiful sight, those young sisters—Ellen, with her dewy looks of love, gazing like the fair and holy Madonna on a weeping passionate child of earth.

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"Ellen, I am not happy," at length she sobbed.

"Why not, dear sister? Who is so *fêted*, so courted, so admired as you?"

"Yes, I have been much courted, *fêted*, and admired to-night—dragged like an old parchment through the crush-room by a Mr. Fitzcribb—every head, every heart full of La Zelie, her praises on every tongue. Those three paltry fools, whom I have so distinguished, scarcely deigning to remember that they were to sup with us....."

"And what of them; are they worth one tear from the deep and virgin well-spring in your breast? What if La Zelie's voice has echoed for a moment through their hollow hearts, you cannot really care for beings so futile. Augusta, their desertion may have wounded your vanity, it cannot have grieved your heart. Pay them back, my love, indifference for neglect, and avoidance for desertion, and on my penetration as a woman they are all three at your feet; Sparkleton, with a new whisker too, before a week is past.

La Zelie, full of soul and feeling, will spurn them, and....."

"And so will I—whom Zelie spurns will plead in vain to me——"

"Well said, my darling! and now, good night."

"Not yet, dear Ellen," and Augusta buried her beautiful face in Ellen's bosom. "Of late we have not been to each other what we were at Mossgrove, sister. It may be my fault, for I have been engrossed with a succession of pleasures; but there is a secret of my heart I wish to tell you."

"Speak, dearest," said Ellen, trembling, and growing pale.

"I love Julian."

Ellen remained silent, but a tear fell unmarked on Augusta's dark tresses.

"Yes, I love him; I know I do by my anger at his absence to-night—my jealousy when I said that it was he who flung Zelie that bouquet—my despair when I heard he was La Zelie's chosen pet, as that fool said. At Brighton I am quite sure he loved me;

but since we have been here, that artful, wily creature has wheedled him away. He is no longer the same."

"And you—are you the same?"

"His pleasures quite engross him; they leave him no time for me."

"And yours—have they left you much time for him?"

"No; but had he wished it, they should."

"Had he wished it ever so much, you would have been resolved to turn all heads and captivate all hearts."

"Well, but I always meant to include his."

"Perhaps he does not care to be one of the many."

"What shall I do? Do you think he loves me, Ellen?"

"I think he prefers you to all other women."

"Even to La Zelie?"

"Yes; even to La Zelie. But do you love him, Augusta?"

"Yes, dear, handsome Julian; how supe-

rior he is to any of them! how elegant! how fashionable! What a taste in dress!—in horses, carriages! How well he rides! how noble he looks driving his four grays! It is a pity he has no title; not even a Sir or an Honourable; but I shall be the beautiful Mrs. Lindsay, the rich Mrs. Lindsay. Perhaps I might make interest to get him knighted.—Sir Julian and Lady Lindsay!—I do so hate plain Mr. and Mrs. Captain, Doctor, sounds better. If he were in the church, he would soon be Doctor Lindsay. How would that sound?—Doctor and Mrs. Lindsay!"

Ellen laughed. "I cannot fancy him a doctor; he might as well be an alderman!"

"An alderman! Well, an alderman can become a lord mayor, and is sure to be knighted."

"Well, dearest, I must be gone, or I shall be benighted. Look at my lamp."

"Well, say you think he loves me: speak candidly; you know with you I use no dis-

guise—poetry and sentiment for others, but unadorned truth for my own Ellen. Do you think he loves me?"

"I think he prefers you, I think you might make him love you, but, as I said before, do you love him? If his proud and noble form were bowed by sorrow, his beauty faded by sickness — if adversity laid her withering hand upon him, and, instead of elegant attire, matchless steeds, and blazoned equipages, you saw him hurrying along, in threadbare garments, to earn his bread by the sweat of the brow, or the sweat of the brain, shunned as 'poor Lindsay,' 'that unhappy fellow,' the 'Lindsay whom every one cuts,' and who has no one to smile upon him or comfort him but you —say, Augusta, should you love him still?"

"What a shocking picture, Ellen! I cannot realise it to my fancy. Of course, I should be very sorry; but threadbare, cut by every one, I cannot say what I should do or feel: one cannot separate a man from his circumstances; they form part of him. As

well ask what the sun would be without his rays, as a man without his fortune and his station?"

"Augusta, you do not love him. Oh! if you did, his circumstances would form no part of him in your heart. You could then almost wish the world might forsake, that you might be all the world to him. His poverty would draw forth your secret hoards of tenderness. Till then, most chary of your love, you would grow lavish at once—suffering and sickness, which tarnish the beauty the world prizes, would give him a nobler, dearer charm for you. Oh! you would love, you would revere, you would adore him more as he bent his sad steps to some dark city-desk, to toil away life with the vulgar for daily bread, than you ever did when he was 'handsome Lindsay,' 'dear Lindsay,' 'rich Lindsay,' the idol of the women and the 'best friend' of all the men of the world!"

"Of course, that is what one ought to profess, the *beau ideal* of woman's love. To

any one but you, Ellen,—I too should broach those high-flown sentiments, but my heart has ever been an open page to you. I cannot say, in the case you have described, what I might feel or do; but, thank Heaven! he is the rich, handsome, elegant Lindsay, and I will bring him to my feet. I will be Mrs. or perhaps Lady Lindsay!"

"Good night, dearest," said Ellen, kissing with cold, pale lips Augusta's now flushed and joyous cheek.

"Good night, dear Ellen. I feel quite happy now. How absurd Sparkleton looked! Dear Screech, how amply he avenged me! I wish he had carried off Riskwell's wig, and flown at Dashington's supercilious plantagenet nose. Once more, good night; dear Julian, his doom is sealed."

Ellen left the room. She stopped for a moment to wipe away a tear that would rise, and then she went first to her mother, who never liked any one to assist her to undress but her own gentle Ellen. Mrs. Lindsay was cross and provoking, as the vulgar-

minded always are in failure; but Ellen's gentleness soothed, while her spirited exhortations roused, and her good sense took from the affairs of the evening all undue importance. Ellen left Mrs. Lindsay too, sinking happily to sleep on her pillow. She listened to a long *resumé* from Tibby (whose mind was not quite at ease) of all the proofs of devotion to her, and dislike to Grizzy, given lang ago by Donald o' the brae, and comforted her with the hope that Miss Grizzy would think better of it, and not lose a true friend for a fause lover. She then mixed and placed his wonted glass of lemonade by her uncle's bedside, an attention he received every night from one of his nieces; and her sweet "good night, beloved uncle," sounded in his ear as a saint's benison. She sent Mr. Grunter triumphant to bed, by praising his new waistcoat, and dwelling on the shrewdness and evident talent of his friend, Mr. Fitzcribb. She lulled the weeping Annie, whose cause of grief, though not its

object, she began to guess, with that instinct of the heart women alone possess. Ellen then sat down beside her, and diverted her mind by dwelling on Sparkleton's accident, and the oddities of the Douglases; and dwelt playfully on the desertion of all their cavaliers, which she said "we ought to be thankful for, Annie, as it prevents our forming any undue estimate of our own importance, or throwing away our affections on those who prefer a new face to any one of ours. You see, dear, we *have* been slighted, but luckily *en masse;* so we can keep each other in countenance, and by our indifference put our false swains out of countenance." Annie was just the person to whom suffering in company ceased to be suffering.

"Ah, that we will, Ellen dear. I was fule enough to be hurt aboot it, forgetting that what was gude enoo for you was only too gude for me. If they could desert you, what could I expect?"

She left Annie still laughing at her lively, humorous sallies.

How much good one kind, noble heart can do! and

"How divine a thing a woman may be made!"

CHAPTER XIX.

"Such was Zuleika—such around her shone
The nameless charms unmarked by her alone;
The light of love, the purity of grace,
The mind, the music, breathing from her face,
The heart whose softness harmonised the whole,
And oh, that eye was in itself a soul."

BYRON.

And Zelie woke—woke on the morning after her *début*—woke to the sudden possession of fame, wealth, power! The plaudits of the evening still rang in her ears. Was it all real? Was she the same Zelie who left that couch but four and twenty hours before—hope and fear, both such wearying, painful inmates, struggling in her poor woman's heart, and wan despair brooding in the distance? Ah, it is a proud thing to wake from dreams of struggles and of failure, not to the sober cer-

tainty of waking bliss, but to the intoxicating consciousness of a boundless triumph.

Poor Zelie! she had earned that triumph dearly, as her pallid cheeks, her eyes surrounded by dark circles, and her feverish hand betrayed. The sun forced his way through the white and rose-coloured curtains of her windows and her bed—Apollo at the levee of his chosen priestess—his rays fell on the bouquet and white rose crown which alone, of all her tributes, she had placed beside her bed. "A crown for Zelie, queen of love and song," was embroidered on a ribbon that tied it.

"It is not a dream," she said, pressing the ribbon to her pale lips, while several large tears forced themselves from her eyes. "It is not a dream: I have triumphed, and he is saved! I can lay countless wealth at his feet. Fame will cast its golden halo round this faded form, and he will worship it again. Oh! perhaps, when we have enough to defy the world, he will leave these tumid fogs, these dark abodes, where Crœsus loves to

dwell—these soulless people; and go back with me to the blue skies, and blue lakes, the balmy air, the proud mountains and sweet valleys bathed in the warm sunshine of my native Florence. Perhaps he will make this guilty devotion—a lawful, happy love; perhaps the holy virgin may yet smile on the lost novice, the wretched Zelie!"

Who, in that wan and weeping girl, would have recognised the proud, impassioned Norma? The illusion of the stage, the artificial light, and "the magic of the mind" gone, she lay like a broken lily; but the broken lily rears its crest no more, and Zelie would shine again, again, and yet again, and see the nobles of the land enslaved at her feet, and fill with jealous anguish the breast of high-born beauty; and give laws to lawgivers, and fill the world with the name of La Zelie! — La Zelie, a young novice, snatched from the quiet, peaceful service of God, to be offered up at the shrine of mammon.

"Oh! he will love — he will be proud of me," she exclaimed, in her own sweet, pas-

sionate Italian, as she sprang from her bed—gazed, with unwonted pride, on a form and features which, by the consent of thousands, of all the magnates in the land, were pronounced most beautiful, and, ringing for her attendant, submitted her long black hair to her skill. "Oh, he will love me!" her heart repeated, as the glass reflected her eyes, now bright with passion and hope, and her transparent cheeks, where the crimson tide was ebbing and flowing—"yes, he will love me!" And who was he?

The idol of that young heart — an idol of clay, but that she knows not yet,

"His name and fortune Time alone can tell."

On her dressing-table she found all the papers, and in all there was plentiful incense, offered at the shrine of the new goddess. Her genius was by all pronounced unequalled; and what was sweeter to her as a woman, her person was proclaimed to be of the highest order of beauty.

It was asserted by all that her noble, grace-

ful, and original conception of the part, and delineation of its passion and poetry, ranked her at once as the first of actresses, while the rich and rare powers of her voice, her execution and science, constituted her, beyond all competition, "the queen of song." The liveliest curiosity was then expressed to see her in another character, and the writers congratulated and praised La Zelie, the public, and themselves. La Zelie was yet feasting her bright eyes with her own praises, when De Villeneuve knocked at her door.

"How did my darling Zelie sleep upon her laurels?" he asked.

"Come in — oh! do come in, Alphonse, I am almost dressed."

"No, darling! it might compromise you (they spoke in Italian); I am come to breakfast with you, Zelie. Mrs. Chester (the chaperon) is down; how long will my dearest girl be? I will go and make some coffee for you, love, after your own fashion. Ah, Zelie! all the nobles in the land would envy me the privilege of waiting on you now be

quick, I long to see that, though the Queen of Song to others, you are dear little Zelie to me. Julian will be here presently ——"

"Why, I do not want to see him so soon again!" she answered, sullenly.

"I am very particularly engaged, sweet Zelie, and he has promised to drive you and Mrs. Chester out."

"Where are you going, Alphonse?"

"Into the city."

"You are not going to the Lindsays?"

"I may be obliged to leave a card there; but do you think I would let Julian drive the Queen of Song abroad for the first time among her adoring subjects, if I could contrive to do so myself."

"Then you do not wish to see the Lindsays?"

"I! what a child you are, Zelie! what can two dull, uninspired, doll-faced English girls be to one accustomed to Zelie?"

"And you will return to dinner?"

"If possible. But mind you invite me formally before Mrs. Chester."

Zelie rapidly completed her toilet. Julian, Villeneuve, and Mrs. Chester were surprised when they beheld her. The pale, drooping girl was no more. There was triumph on her brow and in her fine eyes: it flushed her cheek with the very tinge her complexion so needed—curved her generally mournful mouth — raised her fine head—was seen in her erect figure and firmly graceful step—even in the care bestowed on her black tresses and her morning-dress, you saw the being who, having risen to a lofty standard, was not inclined to fall from it again.

She received Julian's and Mrs. Chester's congratulations with graceful courtesy; but when De Villeneuve came from an inner room, and spoke of her triumph almost as a stranger might have done, she trembled — her voice grew husky with emotion, and tears filled her eyes. Perceiving this, De Villeneuve requested a moment's *tête-à-tête* with Mrs. Chester, and Zelie walked to the window to conceal the tears, which, child of passionate impulse as she was, she sought not to suppress.

Mrs. Chester was fat, fair, and forty, with an aquiline nose, large, round, pale blue eyes, a thin-lipped, smiling mouth, a double-chin, and a short figure; she was fond of wearing a turban, or a turban-cap; she spoke rapidly, and her manner was at once quick and coaxing. She was a great advocate for etiquette. Her husband had been a man of ancient family, but no fortune; no one could exactly find out what she had been before she was Mrs. Chester, but yet she had a great contempt for "nobodies," and talked of pedigrees as if she could produce a very long one herself. As almost every thing is marketable in England, so, her husband leaving her nothing but a good old name, she turned that to account, and had been much sought after, in consequence, as chaperon in families, who had no importance but that they derived from their purses. Her high-flown advertisements had struck De Villeneuve; he desired Zelie to engage her. Mrs. Chester hesitated — "Any public character she never *had* chaperoned—what would the terms be?" Zelie named double what

she had been used to receive. She hesitated still, but less than at first. Zelie added another fifty pounds to her salary, and Mrs. Chester was secured.

After a short interview in another room, De Villeneuve returned, and, going up to Zelie, who still stood with her back to Julian, weeping bitterly, he fondly embraced her. Zelie struggled, and exclaimed, in Italian, "Leave me—you forget yourself."

"No, dearest sister," he said, still embracing her; and then, drawing a chair, he seated her on his knee. "I have thought it best to let our dear, kind Mrs. Chester into our secret; she has sworn to keep it; she knows now that you are my half sister; and, therefore, when alone with her and Julian, we can be quite unrestrained; so now be happy, darling! I can come in and go out when I will the back way, and give my little Zelie a kiss without shocking Mrs. Chester."

"Of course you can," said that lady; "only, as no one else knows this save Mr. Julian Lindsay, for the sake of appearances and eti-

quette, you must be very cautious. Poor dear! it must shock her little heart to be treated like a stranger by her own brother!" and Mrs. Chester went up and embraced Zelie. "Don't sit on his knee, love, for fear of the servants coming in — and appearances are every thing in this world....of course, realities must be attended to also; but that's between oneself and one's conscience; the world can seldom judge about *them*, but every lynx-eyed servant can fritter away the reputation of those who don't pay proper attention to appearances. Ah! she's my dear little charge, and I'll take good care of her."

Zelie did not understand much of this rapid jargon, but she saw the expression and manner were kind, and kindness went straight to that warm young heart. So Zelie was all smiles and sallies during breakfast.

After breakfast, De Villeneuve left Julian with his sister, and went out on his "all-important business," which was nothing more than to gaze at Ellen's soft face, and drink in the music of her sweet and noble sentiments;

to plunge the dart deeper into poor Annie's heart; and to talk of Zelie's *début*, as if to him alone, of all the world, it was an unimportant event, while he adroitly answered all allusions to his desertion of the Lindsays, and devotion to the rising sun, by pointing out to them that poor Zelie was a timid, foreign girl, who knew no one but himself and Julian—who had fainted at her first effort to appear, and to whom the support and society, at such a time, of one who could be of no importance to any one else (and he sighed) was a solace, inconceivable, to the happy members of a happy home.

"I have sacrificed," he said mournfully, "one of the few evenings that, in my sad, blighted life, I might have delighted in at the time, and looked back upon with melancholy rapture when I am again alone. If, in your sweet society, dear friends, I had not grown better, and less selfish, I could not have made that sacrifice;—having made it, I own I did expect approbation, not reproach!"

"We do approve—we do admire your con-

duct," said Ellen, almost instinctively offering her frank hand. De Villeneuve took Annie's also, and pressed them both; but Annie held down her head—a tear fell on De Villeneuve's hand, and, ashamed, Annie burst from him, and rushed out of the room.

"Annie is nervous and dispirited," said Ellen, not aware that De Villeneuve had fixed his phosphoric eyes upon her — that, to him, a *tête-à-tête* with Ellen was an era in life. As he did not reply, she proceeded, still engaged in netting a purse for Mr. Grunter— "These late hours do not suit a wild Scotch lassie; Augusta, too, is not well; I shall be glad when we leave town."

"Glad, Ellen!—Miss Ellen, I mean; I beg pardon; I spoke, for once, as I think of you ever — as 'Ellen' — a name which bears, to my mind, what 'Mary' does to a Roman Catholic devotee—all that is loveliest, holiest, best! an humble maid of earth, but fit to be a queen in heaven." Ellen blushed at the earnestness of his voice and manner, and, afraid to prolong their *tête-à-tête* begged him to

excuse her while she sought some more silk for her purse. As she rose, De Villeneuve rose too, struck by the mingled reserve and sweetness of her manner—passionately in love with her for herself, and anxious, for other reasons, to win her, he was about to hazard all—to fling himself at her feet, and try the effect of love-prompted eloquence upon her heart. She had turned away—she did not see that he had thrown himself on one knee—that he had caught hold of her scarf, and that there were tears on his pale cheeks. He had ejaculated, "Hear me! oh, Heaven!" when, to his unspeakable dismay, Miss Tibby bustled in, and, before Ellen perceived his emotion, arrested as her attention was, by a look of unwonted care on Tibby's face, he had started to his feet — he had dropped the scarf, had turned for a moment to the window to dry his tears, and, before Miss Tibby even perceived him, he was again all smiling calm, and self-possession.

"What is the matter?" asked Ellen, anxiously, of Tibby.

"Naething, my dear!" answered Tibby, with a look of importance which belied her words.

"Oh, yes, there is something the matter! tell me at once. Where are they all? has any thing happened?—mamma! Augusta! my uncle!....Julian!"

"I know nothing of ony o' them. No, dear, since ye must know a'—I've been to the Douglases; Grizzy's vary unweel, and would na see me, puir body!—But I saw Babie for a moment, and she said Grizzy had taken an unco fancy to you, my dear, and had said if you would put away an hour with her this afternoon, it would do her a warld o' gude. So the carriage is at the door, and if you will, my dear, I'm ready to attend you; I can sit a while wi' Babie while you're wi' Grizzy."

"Did I not compare you well to 'Mary mild'?" said De Villeneuve, in an under-tone, while Miss Tibby stood at the glass, settling her cloak and hat. "None so old and desolate but they seek your sweet shrine, sure of comfort there. Go, beautiful Madonna—pour

balm into the hard, dry heart of the proud old Scotch spinster. Go!—and while you listen to her, smile upon, and comfort her. I, Adolphe De Villeneuve, could envy that desolate old woman!"

"Are ye ready, my dear?" said Tibby, still looking in the glass. "Never fash yoursel aboot your dress; the Douglases dine at three, and it's now half past one." Ellen quitted the room for her bonnet and shawl. "Young people are na sae brisk as they war in my younger days," said Tibby; "in twa minutes my bonnet was on, and I over the hills and far awa."

De Villeneuve smiled; for it struck him Miss Tibby must be much changed, since she had been just ten minutes since she came in at the glass "settling hersel."

"Miss Ellen will not keep you long waiting, I am sure," he said; "she is like you, madam, so eager to do good."

Miss Tibby curtsied. "Yer vary civil, count; yes, Ellen's much the lassie I was, only she's na sae brisk; I'd mair spirit and

mair colour; Ellen's a wee bit pale, and too grave for sae young a lassie. Oh! I was here, and there, and every where, singing like a lark. Young people are na what they were—but a' things are changed for the waur; here in London they boast o' their furniture and their finery. I'm sure I never, wi' a' their inventions, met wi' an arm-chair sae aisy as my puir father's aisy-chair at the Grange, when he was awa, and I stepped into it, 'young romp as I was,' and sune fell fast asleep by the ingle nook; and as for glasses—these may be bigger and ha' finer frames, but I never shall luke agen in such a glass, as the wee oval mirror in which I used to tie my snood, or the sma' chimney-glass over the parlour mantel, in which I could see, for Donald and mysel, to talk wi' our silly fingers a' across the room, while puir father slept, better than I can see mysel in this, standing close by it."

Ellen's return prevented De Villeneuve's reply. "May I stay here," he said, "till some one of the family comes in? I have no where to go to—at least no where, where I do

not hate to go," he added, in a low voice; "let me sit and read by this fire. 'Twill soothe to be where thou hast been."

Ellen tried to laugh away his earnestness, while she gave the assent she could not withhold.

"And, while you stay *in* the room, dinna let the fire go *out*, count," said Miss Tibby, as he handed Ellen and herself to the carriage. "It's a fine spring day, but a gude fire's na unwelcome for a' that, sa dinna forget, count," said Tibby, bowing.

"I will welcome you back to a warm fireside," replied De Villeneuve, speaking to Tibby, but looking at Ellen, "an English fireside, and the faces we love, what has earth, what has heaven ....." The rest of the sentence was lost, for the carriage drove rapidly away. De Villeneuve glided noiselessly back—his heart beat with a strange joy—he would go and sit in Ellen's chair, he would kiss the scarf she had left there, he would turn over all the thousand nameless knickknacks in her workbox and basket, all impregnated with a

faint odour of violets peculiar to her, for she ever wore them—her miniature lay on the table, and he would look at it, till the saint-like blue eyes and rubied lips would seem to smile upon him. He was a poet, strange mixture, a poet and a sensualist; and he could fancy a wild delight in spending hours thus! but, as he hurried with the stealthy step of secret joy to the drawing-room, he saw Annie; her back was towards him, as she knelt upon the rug; she was alternately kissing and clasping to her bosom a glove, which he recognized as his own. Annie thought that he was gone, and that he had inadvertently left the glove. He was struck by the beauty of her form and attitude, and by her passionate love, so contrasted with Ellen's reserve; the former had humbled him, the latter raised him again in his own opinion.

"Si on n'a pas ce qu'on aime
Il faut aimer ce qu'on a,"

he said to himself; for he was a Frenchman of the *école romantique*. A passionate worship of a lofty object was not incompatible, in

his volatile heart, with a sort of love for an humbler being.

Annie was a beautiful simple girl, in love with him, thinking him perfection; and he was a mixture of the philosopher, the poet, the *roué*, and the freethinker. Alas for poor Annie!... but Annie's love was the first love of a virtuous girl; she suspected no baseness, no evil, in one from whose eloquent tongue flowed virtue made musical.

Hers, too,

> "The wild sweet briary fence,
> That awes the touch while winning the sense."

So when Adolphe drew near her unawares, and, exclaiming "Beautiful Annie, how I envy my glove!" attempting at the same time to raise and press her to his heart, she uttered a faint cry, and, tearing herself from his embrace, sat down in all the angry dignity of a maiden thus offended for the first time. The ever-supple knee of De Villeneuve was obliged to bend, and all his eloquence was essayed before he could win the pardon of the wild Scotch lassie; at length, however, he prevailed, for

Love pleaded for him. He won from her a confession of her affection, he held her trembling hand, he improvised a tale of deep passion and awful necessity for inviolable secrecy, till he could declare himself openly. This poor Annie promised. Alas! in such cases woman's heart is but too prone to conceal. Secrecy is the chosen nurse of first love. Annie was proud and happy, for she felt sure she had made a conquest of the man she loved; De Villeneuve was proud and happy, for he felt sure he should easily make a victim of the woman who loved him.

CHAPTER XX.

"Let not woman e'er complain
Of inconstancy in love;
Let not woman e'er complain
Fickle man is apt to rove."

BURNS.

Meanwhile, Ellen and Miss Tibby drove to Pentonville. Miss Tibby's conversation consisted during her drive principally of records of the great fancies "auld people used to tak to her in her youth, and the vary discreet and canny manner in which she always conducted hersel'."

The Douglases, like too many of our dear northern land, were more remarkable for the length of their pedigree than of their purse. With that noblest pride which is the parent of honesty, they had sought a lodging

suitable to their means, not their birth; at least, Miss Grizzy had done so, for Babie was, as her sister said, "a silly cratur, that didna ken the value o' siller."

They had fixed during the stay which business obliged them to make in London on a row of houses, which seemed to have no advantage over several similar ones, except that it was called "Aberdeen Row," and on a house which boasted no superiority to twenty such, except that it was called "Bruce Cottage," that two or three Scotch firs withered in the slip of ground before the house, some roots of dusty heath in boxes before the windows, and that the owner of the house was an old, lame, and rather stingy Mr. Mac Intyre, fra' "bonny Dundee."

But this was enough to give "Bruce Cottage" a decided advantage in Grizzy's patriotic mind over "Spruce Cottage," next door, with a garden full of gay flowers, bright green jalousies, picture blinds, gaudy and cockney, like Mrs. Wheedle, its landlady, whose neatly-furnished rooms were some shillings

less the week than Mr. Mac Intyre's; but then it was said that she contrived by cribbing and extras to make hers the dearest in the end, while the auld Scotch landlord agreed, as he averred, "for a gude penny at once, and scorned to tak' a farthing mair."

As the carriage stopped at the gate, Ellen beheld Babie peeping with playful anxiety from behind a very dingy old brown holland blind. "Puir Babie," said Tibby, "she's a thoughtless flauntering young crater, I fear," and in a moment Babie, spite of her lameness, came scuffling down in a plaid cap, with a smile that confirmed Tibby's opinion.

"Sister is vary anxious to see you," she said to Ellen; "I shall show you to her room."

"Can *I* na be admitted?" asked Tibby. Baby shook her head, Tibby looked offended.

"Dinna be offended," said Babie; "Grizzy's unco strange. I shall show Miss Ellen her room, and then, as I've got my wee bit cap on ready, and my plaid scarf here, let you and I, Tibby, gang and tak an airing in the bonny coach there. I lead sae dull a life here

for ain o' my age and spirit, I'm weel nigh moped to death."

Tibby, who rather liked the importance attendant on doing the honours of the carriage, agreed, and Ellen was ushered by Babie into Grizzy's room.

Grizzy sate very erect by a very small fire, in a high-backed chair. On her head was a muslin pyramid, called a night-cap, bound by a broad plaid riband. She was in a white wrapper, with a plaid shawl thrown around her; and, with her gigantic height, aquiline nose, hollow cheeks, and sallow skin, she reminded Ellen of the description of Magdalen Graeme. She motioned Babie away with a long, bony hand, and then, rising courteously, she said—

"Miss Ellen Lindsay, yer vary weelcome whenever ye can mak time to put away an hour or twa wi' me, ye'll be maist weelcome."

Ellen kindly said she would call frequently, and then she inquired after the old spinster's health.

"I'm far fra weel, vary far fra weel," re-

plied Grizzy. "I doot whether I'll ever be weel again."

Ellen tried to comfort her. "I need na comfort," she said, "I'm wearing awa, and the suner the better; if it was na for puir Babie, I'd na wish to see to-morrow's sun; but she's a heedless crater, and, when I'm gane to my lang hame, and the little we have, fa's into her hands, I fear she'll thraw hersel' awa' on some designing southron, and disgrace the name o' Douglas; that's a' that grieves me, my dear, and I do hope, when I'm na mair, ye'll gie an eye to the puir lassie, and na let her want for a gude friend and gude counsel. She's too ready to listen to fause-hearted smooth-tongued gallants, like ....." here Grizzy rose, and stalked to the window, much affected. Ellen could scarcely forbear a smile at the idea of being appointed, (she barely nineteen) to watch over the "sliding heart" of Miss Babie Douglas of forty-six. Miss Grizzy returned to her seat; Ellen kindly promised in the name of herself and family to pay "Babie" every attention in their power,

but earnestly endeavoured to shake Grizzy's idea that "she hersel' was na lang for this warld." "You should call in some eminent physician," she added, affectionately, "so much despondency must proceed from bodily derangement."

"Na, na, physicians canna do me ony gude. All I wish is to get back to my ain dear land, and dee in peace, if I can feel sure some one will luke after puir Babie."

Ellen again tried to persuade Grizzy to have some advice; but, perceiving she irritated without convincing her, she desisted, and advised her, as the next best thing she could do, to hasten her return to her native land.

"There you're right, my dear," said Grizzy, "I'm much like yon dusty heather, and those stunted firs, transplanted too late to thrive, but, in this crowded wilderness, I have met wi' a deathblow, and that not fra a foreign hand, but fra ain o' my ain kith and kin. I canna spake freely to you now, though you *are* the living image o' my earliest friend, but,

if ye will now and then leave the gay scenes where all admire ye, to put away an hour or two wi' a puir auld woman, I'll tell you what's on my mind. And now dinna let me keep ye langer, I hear the carriage at the door, I canna and wunna see your cousin, na I canna bring mysel' to name her. God bless you, my dear Ellen Lindsay! I ken weel there's little here to attract maist young people, but, if I am na deceived in your sweet face, ye'd rather give pleasure than receive it, rather bind the broken heart o' an auld woman, than break the merry ain o' a young callant, rather gang to the house o' mourning than to the house o' feasting, and so God be wi' ye, my dear!"

Ellen left the room with tears in her eyes; and, declining Babie's earnest invitation to her to share a scanty repast of broth wi' a neck o' mutton boiled in *them*, she returned home with the somewhat jealous and offended Tibby. She found De Villeneuve awaiting her, but, as the whole family had joined him, with the addition of Mr. Fitzcribb, who had called to pay his respects, and whom the hos-

pitable Mr. Lindsay had invited to stay to dinner, the conversation became general, and poor Zelie was doomed to a *tête-à-tête* repast with Mrs. Chester, while Alphonse alternately gazed with passionate admiration at Ellen, and smiled with encouraging fondness on Annie, listened to Miss Tibby's long stories of her younger days, referred to Mrs. Lindsay as an oracle in matters of etiquette and grace, to Julian in those of style and fashion, to Grunter on all questions of classical accuracy, and to Fitzcribb on points of modern literature, and charmed Mr. Lindsay, by making all around him wear the welcome smile of self-complacency. Nay, more, he actually promoted Grunter's reading the long-neglected chapter of Rollin, rather to Fitzcribb's annoyance, who, as having been in print, looked upon himself as the literary lion of the evening; but De Villeneuve had contrived to seat himself by Annie's side, and opposite to Ellen, whose face he loved to gaze upon, as an entranced amateur on a *chef d'œuvre* of Raphael's, or a poet on some lovely moonlit scene.

The evening, however, passed happily away to almost all present; for Grunter, being seized with an accidental fit of coughing, Fitzcribb offered himself as his substitute, and proceeded to read, not Rollin, but some proof sheets which he had in his pocket, of a work of his own on the same subject. Certainly had a minute's comparison been instituted, they would have been found strikingly similar; yet Fitzcribb expressed a boundless contempt for Rollin: could he then have borrowed from him? Alas! in this world people often borrow of those they affect to despise. True, then, the contempt becomes mutual, for there are few lenders who do not despise the needy borrower. Perhaps if Rollin's shade hovered about Fitzcribb, as he filched from, and yet abused him, it might have wished to own again an arm of flesh, to chastise the abusive plagiarist.

We have said almost all were happy; for Grunter, though thus deprived of the power of displaying himself, was so proud of the literary lion he had introduced, that he was content to sink into a mere showman: Mrs.

Lindsay was pleased, for she had made an old cap "seem amaist as good as new," and she saw Augusta looking even more than usually beautiful with Julian by her side, evidently thinking her so. Annie was feeding in her heart on all De Villeneuve had said in their *tête-à-tête*; her head was too full of love for Latin grammar, but she was so happy, she bore without pouting an almost public lecture from Mr. Grunter, and several sharp reproofs on the Scotticisms, which, in the fulness of her joy, escaped from her northern tongue.

There was but one heart that beat heavily when the stillness of the lonely chamber succeeded to that cheerful, domestic party, and that was a heart which, in the midst of its own unrest, could make itself a sort of joy out of the happiness of others. Reader, thou canst guess whose was that heart!

CHAPTER XXI.

"Fuyez l'amour, l'amour vous suit
Poursuivez le et il s'en fuit."

French Song.

Augusta had followed Ellen's spirited advice. She had shown the most perfect indifference to the defalcation of her three renegade beaux, Sparkleton, Dashington, and Riskwell. She did not adopt, when she met them, a reserve which, foreign to her natural manner, would have betrayed resentment. She was cordial, open, and good-humoured as ever, but the watchful attention and eager deference were gone. She did not keep herself disengaged for the chance of dancing with Dashington; she did not make Sparkleton promise to come to their box, and she

took no notice of Riskwell's new turn-out. She now encouraged no attentions but Julian's; but the trio who had been fashionably supercilious, and sometimes inaccessible, when they thought they were desired, now that they found themselves disregarded, became all devotion and anxiety.

They found out that so lovely a woman, with money, was a very great rarity. They began to think it a dreadful pity that Lindsay, who could afford to marry a poor girl, should have a person whom report had magnified into an heiress, and who now had all the proud and careless manner of one. For the first time, they suspected, what every one else had long known—that they were great dolts; and each privately resolved to try his chance before the beauty should have positively engaged herself to her cousin.

Mrs. Lindsay was all pride and triumph, as she said a woman can marry but one; but it's a good thing in after life to be able to say to one's husband, if he ever finds fault, or appears to think he might have done better,

"Remember I didn't marry you for want of better offers;" that was a great quietus. It was well to keep all documents to prove the facts. She had stitched all her former offers into a book, which she sometimes produced when Gregory was out of humour, and the mere sight of its outside silenced him at once.

Mrs. Lindsay's wishes were destined to be gratified.

On the very same morning, the elderly and Honourable Augustus Sparkleton had a very unpleasant conversation with the earl his father on money matters; a writ was served on Captain Dashington of the guards; and Riskwell, the only one of the three who cared at all for Augusta for herself, obtained so brilliant a success in a daring speculation, that he determined, whatever her fortune might be, to marry her at once.

The affair of Sparkleton's whisker had become very public. Dashington, who had a considerable talent for caricaturing, and who was a needy, illnatured fellow, had ad-

mirably hit off the scene of Screech and the whisker, and had realised some pounds by having it engraved. Hung up in all the shops, it had been seen by old Lord Gripeall, Sparkleton's father, and infuriated him as being likely to mar the matrimonial prospects of the *ci-devant* beau. Now, Sparkleton had several times screwed money out of his father, under pretence of a prompt marriage with an heiress; his affairs were growing desperate, and his father refused any assistance, unless he immediately secured a woman with at least twenty thousand pounds.

Sparkleton lost no time in writing a letter to Augusta, enclosed in one to her mother, and announced that he would have the honour of calling, at three in the afternoon, to hear his doom from the lady's own lips. This done, "with no doubt of her acceptance," he set off to a notorious money-lender, and borrowed a thousand pounds for three months, at fifty per cent. As for Captain Dashington, who was no great scribe, he merely wrote an off-hand note to Augusta, begging the honour of

five minutes' conference with her at half-past three. Riskwell's letter was different, more humble, much longer, dwelling rather on his fortunes than himself, and also entreating an interview the same afternoon.

Augusta was walking out, when, by a strange coincidence, these letters arrived nearly at the same time. Mrs. Lindsay took upon herself to open and answer them, appointing Sparkleton at three, Dashington at half-past three, and Riskwell at four o'clock; and, in the maternal pride of her heart, she could not forbear seeking Julian in his dressing-room, to let him know what important conquests Augusta had made.

Nor was Julian unmoved by the intelligence. He had no very great doubts that Augusta would refuse them all, and there was a something in Sparkleton's and Dashington's letters which made him anticipate their rejection with a sort of triumph. Mrs. Lindsay took care to say nothing that could lead Julian to declare himself in any way, for these three offers inflated her with the belief

that Augusta might marry whom she pleased. There was my Lord Viscount Ogleton, Sparkleton's eldest brother; he was single, and was an old beau who had been long in India, and who, inheriting the disposition of his father, the earl of Gripeall, was said to be a capital match. If his eyes were dim and his skin somewhat dingy from a liver-complaint, he wore the two finest diamonds in England, the one in his neckcloth, the other on his finger; so that he was a brilliant object at all public places, and he had paid Augusta considerable attention, had related to her all his exploits against the Burmese, had described to her several escapes he had had from snakes of all kinds, and had induced her to taste a curried dish, when seated next to her at a dinner-party. He was very elegant, and only two years older than Sparkleton; but those two years! they made him a present viscount and a future earl. And then there was the still older father of these two old beaux. He had pronounced Augusta divine! Yes, old Lord Gripeall

himself, rich as a Jew, was a widower, and had said he had not seen so lovely a woman for many years.

Dashington had an elder brother too, a baronet, a sporting character, who had said Augusta was a capital horsewoman. Riskwell was a really good match; so she affectionately embraced her "dear, handsome nephew," and said she had only just stepped in to tell him of Augusta's conquests, knowing he would think the three wooers coming almost together a capital joke.

And so it was, but yet Julian felt a little nervous. Sparkleton was the son of an earl, Dashington a leader of ton, Riskwell was reported a very Crœsus; he had never been so much in love, so jealous, or so uncomfortable before; but he resolved to say nothing, not even to see Augusta till her decision was made known, but, if she rejected them all, to beg his father's permission to offer himself at once. He finished his toilet with unwonted rapidity, scarcely touched the late breakfast that awaited him, and, ordering his horse, he

sprang into the saddle, and setting off into the country at full speed, tried to lose, in the rapidity of the motion, the sense of anxiety so painful to an unaccustomed heart.

CHAPTER XXII.

"Favours to none, to all she smiles extends;
Oft she rejects, but never once offends."
Rape of the Lock.

In all the pride of conquest, Augusta, who fully entered into her mother's feelings, sat dressed to the greatest advantage, to receive and dismiss her three aspirants.

Her mother, with a look of more palpable importance—for she was somewhat vulgar, and her daughter was not—was arrayed in a new and most towering cap, with fan-like blonde petals and crimson bows, while her ample silk dress and lace pelerine seemed inflated by the pride and consequence of its wearer. Mrs. Lindsay, who thought it looked plebeian to be employed, vainly tried to appear at her ease in doing nothing.

Ellen was not present; she had enough of the woman in her nature to be glad that presumption should meet with its reward, but too much of the angel not to shrink from witnessing the punishment it deserved. She was gone to see poor Grizzy Douglas, who continued to keep her room, and to refuse all visits but Ellen Lindsay's.

It was a quarter to four o'clock. The beauty and her mother were growing angry and impatient, and beginning to admit a thousand vague fears of having been trifled with, and, at the mere suspicion, to form as many plans of prompt and terrible revenge. It will be remembered that the Honourable York Sparkleton had been appointed for three o'clock, Captain Dashington for half-past three, and Sir Peter Riskwell for four. It wanted ten minutes of four, and no one had appeared, when the stopping of a carriage at the door, and a thundering knock, made Augusta's heart beat and Mrs. Lindsay's crimson bows quiver.

"Which of them is it, mamma?" faltered Augusta, changing colour, and Mrs. Lindsay,

having vainly tried to ascertain by standing on her tip-toes and on a stool in the room, ventured an adroit peep from behind a curtain.

"It is Sir Peter Riskwell, my love," exclaimed the mother, hastily throwing herself into a *bergère* in a *dégagé* attitude, "in the most dashing carriage, dearest; such horses! such liveries!—two handsome powdered giants behind, and a Daniel Lambert in a three-cornered hat and wig on the box! Don't give him a positive refusal, my love, you may repent of it; temporise a little, darling, say you cannot make up your mind at once; at any rate, do not quite reject him."

The door was thrown open, and Sir Peter entered. Sir Peter, as a man of business, was generally punctual to a minute, but as his heart had acted as watch on the present occasion, he was a little before his time. He was a man of about forty, somewhat bald, sandy, and florid, with very light eyelashes, and no perceptible eyebrows—a quick and restless eye and a smiling mouth; his face and form were rather *embonpoint*, and though his daring

speculations and reputed wealth had introduced him to all the men about town, and his great object was to acquire an aristocratic and fashionable air, to achieve which he tried to out d'Orsay d'Orsay, and employed his tailors, he could never contrive to seem any thing but a respectable middle-aged man. He attempted a dark wig and whiskers; they made him look old and surly, and therefore more respectable still. In a very dashing equipage he appeared, as he well knew, more what he aimed at, than on any other occasion, but he could not drive his equipage into a drawing-room; in common with many who have little else to boast of, he wished he could.

He had sometimes seen himself in crowded rooms, reflected in endless pier-glasses, while some aristocratic fop (bent on borrowing of him) was hanging on his arm, and calling him his "Dear Riskwell," and though he looked a quiet, respectable, moneyed man, and the fop appeared what he was, a *roué* scamp almost "done up," he would gladly have given him ten times the sum he was trying to wheedle him

out of, for his thin aquiline or Grecian nose, haughty eye, and cold hereditary sneer and stare; yes, and have thought it the most glorious speculation he ever entered upon — but all in vain. The glass still reflected them as they stood together—the proud face and tall form of the aristocrat with an hyperion fabric on his head, either natural or artificial, and the white thin hand on Riskwell's round short arm—all this, contrasted with Sir Peter's ever-polished shining bald head, with a little sandy hook of hair on each temple, round florid cheeks, red bullish neck, large ears, and short fat hand—and seeing this, all the "dear "Riskwells," and "my good fellows," and "devilish neat turn-out, that of yours," and "I've a real regard for you, Riskwell, have, 'pon honour;" all these, and such as these, lost their effect, and Riskwell inwardly vowed not to help him who so completely eclipsed him in the drawing-room, to cut him out in Hyde Park, where he resolved, in the "neatest thing of the season," nearly to drive over the aristocrat, who, being just then poor as a rat,

would of course be either on foot, on an humble hack, or in a shabby jobbed cab.

After trying on all the gayest articles in his wardrobe for this important occasion, Sir Peter had decided that he looked most *distingué* in a whole suit of light brown; some dandy of the day, whom nothing could disfigure, having appeared with great *éclat* in such a one. The choice was not judicious; never had Augusta been so struck by his "repectable, clerk-like appearance" as on that day. Mrs. Lindsay sighed, and thought "If he could but have entered in his new carriage!"

Augusta, as she looked at him, resolved not to disgrace her elegant noble-looking cousin by giving him such a rival; she felt almost indignant that so plebeian a lover should present himself with so much smiling assurance, to the proudest and most beautiful daughter of the ancient house of Lindsay.

Sir Peter looked rather disappointed at perceiving Mrs. Lindsay seated with the immoveable air of a person resolved to remain. He began, as all Englishmen do, with the

weather, on which he made some very contradictory remarks. Mrs. Lindsay then admired his equipage, and, taking advantage of this opening, he turned to Augusta, and said, "that he hoped, if he were so fortunate as to meet with a lady of refined taste to direct his own, no equipages would be able to vie with his."

Augusta smiled, and affected not to understand him.

"You surely understand me, lovely Miss Lindsay," he exclaimed, turning very red, and speaking rapidly, "the object of my visit you are already aware of. I lay myself and my fortune at your feet; your own fortune, whatever it may be, shall be settled on yourself, and ...," he hesitated, "and etcetera, in addition to which, I will settle fifty thousand pounds upon you, and the estate of Riskwell, in case of your surviving me, as my widow, if you remain unmarried, the estate . . . ."

"Pause, Sir Peter," said Augusta, proudly, "it is useless to provide for me as your widow, since I have no intention of becoming your wife."

Mrs. Lindsay knit her brows in an unheeded frown, and shook her crimson bows in eager disapproval.

"You have come so suddenly to such delicate points, my dear Sir Peter," she said, "you have startled my poor girl. I own I like your straightforward wooer, who loves one well enough to look beyond the grave; but young girls are romantic, and expect to hear a great deal about love, before the word settlement is even broached. Augusta will reflect, will you not, my love?"

"How haughty and aristocratic she looks!" thought Sir Peter. "What a proud eye! what a fine nose! what a scornful lip! oh she's thorough-bred, and my sons will look like dukes!"

"Thank you, dear Mrs. Lindsay," he said, "I *am* a straightforward man. Perhaps I have treated this too much as a matter of business, but, if I spoke of settlements, it was because I think they are stronger proofs of love, than fine words, or tragic gestures. I have no great confidence in that affection which does

not its best to secure its object against the frowns of fortune; but yet I love you, Miss Lindsay, with a devotion, the reality of which my solicitude for your future welfare certainly proves. Let me, then, hope that you will consider of my proposal, do, loveliest Augusta!"

Here Sir Peter dropped in orthodox style on one knee, and Mrs. Lindsay looked industriously out of the window.

"Rise, Sir Peter, I beg," said Augusta, "your conduct is too noble and straightforward for me to give you a hope I cannot realize, and ....," while she spoke a loud knock was heard, and in a minute Mr. York Sparkleton was announced. While he slowly and languidly followed the servant, Sir Peter started to his feet, and, hastily begging Mrs. Lindsay's permission to do so, retired into a conservatory, which opened into the drawing-room. He thought there had been another egress from it, but, finding none, he was compelled to be an unwilling eaves-dropper.

The Honourable York Sparkleton was an hour and a half after his time, but that was

almost punctuality in the antiquated dandy's estimation. He sauntered in with a very minute watch in his hand.

"How do? how are ye, Mrs. Lindsay? how are ye, Miss Lindsay? I fear I'm a leetle late; by Jove I *am* a leetle late, yet I dressed in a confounded hurry—did, pon honour."

The extreme frigidity of Augusta, who was much offended by his tardy appearance, struck him at length, for, without heeding Mrs. Lindsay's courteous advances, he said, "I must compliment you on your looks to-day, I must, pon honour, a thing I'm seldom guilty of, but I must say you look charmingly. Do, pon honour, I seldom notice people's looks."

"If you did," said Augusta, "you would be able to judge better when flattery would be acceptable."

"Come, that's very severe; you women are such timeists! I dare say you portion out your time now, make it a rule never to lose a minute."

"Never to lose a minute more than I can help, Mr. Sparkleton,"—with an air that

seemed to say she would not lose many with him.

"Well, perhaps you're right; very fine day, eh. Isn't it a very fine day, no chance of rain, a little windy, eh." Augusta smiled, for she remarked that both her suitors had been obliged to begin with the weather.

"And so you don't like to lose time. Well, I'll follow your example; you're aware, Miss Lindsay, that I've long admired you excess-ively. Now, pon honour, I believe my attentions have not been unfavourably received by you. I flatter myself you have encouraged them. My father, Lord Gripeall, approves .. ..."

"It is *my* approval which it imports you to obtain in this case, sir," said Augusta, reddening with offended pride. "I am not at all aware that you ever admired, (forgive me) any one but yourself. With regard to encouraging your attentions, I have not perceived that you have ever paid me any, at least not any, beyond those a gentleman ought to pay to a lady at whose house he is received, and

not always, even so much. You say truly that you flatter yourself, but you see I cannot condescend to flatter you."

So saying, Augusta walked to the window, and sate down with smiling satisfaction.

Sparkleton started from his chair; in so doing he unluckily trod on the broad-extended paw of Fatima's eldest daughter: upon this Fatima and her daughter flew at the offender, with a mingled bark and yell, Augusta and Mrs. Lindsay rushed to his rescue, Fatima had fixed her sharp fangs in the calf of his leg. Sparkleton bore it like a hero, for the calf was sham; Mrs. Lindsay in real terror tore off the dog. Alas! alas! the calf was displaced.

At this moment, Dashington was announced; visions of a new caricature flashed before poor Sparkleton's eyes — his leg! he had always been famous for his leg — he had felt certain, upon the strength of it, to walk into the good graces of, at the worst, a rich tradesman's widow, or a city heiress, and now Dashington would not leave him a leg to stand upon; he

had better run any risk than let the satirist announce that York Sparkleton paraded London with two calves, which he had just bought, and might be daily seen exercising his new purchase.

"Let me retreat for a minute by that door," he said, "I fear the wound will bleed, allow me a few minutes alone."

He had scarcely made good his escape, when Dashington entered. Dashington looked very pale, hurried and humble; his delay had not proceeded from coxcombry, *he* had evaded a whole levee of duns, and had had another writ served upon him while furtively entering a street cab. He had driven to a notorious usurer's, and had attempted to borrow a small sum on his prospect of marrying the niece of the rich Mr. Lindsay; unluckily it was the same usurer who had lent Sparkleton a sum on the same pretext. However, Dashington explained that Mr. Lindsay had two nieces, each of whom was sure of fifty thousand pounds.

"If she has but fifteen thousand, if you

bring me a written engagement, signed by herself, a letter acknowledging you as her intended, or any little tangible document, my dear friend, I shall rejoice to serve you; the Lindsays are a charming connexion. I should like to have the name in my books; your friend, young Lindsay, he's an extravagant young fellow, I should think; why don't you bring him here; if he wants a few thousands, as your friend, I shall be proud to accommodate him."

"You are more kindly disposed towards my friend than towards me, I see!"

"Not at all; with equal security, I'd give you the preference."

"Well, lend me fifty pounds on my bond."

"I haven't fifty pence in the house, upon my honour. Never knew money so scarce; there's none in the market. I should have to borrow it myself of Scrape, and you know what an old fox he is for security. However, if the girl—I beg your pardon—if the young lady is engaged to you, you can easily get her written promise, and then I shall be most

proud to oblige you — I mean, to get Scrape to oblige you, my dear sir, even if when your affairs are examined into, the lady wishes to be off, there'd be grounds for a very neat little action for breach of promise, very neat, indeed, dear sir. Captain Bullyton in just such a case, got his three thousand damages, and very handsomely paid off all old scores with us, on the day he received it."

"But I am not Captain Bullyton," said Dashington, haughtily. "I beg you will never allude to such a scoundrel in my presence."

"I beg pardon, but you know he is a military man, too, and has behaved most handsomely to us. I know you gentlemen of the guards look down upon him, but I say he has set a good example to all jilted lovers. Twist and Turn, his solicitors, brought him off with flying colours. He's pocketed his three thousand; I wish you, the lady, or as good a compensation. I've a very great regard for you, Captain Dashington—when will you dine with me? If you hear young Lindsay say he wants a few thousands, remember, on his security, I

can borrow it of Scrape for him. Good day, my dear sir."

It was after this interview that Dashington drove to the Lindsays; Augusta and her mother were exchanging a smile as he entered at the idea of the *rencontre* that must take place in the conservatory between Sir Peter and Sparkleton, and there was nothing encouraging, in the somewhat sarcastic manner in which Augusta received the repeated excuses of her lover on his tardy appearance. At any other time he would have paid her back scorn for scorn, and sarcasm for sarcasm, but his last writ was still in his glove, and the usurer's iron smile before his eyes. He had had a letter that morning from his brother, who had twice paid his debts, refusing him any further assistance, and two friends to whom he had applied had declined lending him a few pounds.

Poor Dashington, the pallor of his cheeks and the earnest agitation of his manner struck Augusta and her mother, and were attributed, of course, to passion, not poverty. So fine, so elegant, and so habitually supercilious a man

humbled and trembling before her! How great a change had been wrought by the "might, the majesty of loveliness!" Both the lady and her mother felt a relenting kindness moisten their eyes, and soften their hearts.

"May I not speak to you for a moment alone, Miss Lindsay?" he said, imploringly fixing his fine eyes upon Augusta. "Dear madam!" he exclaimed, going up to Mrs. Lindsay, and taking her hand, "you have a kind, a gentle heart; beauty is not all that Miss Lindsay has inherited from you — you, who must often have driven men mad, you can pity me; grant me a few minutes' private interview with Miss Lindsay.—Oh! if you have a son!....."

"I have no son," said Mrs. Lindsay, much moved.

"Well then, let me plead my cause a moment; and if I succeed, you shall have a son in me. The presence even of one so kind and good as you are, chills my tongue. Oh, do be merciful! I plead for life—existence. I exist if I am unsuccessful now."

There was truth in that assertion. Well, thought Mrs. Lindsay, perhaps Augusta may as well accept him; he *is* brother to a baronet, who, being a fox-hunter, stands a fair chance of a broken neck; he is by far the most desperately in love with her of all her suitors. What an altered man! I *will* just let him speak to her alone for five minutes; if there should be any thing odd in his manner, she knows the other two are in the conservatory, and can call out to them. Poor fellow! he is indeed in love! "Captain Dashington, I cannot refuse you five minutes' conference with my daughter; your evident agitation would make it cruel to deny you an opportunity of expressing your feelings. Be guided entirely by your own heart, dearest," she said, embracing her daughter, and added, in a hasty whisper, "If his manner grows odd, call out for the other two, and let your answer be regulated by circumstances—his circumstances, I mean."

She was scarcely gone, when Dashington rushed forward, and, throwing himself on both

his knees, caught Augusta's hands, and, bursting into tears, exclaimed, "I cannot live without you, Augusta! not an hour longer can I exist without your promise to be mine!"

"You agitate—you alarm me," said Augusta, much flattered by this proof of the maddening power of her charms.

"Forgive me! I am well nigh mad myself. I have heard of rivals here, there, every where. Augusta! divine Augusta! Who loves you as I do? Who deserves you as I do? Say you will be mine — only say it.—To-morrow, with your uncle, I will enter on all discussions of business. But say to-day, 'Ferdinand, I will be yours!'"

"I cannot be so hurried—I must reflect."

"Be it so, madam; and while you reflect I will act. Either say you will be mine to-day; nay, sign it—sign your promise with your own sweet name, that I may have something *to live upon* — something *to support me* —something *to look forward to*—or hear, to-morrow, that the man who *could not exist* without you is a corpse!"

Augusta shuddered. She looked at the handsome and elegant young guardsman in tears at her feet; she thought "none other loves me thus! I shall be his death!" She hid her face in her hands.

"You cannot look at me and doom me to death—angel of mercy! you cannot do it. I would not agitate you, loveliest; say you will be mine, and I will be calm. Here, beloved one!"—and he led her to the table—"write a few sweet words"—and he put the pen into her hand. "Say, I promise, Ferdinand Dashington, to be your wife within six weeks from this time, and sign your own dear name, 'Augusta Lindsay.' Angel! if you will, I can *live*—I can positively *exist* upon those words." Augusta took the pen; Dashington bent over her, pale and trembling with eagerness. "Write, loveliest," he said.

"I cannot — it is unmaidenly, unfeminine, in such haste, unadvised, even my mother not consulted."

"Then you doom me to death? I swear ——" and he knelt down before her.

great surprise, his own cries and groans were echoed from behind a distant orange-tree, and Sir Peter Riskwell rushed with him into the drawing-room.

Then was the uproar indeed terrific. Fatima and her fat daughters barked, yelled, and flew at every one. Screech, who never desisted from attacking, when an opportunity offered, one whom he had once made war upon, resembling, in that respect, certain orators of these days, darted from his perch at Sparkleton as he passed, and, taking a loftier aim than a paltry whisker, snatched away his splendid wig, and flew with it up to the chandelier. Dashington, who had never stood fire, rushed into the street, as did Sparkleton, without hat or wig. Mrs. Lindsay, who had been walking in the square, at all risks to herself, darted into the house in search of Augusta. She had fainted; and poor Riskwell alone had remained to support her, and was carrying her in his arms down stairs. The prompt exertions of our excellent police and fire-engineers soon extinguished the flames,

and dispersed the rabble, who, under pretence of helping the police, were helping themselves to every thing they could lay their black hands upon. Augusta and her mother were the only members of the family who happened to be at home, and found great comfort and aid in the attentions of Sir Peter, who, in many respects, was a man of sense and judgment, sane on most points unconnected with his aristocratic mania.

The fire thus promptly checked did no damage except to the conservatory, and very little there. Before the evening, the whole family was again assembled in the drawing-room. On the sofa a glove and a strange-looking paper caught Mrs. Lindsay's quick eye. She examined the latter, and found, to her inexpressible surprise, that it was Dashington's writ! Alas! alas! his vehemence and agitation, so inconsistent with his desertion of Augusta at the moment of danger, were now explained. Mrs. Lindsay summoned her daughter, and, in a private interview with her, explained to her the nature of the document she had found, and heard a detailed account

of the false Ferdinand's vehement manœuvres to get a written promise.

The mother now guessed at his object, and her indignation was only surpassed by that of the disappointed and offended beauty.

Mrs. Lindsay enclosed him the writ, with an intimation that any future advances would be unwelcome to Miss Lindsay; and Augusta herself wrote to Sparkleton, confirming the refusal Dashington's arrival had prevented her fully expressing to Riskwell. While refusing him as a husband, she offered her esteem and society as a friend; and Riskwell, after a calculation of chances, determined to take her at her word. It seemed to him a fair speculation—a wealthy marrying man of forty, retained as a friend by a lady of three and twenty, to whom he had once proposed, was, he thought, very likely to meet with better luck a second time.

Every day Augusta received the choicest hothouse flowers from her "attached friend." Every day he contrived for her some agreeable surprise; his tall, powdered footmen were

ever in requisition; he had always some note, some message, some little present for St. James's Square. And, as he lived in Portland Place, the tawdry, lazy giants grew surly, and gave him warning: one found so much exposure to the air injure his complexion; the other thought such constant walking spoiled his leg; but they were easily supplied by others, who were soon equally weary of a master in love.

Julian grew very jealous of a "friend" who acted so much like a lover. He hated to see Sir Peter's unrivalled four-in-hand, side by side, at the Lindsays door, with his own cab. He was resolved to propose himself, to Augusta, and compel her to break with this devoted "friend." But Mr. Lindsay insisted that he should postpone his proposal till the family had left London, had spent the Easter at Lindsay Hall, and were returned to Moss Grove Rectory. "When we visit them there," he said, "if you still determine on Augusta as a wife, I will interfere no longer; and, surely, if she loves you, Julian, seeing, as she

must do, that you so love her, she will refuse all other coxcombs—I beg your pardon—all coxcombs for your sake, as she has already done Sparkleton and Dashington."

Julian could not dispute his father's reasonable wishes, yet was he very ill at ease; Sir Peter had decidedly gained great influence in the family, Augusta often wore the dresses he praised, and sang the songs he preferred; he was really in love, and his expenditure was lavish in the extreme. Had Augusta expressed the most extravagant wishes a spoilt beauty ever conceived, he would have realised them; but she was delicate and considerate, and the young lady's "friend" had to exert no small ingenuity to find out novelties to please and dazzle her.

Meanwhile, Easter, the time appointed for our party to leave town for Lindsay Hall, was approaching. The Reverend Gregory Lindsay having completed a grand classical work, began to want his family back, and Ellen, who had always wished to share her father's solitude, was urgent for their leaving London.

La Zelie's reputation had increased with each successive appearance. De Villeneuve had got himself invited to Lindsay Hall and Moss Grove Rectory, and Annie's heart bounded at the thought of the spring in the country with Alphonse, her declared though clandestine lover.

Grunter had very much neglected Annie's education for some time—he was constantly with Fitzcribb, and at the reading-rooms of the British Museum—he, with Mr. Lindsay's permission, had caused a remote room to be fitted up as a study—had purchased at stalls a large quantity of forbidding-looking books, and in order not to be disturbed in his deep meditations by the sparrows and chimney-tops (the room commanded no other view), he had put Mr. Lindsay to the expense of having the windows blocked up and a skylight made in the roof. His mystery and importance were very great, particularly as, in spite of their daily meetings, almost every penny post brought him a packet from Fitzcribb, which he hastily thrust into his pocket; he affected

great absence of mind, wore in his study an Apollo cap over his wig, and a dressing-gown like Fitzcribb's, only that Grunter's was bran new, and Fitzcribb's greasy, dusty, and ink-stained. What could it all mean? Mean what it would, Annie rejoiced at the change, and Mr. Lindsay patiently awaited an explanation of his old usher's new freak. Sparkleton and Dashington, alas! they sat down together in Queen's Bench—Lord Gripeall was obdurate—the usurer's bills accepted by his son closed his heart for ever against him; he began to fear the old beau would never get off, and having sometimes privately done a little in the usury line himself, in addition to his indignation at his son's extravagance, was added envy of the immense profits Ferret and Scrape had attempted to realise, and which added a new and august proof to the old proverb, "that two of a trade can never agree.

Sparkleton was very downcast in his new abode, but Dashington had wit, and necessity with him was indeed the parent of inven-

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clever caricatures on the

Himself, Sparkleton, a
well known about town
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sooner recognised. The a
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that none are all evil, these,
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who, for want of his valet,

CHAPTER XXIII.

" 'Tis these that early taint the female soul,
Instruct the eyes of young coquettes to roll,
Teach infant cheeks a bidden blush to know,
And little hearts to flutter at a beau."

POPE.

" I do not at all approve of Julian's behaviour," said Mrs. Lindsay, one day when alone with Augusta; " he not only does not propose himself, but I am sure he prevents others from doing so; if you cannot like Sir Peter, do look about you and make a conquest of some one else. The season is gliding by, and neither you nor Ellen have done any thing—of her I have but little hope, but you, I own it will almost break my heart if you neither bring Julian to the point nor punish him for the delay. Now, listen; Lord Gripeall ad-

mired you so much, that I have a great idea he would propose for you if he had an opportunity of seeing a little more of you, particularly if you made yourself agreeable; he is fond of money, and your being niece to so rich a man would tempt him."

"Lord Gripeall, mamma! Oh! fancy that old miser!"

"As for age, that is of no consequence in a man, and I would much rather see you marry a miser than a spendthrift; of course you would have a handsome allowance, and no character is so much courted and looked up to as a miser."

"Oh! but, mamma, think of my becoming old York Sparkleton's mother!"

"I would much rather you became his mother than his wife. Now listen, Augusta; you are a sensible girl, and not the whimsical oddity Ellen is—I know you prefer Julian to any one else, at least I know you did prefer him, and if I saw him coming promptly and eagerly forward I would not advise you to jilt him, but from his behaviour I doubt

whether he does not mean to jilt you; the set he lives in is quite an anti-matrimonial one; his public devotion to this singer, this Zelie, is quite an insult to you. If I were a girl, I would rather marry a man I did not love than one who did not love me. If you marry for worldly advantages, let them be advantages indeed—a coronet and a fortune; think to be a lovely young countess !....."

"Yes, but what a hideous old earl—"

"Never mind, your next may be a young duke. However, I should not select Lord Gripeall if I knew any other man of the same rank at all attainable...there is Lord Ogleton, his son, but I think he would be much more difficult to get; a man of fifty is so wily, much more so than one of seventy-five, and I hear he is after Miss Cheshire, the great city heiress. I think you had better see what can be done with Gripeall, and, to give you a chance, I have asked him to escort us to Hampton Court to-day—only ourselves—say nothing about it to any one; I have ordered the chariot, and we can call at Gripeall House, and take him up there."

"Oh! what a pity such a fine day! I wanted so to ride with Julian."

"My dear Augusta, what have all your rides with Julian done for you?...Now don't be silly; come and be as amiable as you can to-day—make a conquest of the old earl—if you do not accept him, it will bring Julian to the point, perhaps; but I own in your place, having certainly great reason to be displeased with Julian, I would astonish him by telling him I was affianced to an earl—besides, he will then perhaps in time turn to Ellen; I am sure she likes him, and I doubt whether she will ever get any one else, for the elder Dashington's visits must be on your account: Ellen never speaks to him. Oh! leave Julian to time and Ellen, and surprise the world by dawning on it in a coronet! Oh, that I had my time over again! as Madame Roland says, 'women know not the value of their beauty till they have lost it.' Oh, why has not age the attraction of youth, or youth the discretion of age!"

"Indeed, my dear mamma, I do not think

it very *discreet* to notice that old fellow so much. You know we were not formally introduced to him, and I can see that he thinks a vast deal more of himself and his title than we do, and actually appears to consider it a condescension to notice us. The glances, half of admiration, half of protection, which he gives me, almost compel me to laugh in his face. He has the impertinence, too, to squeeze my hand. I am much mistaken in him if he is not an antiquated mixture of the coxcomb, the knave, and the fool."

"Well, then, accept Sir Peter; he is none of the three."

"No," said Augusta, sighing, and after a pause, "if I do sacrifice the warm impulses of my heart, if I do sell myself, it shall be for a coronet. I think Sir Peter somewhat vulgar and decidely plebeian. No, I prefer old Gripeall. By the by, mamma, Sir Valentine Dashington asked Ellen yesterday in the gardens, if we should be at home to-day. Now he *can* have but one object; I think he must mean to come forward. Perhaps he

would be a better match; he has five thousand a year, and is not more than five and thirty."

"Well, let Ellen receive him. His anxiety will only be increased by your absence; but now, turn all your thoughts to bringing old Gripeall to the point. Remember, 'Too many lovers will puzzle a maid.' And now, go and put on your new *paille de riz*, with the crimson-tipped feathers; dress your hair in ringlets, they dazzle old eyes, and be in high spirits and excellent humour."

"Julian does deserve to lose me," said Augusta to herself, with a sigh, as the glass reflected her triumphant countenance. "Yes, a coronet would become a brow like mine! A title is all I want, but that old, forward, conceited earl! Alas! alas!"

Lord Gripeall was not quite ready when our plotters drove to the door, and when he did appear, Augusta was particularly struck with a certain bold and assuming manner and a freedom of address for which she would have liked to bid the footmen thrash him with their long sticks.

His very puckered face was literally covered with a network of red veins; his thin lips announced the narrow-hearted miser; and a cheap, but redundant auburn wig, with some very ill-made false teeth, proved at once the wish to shine, and the fear to spend—the economical dandy, a rare, but yet existing character. His eyes were of a whitish blue, watchful, except when fixed on women, and then they attempted a tender expression, but, however, only achieved a look of idiocy. He was tall and bent, fond of gay colours, and cheap jewellery. Around his long and crooked neck was a cambric-muslin stock, of a gay, light plaid; his coat was a grass-green cut-away, with yellow basket buttons. Yet, spite of nature and of art, there was a something distinguished about him, and, vulgarly as he was dressed, no one could for a moment doubt that he was an aristocrat.

Mrs. Lindsay was delighted with his lordship, but Augusta did not half like the air which he said, "And how are you to-day, my pretty maid?" nor his having entirely forgotten that they were going to Hampton Court.

Several remarks he made, by which it was very easy to see that he did not consider them of the same class with himself, offended the proud Augusta, and it required all her mother's glances, nudges, and frowns to prevent her from giving his lordship some very severe replies and tart rebukes.

"Have you seen anything of either of my boys lately?" he asked, pushing himself much closer to Augusta than she found agreeable, and looking at her with a ludicrous impertinence which, while it provoked, compelled her to a smile, which he took for encouragement. "I hear they're always dancing attendance on you or Miss Cheshire."

"Pray, do not couple me with *a* Miss Cheshire."

"Why not, lady fair?"

"I leave that to your lordship's discernment."

"Why then, confound me,—I beg your pardon—if I know why. I believe she's a very respectable young woman, and though a son of mine ought to look higher, to be sure,

yet she has the ready. What pretty lace that is on your handkerchief! — point, is it not?"

"It is."

"Ah, now, you'll hardly believe that is just what *we* wear at court."

"I do not know why I should doubt it, I have seen it there myself."

"No! Have you been to court, though? You surprise me!"

"And why, my lord?"

"Oh! his lordship perhaps thought you too young to have been introduced at court," suggested the conciliating Mrs. Lindsay, as she marked Augusta's eyes flash and her colour rise.

"No, not exactly that! but really now every body goes to court in these days. It's very different to what it was in Queen Charlotte's time. Her drawing-rooms were so select."

"Not too select for us to be admitted," said Augusta, no longer able to contain her indignation.

"Oh, no! by no means. I didn't mean

that, I assure you; I meant no reflection on any one."

"Of course not, my lord; how could you?" replied Augusta, and added to herself, "ill-bred, odious, old fool, when shall I get rid of you?"

Mrs. Lindsay was very angry with Augusta, and the drive did not promise to be very propitious. However, they arrived at Hampton Court, and there the exquisite beauty of the gardens, and the interest attached to the pictures and the place, atoned a little to Augusta for the annoyance of such a companion. He allowed Mrs. Lindsay to pay for the catalogues, and the admissions to the gardens, observing that in his hurry he had forgotten to bring any change. And when they repaired to an inn, where Mrs. Lindsay had ordered an elegant collation, he threw out sundry hints that he was her guest for the day.

"Mamma," said Augusta, when they strolled for a moment alone, while his lordship retired to adjust his wig, "do you mean to pay for that old horror?"

"Of course, I do. I am very glad to pay a few shillings to secure you thousands per annum. Don't be a simpleton; every thing is going on admirably. I see he's getting desperately in love with you. Leave everything to me; I shall have plenty of the best wine, and I'm quite sure that going home he will propose to you."

At this moment his lordship came in, his hair newly arranged, and looking a greater fool than before; they sat down to table, where he proved himself quite a *bon-vivant*, and where, as Mrs. Lindsay's guest, he drank freely of the most expensive wines; however, though somewhat elevated, he was too much accustomed to wine, and had too much of the thorough-bred about him to betray himself, except by an increased devotion to Augusta, and a profusion of compliments even to her mamma.

Mrs. Lindsay, when the repast was over, thought the moment a most favourable one for the declaration, and made an excuse (something about seeking her reticule) for

leaving the room for a few minutes; but Augusta, though vain and ambitious, had all the delicate instincts of her sex, and when her mother reached the corridor, she found her by her side.

"How provoking you are, Augusta!" she said; "I left the room on purpose to give the earl an opportunity of proposing."

"And I left it to avoid his doing so."

The mother said nothing, but resolved not to be so outwitted again. She returned with her daughter, and they re-entered the carriage with the loquacious and flattering earl, who was much pleased to have had so fine a repast at the expense of any other person—even a lady.

"The happiest day of my life, 'pon my soul and honour it is," he said, attempting to take the hand which Augusta, in spite of an angry nudge from her mother, hastily withdrew.

Mrs. Lindsay suddenly pulled the check-string.

"Excuse me, my dear lord," she said, "but I feel ill, faint, sick. I must ride outside for

a little way, at least; I am subject to feel thus—do not trouble yourself—remain where you are, Augusta."

"If you are ill, mamma, I had better get out and sit with you."

"No, there is no room for you; I desire you to remain where you are. Thank you, my lord; I leave Augusta to your care; the air will soon revive me."

Augusta, much displeased at this arrangement, sat, in spite of a parting frown from her mother, silent and sulky. She felt, though she did not look up, that the old earl was gazing with die-away tenderness at her, and after a while, that consciousness made her features relax, and she was obliged to put her hands to her face to conceal her laughter.

"Ah! my angel," said the old coxcomb, "I thought that cruelty would not survive the presence of mamma; praised be Venus for those rosy smiles! they promise that I shall be most blest;" and he tried to take her hand and to raise it to his lips.

"What do you mean, my lord?" said

Augusta, doubtful whether to encourage or to discard him at once.

"I mean that I am at once the happiest and the most miserable of men, my charming girl."

"How so?"

"Happy in the relenting kindness I read in that sweet face, in the affection I perceive in that tremblingly withdrawn hand, in the encouragement of those beaming eyes; and miserable that the vile distinctions of rank and station prevent me from doing as some happier and lowlier lover might, imploring that fair hand as the best boon this world could bestow. Yet listen, divine Augusta! If you love me, as I am vain enough to hope, although I cannot offer you a coronet, yet there are ties not less sacred than those of wedlock....."

"If you offered me a coronet, I would spurn it from the hand of so base a dotard!" said Augusta, her cheeks burning, her eyes flashing with uncontrollable indignation. "I am in every respect your superior, and were you not a madman, you would never presume to raise

your eyes to me, even though it were to make me a countess; being a madman, I do not choose to remain in this vehicle with you. If you please to get out quietly, and make the best excuse you can, you will be spared a disagreeable exposure before my mother and the servants, but....."

"My sweet soul! you cannot be in earnest —listen to me," and he presumed to put his arm round her waist.

Augusta pulled the check-string. Never was there a more ludicrous scene; never did man, much less earl, cut so contemptible a figure.

"What is it, my lord?—what is it, love?" screamed Mrs. Lindsay.

"His lordship finds this place somewhat too close—too hot; he wishes to walk the remainder of the way home."

"The remainder of the way! Why, it is five miles. Is it possible, my lord?"

"Oh, yes, by all manner of means!"

Mrs. Lindsay looked at her daughter. Her excited and determined expression conveyed

to the mother a faint suspicion of the truth. She dreaded a scene. His lordship panted to be free from the eagle-eyed and offended beauty.

"Are you, then, a great pedestrian, my lord?"

"Yes — yes — very," faltered his lordship, alighting on a pair of spindle-shanks.

"I am better now, so I will come into the carriage," said the mamma, full of alarm and curiosity.

"Drive on," cried Augusta, to the astonished servants. And his lordship was left in the middle of the road, and in a cloud of dust. Those interested in him will be glad to hear that, after the longest walk he had taken for years, he was at last conveyed, in an omnibus, minus sixpence, to within a few streets of his own lordly m[illegible] Augusta, th[illegible] of ago- [illegible] before her [illegible] her broken [illegible] length, she [illegible]

comes of the vile, degrading system of match-making — of tuft-hunting. Mother, I have done with it for ever. I am too proud to become great through such means! This deep humiliation is a lesson for life!"

Mrs. Lindsay had nothing to say but "Poor dear!" to her daughter, and, "Vile old wretch! wicked old reprobate! impertinent old coxcomb!" of the late popular "love of a lord!" And then both ladies agreed that he must be insane, and consented to hush up the affair. But vanity is the true hydra; one head cut off, another forthwith springs up; and Augusta's hopes revived, and she almost forgot her late humiliation, when she found Sir Valentine Dashington in the drawing-room, where he had been for some time awaiting her. She was delighted to hear, too, that Lord Ogleton had requested a private interview with her uncle, and was at that moment closeted with him.

"I have only to choose, it seems," said Augusta, to herself, as, in passing through the suite of rooms, she refreshed her black ring-

lets by a new twirl, and admired the bright flash of her eyes and flush of her cheeks. Mrs. Lindsay had proceeded in the carriage on an excursion to a cheap shop; she had not heard how important an interview awaited her daughter.

Sir Valentine was a silent, reserved, and very handsome man. Augusta had always felt some awe of him; but, as he stood, evidently pale with anxiety, and therefore very interesting to one lately so humbled in her own conceit, she rapidly resolved that he should be the man.

He was a person of very few words.

"I have been some time awaiting this honour," he said.

Augusta explained the cause, and apologized sweetly for the delay.

"Excuse what may seem abrupt — but my happiness is at stake."

Augusta blushed and smiled.

"Are you disposed in my favour?"

"Yes," faltered the lady.

"Then I am secure of your interest — that is a great point gained."

Augusta gazed at him with unfeigned surprise.

"Is your sister aware of this? Shall I have her consent?"

"My sister!—her consent!" The truth flashed on Augusta at once; and, before she betrayed her mistake, she recovered her self-possession. "I do not know her sentiments on the subject — but I am cordially your friend."

Though vain and spoiled, Augusta had not a bad heart.

"Thank you! — oh, thanks!" And the silent, pale, reserved man rose and caught her hand. "I love your sister — have loved her in silence ever since I first saw her — do love her so, that I fear to address her directly; for I reverence—I adore her; there is a delicacy — a shrinking, angelic purity about her which makes me almost fear that a confession of earthly passion might offend. May I implore you to plead my cause; and before I venture to address, let me know whether I have any hope. God bless you! do not keep

me long in suspense." He snatched up his hat, and hurried away.

"Coquettish, tuft-hunting matchmakers," said Augusta, to herself, "here is a lesson for you. I, the brilliant Augusta, insulted by the basest proposal from an old miscreant like Gripeall, and the reserved and modest Ellen an object of trembling reverence and wild idolatry to the handsome, wealthy, catch-match, Sir Valentine Dashington. Ha! ha! ha! I must seek Ellen; if she does but like him, her good fortune reconciles me almost to my own disgrace."

But Ellen did not like him; or, rather, did like him, but loved another. So she wept, and wrote the kindest of refusals, and secured Augusta's promise not to break her mother's heart by letting her know that she had refused such a match.

"And now," said Augusta, after she had poured all her strange story into Ellen's wondering and indignant breast—"now I want to know what Ogleton has been saying to my uncle; whether he has been proposing for

me or for you! I require something to reinstate me in my own opinion."

Mr. Lindsay came in, and the girls soon learned that his visit had had no reference to either, but had been undertaken merely to induce Mr. Lindsay to assist in promoting some speculation relating to the East, by which the interests of his lordship would be greatly benefited, and Mr. Lindsay's pockets lightened of a few hundreds. Alas! poor Augusta!

CHAPTER XXIV.

"It's ye hae wooers mony ane;
And, lassie, ye're but young, ye ken;
Then wait a wee, and cannie wale,
A routhie butt, a routhie ben.
There's Johnnie o' the buskie glen,
Fu' is his barn, fu' is his byre;
Tak this frae me, my bonnie hen,
It's plenty heets the luver's fire."

BURNS.

Great, indeed, was the discomfiture of the matchmaker at the result of her well-laid scheme for inveigling the old earl. However, after the first burst of natural indignation, not being a delicate nor a high-minded woman, she decided in her own mind that it was no great matter, that such an insult had been offered by many men to women who, by a little judicious management, became their wives—nay, their tyrants — that it was no

fault of hers if the earl was a coxcombical dotard—that there would be the more glory in hooking so wily an old trout. "Let us but keep our own counsel," she said, to herself; "least said soonest mended"—her soliloquies were generally made up of wise saws and old sayings—"Augusta must play her cards well, for old birds are not caught with chaff."

However, Augusta was inexorable. She was vain, ambitious, and a coquette; but the straws and the bubbles were all on the surface—deep and clear beneath flowed the current of maiden purity; *that* the old fool had disturbed; he had outraged her womanly pride and delicacy. He had betrayed, at once, his sense of his own importance and of her insignificance. He—the old, the hideous, the profligate, and the mean, had presumed upon the rank he disgraced, and the ill-judged attentions of her matchmaking mother, to offer to her—the beautiful, the proud, and the courted—who would have felt a proposal of marriage from him to be presumptuous, and a union with him a frightful sacrifice—to

offer to her what the meanest of her sex ought to have disdained!

Of acute and violent feelings, her indignation when her mother broached the subject, and her disgust and shame when she recalled the frightful expression of his dim eyes, and the heightened colour of his wicked face, knew no bounds. She declared that if he were ever allowed to cross the threshold of her home again, it should be her home no more; and threatened that if her mother in any way promoted a reconciliation with so base and insolent a reprobate, she would acquaint her cousin Julian with the affair, and call on him to avenge an insult which reflected on the whole family. The mother, then, was compelled to desist, inwardly accusing Augusta of romantic folly, when the way to have punished him would have been to have won his hand, and afterwards to have broken his heart, or rather his spirit, for heart she knew (even while she wished him to be her daughter's husband) he had none.

Oh! talk of the beauty-markets of the

East—the system, under another name, is carried on wherever matchmaking mammas barter youth with its warm impulses, and beauty with its winning powers, for wealth and station. In England, the mother is the auctioneer, ready to knock down her own child to the highest bidder. What has the slave-market of the East to match with this?

Augusta kept her promise to Ellen, and the mamma knew nothing of an offer, the rejection of which would have been to her a source of ceaseless and bitter regret, and to Ellen, of vain entreaty and distressing reproach. The matchmaker was far from pleased with the aspect of affairs; but, luckily, the more she was inwardly perturbed, the more was she outwardly bland and smiling. And so she nodded, and looked extremely delighted, while one day Annie read aloud, from the same paper, the intended marriage of Lord Viscount Ogleton with Miss Cheshire, and the departure of Sir Valentine Dashington for the Continent.

"Only think!" said the discomfited match-

maker. "Well, I hope they'll be happy—they are such nice, dear creatures, both of them. And poor, dear Sir Valentine—what can take him abroad in the height of the season?"

Ellen felt the colour rise to her temples, but the mother only thought of Augusta, and Ellen's blushes were unheeded.

When Augusta and her mamma were alone, the latter, angrily flinging down the paper, said, "What do you mean to do, Augusta? Julian, I begin to think, is not a marrying man. All your lovers, except Sir Peter, have vanished into smoke; do, for Heaven's sake, recall him, he will be caught up shortly, the season will be over, and I shall see you and Ellen dwindling and withering into old maids. I shall never live through it." And the affectionate mamma put her Scotch cambric handkerchief to her eyes.

"Mamma," said Augusta, "do not grieve; I solemnly promise you, before the year is out, I will be the wife either of Julian or Sir Peter. But leave the whole affair to me; do

not interfere at all; remember Lord Gripeall. Oh! what a lesson was that to all matchmakers! I shall never forget the deep degradation of that odious affair—never feel quite restored to self-respect, while the recollection of it is a perpetual blister to my pride."

"Ay, it was unfortunate, I own; but we see this through different mediums. He seemed so easy and affable; I had no idea he prided himself on his rank so much; however, I am quite sure, if you chose ——"

"Mamma, you have my promise to marry, within this year, either Julian or Sir Peter; it only holds good if that old monster is never named again by you to me!"

"Very well, my love — so let it be..... within the year."

"Yes, but you are not to interfere."

"I'm sure I've no wish to do so; it seems, I shall get more 'kicks than halfpence for my pains.' However, 'a word to the wise,' my dear,—if you don't take care, 'between two stools, you'll fall to the ground.'"

Augusta left the room.

"Pride will have a fall, I fear," soliloquized the mamma. "However, she shall make a good match, and I'll have a finger in the pie."

CHAPTER XXV.

" A violet by a mossy stone
Half hidden from the eye,
Fair as a star when only one
Is shining in the sky."

WORDSWORTH.

One morning, Ellen, who, since we last attended her to Pentonville, had paid several visits to the Douglases, received at a very early hour an invitation from Grizzy to breakfast with her.

" I leave London to-morrow, my dear Ellen Lindsay," she said, in her note, " and I wish to speak wi' you on an affair o' great consequence to me. Come directly you receive this; we breakfast at half-past eight."

Ellen had only time to order the carriage, to dress herself hastily, and to drive at full speed to " Bruce Cottage, Aberdeen Row "

She found the two old spinsters at breakfast, and, the morning sun coming full into the room, she was painfully struck by the worn and sallow countenance, hollow eyes, and somewhat bent form of the gigantic and still proud old Grizzy. Babie was very playful, and in high spirits. She liked the idea of a journey. She had by no means given up all hopes of "settling in life," and she thought a casual admirer, met in a steam-vessel or a mail-coach, to whom she was quite a novelty, was more likely to turn into a husband than any one "fra' her ain countrie," who knew her age, her fortunes, and her many matrimonial disappointments.

Though generally very economical, our spinsters were strictly national too; and, therefore, their table was covered with a Scotch breakfast. Tea, coffee, chocolate, bannocks, Scotch bread, marmalade, jellies, and fried fish, had been joyfully provided by Babie in honour of Ellen's visit, and graciously approved by Grizzy. An old Scotch magazine, d two papers of ancient date fra the north,

formed the intellectual part of the repast, and were far dearer to the national old Grizzy, though their prophecies had been by that time either fulfilled or proved false, and the events they recorded were then "with the years beyond the flood," than any English paper wet from the press, and full of the "latest intelligence" from all parts of the globe. As for Babie, she was no politician, no blue, and the corner devoted to the "fashions" and "fashionable arrangements," and an occasional love sonnet, was all that had a charm for her roving eye and sentimental taste.

Perhaps there is no constant youthfulness of feeling, but certainly with some there is a perpetual childhood of heart and mind, and this was the case with Babie.

"Have ye na sent awa' the carriage?" she said, at the conclusion of the repast.

"No," replied Ellen; "I cannot extend my visit beyond half an hour longer, or at most three quarters of an hour; my uncle always likes me to make breakfast for him."

"Would you object to my just taking a

drive in the chariot while you talk to Grizzy? I want so to get a few bargains in Oxford Street, and to get another peep at Regent Street; and I am quite ready."

Grizzy gave Ellen a significant look, intimating a wish to get Babie out of the way; and Ellen kindly consenting, Babie, wild with joy, in a black velvet cap and feather, and a plaid scarf, rushed down stairs, scrambled into the carriage, and ordered the coachman to drive to Regent Street.

"Puir Babie!" said Grizzy; "I'm glad she's left us to converse a little; and it was very kind o' you, my dear, to lend her the carriage; it's a great treat to her, and I only hope she wunna forget hersel, and drive half over the town before she comes back agin."

"Oh, I hope not!" said Ellen, anxiously; "my uncle will be quite uneasy about me."

"I'm glad, my dear, that you should see how wild the lassie is after pleasure of ony kind; perhaps it'll mak you mair carefu' o' her, when she has na me to see till her. She's a very gude, but a sadly giddy, girl. Aweel,

aweel! I only hope the mon that wins her affections will na trifle wi' them. Babie, thoughtless as she seems, would mak a gude wife and a fond mother; and now come and sit by me, my dear. I have a good deal to say to you, Ellen Lindsay. It's mony a lang year since I've seen a face I like as weel, and could trust as weel, as your's. Ye ca' back to my mind the friend o' my youth, your aunt; she, too, was an Ellen Lindsay; and as I look at you, I forget a' the long, dreary years that divide me fra' her, and fra' my former sel, and I am again a lassie, sitting wi' her amang the heather and the harebells, she talking o' the heaven where she sune went, and I o' ain that, I grieve to say, was mair than heaven to me."

She paused; Ellen knew not what to answer to this strange confidence. She remained silent; but there was something in the old woman's manner which affected her, and tears filled her eyes.

"Ah! now ye are her vary sel," said Grizzy; "just so, wi' the vary same een,

would she look up at me, and mind me na to love the cratur better than the Creator. Wull ye ha' patience, my dear, while I tell ye for why I sent for ye?"

Ellen kindly assented.

"Weel, then, I would ha' ye ask yer cousin (I canna name her)—I can never see her, never name her agen, never breathe the same air wi' her—when and how she got that fatal pictur, wha proofs she has that Do.....that *he* loved her? A' I wish is to ken the waur; I ha' worn him in my heart o' hearts for mair than thirty lang years—I *will* uproot his image, since the reality was fause and unworthy, but I feel as if my heart would na' survive the wrench."

There was certainly, abstractedly speaking, something very absurd in this love confidence from old Grizzy Douglas to young Ellen Lindsay. But yet there was a real depth of feeling and suffering in the face and manner of the old woman, which for once exalted the ridiculous into the sublime, and Ellen could have found it in her heart to weep over the

disappointment of the poor old maid — a disappointment, be it remembered, not in an actual lover, which, at her age, none could have sympathised in, but a disappointment which poisoned the Past, which attacked the hallowed memory of her only love, and dethroned the venerated idol of the worship of her life.

"Bring me the truth, the whole truth, and naething but the truth. Tibby was a wild flirting lassie, perhaps.....but na...she has his pictur; *that* he must ha' given her; she could na ha' got it from his sister ... let me ken when and how he gave it to her. She had mony lovers — I never had but ain — na, na, I suld say I never had ain, for a fause ain is waur than nane at a'..."

"Perhaps," said Ellen, "he only looked on cousin Tibby as a friend."

"Na, na; Donald o' the Brae was na the mon Tibby, flauntering young thing as she was, could ha' for a friend; it could no be. Weel, I was proud and reserved, na mickle coorted by the men, and na generally reck-

oned bonnie, but, for a' that, I was mair than bonnie — I never saw a lassie sa weel favoured as I was in my youth. Wi' a face like Juno, and a heart as proud, I was mair than five-and-twenty before I ever thought o' love, and not then till Donald o' the Brae, having faen ill at our house, I nursed him, I little dreamed o' the danger!...."

Ellen started, and a slight smile curved her lip, for she remembered that Donald o' the Brae fell ill at Tibby's house too, and she began to suspect the idol of these two old hearts was some sly flirt, one of those odious male coquettes who think no disguise too troublesome, no labour too great, to win a woman's heart, yet with no nobler object than to break it when won, or to cast it carelessly away.

"Ye smile," she said, to Ellen; "ah, ye smile, looking at me noo, to hear me talk of the danger o' noorsing a young callant like Donald, but, to mak a long story short, as the song says—

'She fell sick as he grew well.'

I had noorsed not only Donald, but the purest, truest flame wi' which a woman's heart ever beat. Weel, we met agen and agen; my friends did na approve o', and would na' receive him, sae I met him o' moonlit nights, and at early dawn, and his was true love, timid and respectfu'. He would have married me, but I could na consent: I had my mither, anither sister (now nae mair), and Babie, and, though we're o' a proud and noble family, we had naething to live upon but twa hoondred a year, which had been left me by an auld aunt. I loved him dearly, but I could na forsake my ain mither, my ain sisters, and leave them to dee of want. Oh! it was a hard struggle; he said, if I would be his, we could live on naething, and give it a' to them: but they were unco' proud, and, though I did na' doot him, I kenned full well that what my mither gladly accepted from a dutiful daughter, she would suner dee than receive from a disobedient one. He tried hard mony, mony times to mak me change my mind, but I wudna, particularly as my mither

gave us hopes, if we remained faithfu' for a year or twa, she might be brought to consent and so he went awa', as he said wi' a broken heart, to try his fortune. He vowed he had never luved anither, never could luve anither, and never would — I vowed the same. He wrote to me once to beg me to change my mind, and gang over to him in America. My mither was on a sick bed, and I couldna break her heart. I never heard fra' him mair.

"Mony, mony times I have wept a' night over his uncertain fate. I ha' never given a thought to anither, never forgot to pray for

Tibby. You canna' think that at my age I had any notion o' marrying, I am na' fule; but I did hope to carry to my grave the luve which has been my only luve through life. I am too auld for this great change in a' my habits, and feelings, and thoughts; I canna' pray for him noo; him I ha' prayed for for thirty years. I canna' hope to meet in heaven him who sae deceived me on earth...."

Grizzy wept, and Ellen wept with her. After a while the old spinster said, calmly, "So you see, dear Ellen Lindsay, I canna' hope lang to survive this shock. I ken na' what to do, and I havena mickle rest, but I wish to ken it a'; *when* he first luved her, *when* he gave her that pictur, whether he ever wished to marry her; let me ken it a', it may do me some gude, and if not..... Why, I have no tie, no care but puir Babie; and I feel sure she wull ha' a friend in you. If you canna' come agen; write to me a' Tibby confesses to you, but cross-question her noo and then; for where vanity and men were concerned, she never minded a wee bit

fibbing. Had she na' his pictur and his hair, I would na' ha' believed her, on her bible oath, that Donald had ever luved ony lassie but myself, particularly at that very time. Oh! how often has he ca'ed Heaven to witness he never did. No, no, he is foresworn .....fause—and I can never hope to meet him there. Excuse me for a few minutes, my dear; I am ashamed thus to weep for one sa fause."

Grizzy quitted the room; it was more than an hour before she returned; when she did so, she was calm. Ellen was growing very impatient for Babie's appearance with the carriage. Fully intending to be back in time for her uncle's breakfast, she had left no message, and she feared that her unexplained absence, if prolonged, might cause serious uneasiness. Ellen required all her amiable philosophy and ladylike self-possession not to grow very impatient and angry with the antiquated Babie—particularly as Grizzy filled up the time with long anecdotes of her many similar discrepancies, and prophesied that she

would drive half over London, tire the horses to death, and "na' be hame till dusk."

Poor Ellen! Mr. Lindsay, indulgent to excess in most things, was very particular about his horses. The coachman was not the old, steady family-coachman, but a young substitute, acting during the other's illness. The old madcap Babie would perhaps urge him to drive on at a furious rate through the crowded streets; some accident would happen, and her folly and weakness in lending the carriage be the cause.

All this time, Grizzy was sorting old, time-worn letters "fra' Donald o' the brae," and proving, from their almost illegible contents, how plain was his devotion and love. This boring task she occasionally interrupted to say, "Have patience, my dear; you 'll need it wi' Babie. She's just mod after gaiety; she'll na' be hame till dusk, perhaps. I doubt na' she's gone to see the waxwork — she's lang had it in her head. She's vary curious to see if Prince Albert is sae bonny as they say. I'm very angry *at* her — flaun-

tering, flirty cratur! She's mair like Tibby Maxwell than a Douglas; she'll ne'er be here this while.....

"Noo luke here! — here he says, 'When once we are married, adored, divine Griselda, we can make over your fortune to your mother and sisters. Think you your own Donald cares for the base siller? What is fortune to me? My pride would be to support my own beloved Griselda by my own talents. With love like ours we shall feel no want! A cottage and a crust, my Grizzy, and let your mother enjoy the puir twa hundred a year that come between us now—do, my only love —the only love I ever had or can have.'

"Sure that's plain enoo'," said Grizzy.

Ellen thought it was plain enoo' that cunning old Donald o' the brae wanted to get Grizzy and the puir twa hundred a year into his power, but not so plain that the mother would ever have enjoyed one penny of it afterwards; but this opinion she wisely kept to herself.

"Yet I," added Grizzy, sighing, "would

na' consent, na' that I dooted him; but my mither would na' hear o' the match; and she had been a good mither to me; and I knew, if I married against her will, she was too proud to accept ony thing o' me, and sae we parted, and never met agen. But she agreed if Donald and I were faithfu' still at the end o' twa year, she would na' cross true love mair; and, in the mean time, she bade him prove his devotion by trying to mak abroad some siller to bring hame wi' him. Ah! it's little use looking out o' window; Babie wull na' be here this lang while. I doot na' she's at the waxwork a looking at Prince Albert; ye'll ha' time to read through these letters."

But Ellen could endure it no longer; she made her excuses to Miss Grizzy — begged her to let the servant call a coach — said she would drive to Madame Tassaud's waxwork to see if Babie was there, and, if not, begged Grizzy directly the carriage came home to send it to St. James's Square. "My uncle," she said, "will be very anxious about the horses, but more so still about me."

Those from mere acquaintances, "the dead, the changed," become dear by the hallowing influence of time. But to the still devoted heart of Grizzy Douglas the letters of Donald o' the Brae were rife with the magic of the past. She had come unexpectedly upon some faded harebells he had given her, and which she had stored in one of the letters. The flowers brought back the day, the hour, the looks o' the fause Donald—they conjured up the heather and the hills, the fresh morning air and the lonely glen, and the morning of the heart, sweeter, dearer than all.

She could not tear herself from the enchantment! What was the actual world to her?....And, seeing this, Ellen kindly bade her farewell. And, after waiting some time, while a wet, dirty, ragged old waterman vainly tried to pull down the window and open the door, which at last only yielded to the joint efforts of himself and a huge, joking, purple, laughing old coachman, she stepped into the damp straw, seated herself on the worn and dirty cushions, and was rumbled away at a most

noisy yet slow rate, in this shabbiest of old hackney-coaches, first to Regent Street, and then to Baker Street, in search of Babie at the waxwork.

CHAPTER XXVI.

"One of those forms which flit by us when we
Are young, and fix our eyes on every face;
And, oh! the loveliness at times we see
In momentary gliding—the soft grace,
The youth, the bloom, the beauty which agree,
In many a nameless being, we retrace;
Whose course and home we know not, nor shall know,
Like the lost Pleiad, seen no more below."

BYRON.

tion, she relinquished it. A sudden and terrible jolt, having been succeeded by the coachman's stopping, and getting off his box to repair something broken in his rude harness, Ellen, after a long attempt to get the window down, put her head out, and said, "Coachman, I see a stand close by, perhaps you had better call me another coach; and something seems broken about yours." For some time, the coachman would not hear; but when Ellen appeared to be about to put her intention into execution, he came up.

"Why—Lord love your pretty face, young woman! what would you be arter?"

"I want you to call me another coach; I think this unsafe."

"*I* call you another coach! Why—Lor' bless ye—you must mean that for a lark, sure! You might as well ask a man to be his own Jack Ketch. Why, I should be the laughingstock of every stand in Lunnun. I should be a disgrace to my number." And he stuck his arms in his sides, and laughed heartily. There was something so character-

istic and good-humoured in the man, that Ellen, though provoked, laughed too.

"Ah, come!" he exclaimed, "I thought as how you were arter a lark....*I* call another jarvie! Why, there aint not finer osses (pointing to two creatures that looked like short-eared donkeys), nor a handsomer, more sizeable, easy coach—no, nor a more respected and knowing coachee, though I says it as shouldn't, maybe, on any stand in Lunnun or Westminster."

"But can you assure me it is safe? that's all I wish to know."

"Safe! lor, sure it's safe. Be asy, you're as safe as if ye wor in a wile, despicable homnibush; I suppose it's them you're used to. I'd as lieve go about in a hearse, if I wor gentry. The meanest, lumberingest, wulgarest wehicles is them homnibushes. They've done their best to spoil our trade; and I never sees one but I wishes to run agen it.....I wor had up t'other day — did you read it? I wor in all the papers—Jem Crump (fighting Jem)—but nothing could be proved agen me."

This boast of his prowess made poor Ellen more anxious than ever to escape from his power. She had no wish to form part of a crusade of the old lumbering coach against an omnibus. She said, "What are we waiting for now?"

"Why, I took adwantage of your wanting to talk a bit, to give them noble beasts a little corn. I treat my osses more like children nor brutes; and, look! there aint not such another pair on any stand in Lunnun."

Ellen thought it would be difficult to match them; but she saw, with pleasure, that they were indeed engaged in eating out of some dark bags suspended to their noses, and that, though small, rough, and ill-made, they were fat and lively. Conceiving, from this, a good opinion of "fighting Jem," she said, "If you can assure me that I am safe—and if you will drive without coming in contact with any omnibus down Regent Street and to the wax-work in Baker Street, I will give you an extra shilling."

"Well—now that's what I call coming it

andsome, and is more than I expected. I see, from the first, you wor a wery genteel young 'ooman; but that beats reg'lar gentry; many of the grandest of them not only gives one nothing to drink, but grudges one one's fare. Sixpenny customers, I calls 'em, and fit for homnibushes, not for a regular licensed, sizeable hackney, as has been on the stand these thirty year. Don't be afear'd, miss, I always behaves ansome to those as comes it ansome. 'Ansome is as ansome gives.'" So saying, he touched his hat. His respect for Ellen much increased—for, at first, her simple straw bonnet, plain morning-dress, and "Bruce Cottage," had given him an erroneous idea of the station and importance of his fare.

"I warrant you're as safe as a bug in a rug, miss," he added. "I 'spose, by your curousness to drive up Regent Street for nothen, you're a country lady. I'm country-bred myself, so I don't despise country-folk; and, as you're so timorous, I'll fight shy of the omnibushes, and take you to the waxwork in a jiffy."

The drive up and down Regent Street

proved unsuccessful; nothing was to be seen of the carriage or of Babie.

"Where shall I drive now?" asked the coachman—as he found it necessary again to repair the harness, wishing, by his powers of conversation (which, on the stand, were considered "unkimmon great"), to conceal from Ellen this new accident and delay — "Have you seen enough of Regent Street, miss? Wor you looking for any thing particular?"

"Only for a lady in a carriage."

"Why, Lor' bless you! why didn't you say that afore, I could have told you; there's such a many of them, you might as well look for a needle in a bottle of hay."

"Now drive to Baker Street—to the wax-work."

"I knows it; Madame Tusso'! I've been there to see the great Lord Chancellor Heldon; the lamented Malibran; and the diabolical Fieschi, as the advertisement says."

Ellen smiled, as she remembered it, to think how constantly chance had associated those three people, who had so little in common, and

who, advertised and exhibited thus in company after death, could never in life have dreamed of being named together. The harness being roughly knotted, Ellen was again jumbled off, and arrived, without any further delay, at the door of the Baker Street bazar. Here she beheld her uncle's carriage; several people were standing round, and staring at it; and the coachman, one side of his livery covered with mud, seemed to be explaining the cause of his catastrophe. On a nearer approach, Ellen perceived that some accident had certainly happened; for a panel of the carriage was shockingly bruised, and the arms quite defaced. The footman was no where to be seen.

"Draw up close to that carriage, and call the coachman; I want to speak to him."

"Yes, my lady," said Jem Crump, now convinced that Ellen was reg'lar gentry, perhaps nobility.

"What has happened, Webb?" asked Ellen, when he approached.

"I'm not to blame, miss, indeed," said

Webb, looking much alarmed. "I only done as the old lady told me; she said she wor mistress of the carriage, and of me too, for the time being."

"And where is she? Is she hurt?"

"Oh, Lor', no, miss! — she's a-looking at the waxwork!"

"And where is James?"

"We left him at the Saracen's Head, miss, to have his wound 'tended to."

"Wound!—what wound? and what made you take him so far out of the way?"

"It was close by, miss. That ere old lady, miss, ordered me to drive into the city, which, in course, I done. She would go very fast, and said I wasn't nothing of a coachman, which, in course, made me whip the 'osses. I 'pose they beant used to the whip, for they ran off full speed, and I couldn't stop 'em, so we come right agen a dray. I wor thrown off the box into the gutter, as you see here, miss. The carriage got a terrible bruise, and Jem's leg was squeezed horrible; but the surgeon says it wont be nothing. I begged the old

lady to let me call a coach off a stand to take her home, but she wouldn't hear of it. She said if James was left at the Saracen's Head, the carriage could take her where she wanted to go; and if I refused, she'd complain of my imperance to you, miss; so I druv her to the Tower, and the Monument, and a sight o' shops; and now she's in with the waxwork. I never seed such a wery passionate old lady."

"Stay here," said Ellen, to Jem Crump, "while I go into the exhibition. And you, Webb, await my further orders."

"Yes, my lady," humbly exclaimed fighting Jem, with a low bow.

END OF VOL. I.

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F. SHOBERL, JUN., 51, RUPERT STREET, HAYMARKET,
PRINTER TO H. R. H. PRINCE ALBERT.

THE

MATCHMAKER.

A NOVEL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"COUSIN GEOFFREY," AND "THE MARRYING MAN."

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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THE MATCHMAKER.

CHAPTER XXVII.

"For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne."

BURNS.

Ellen passed hastily through the large gallery of admirable, and yet revolting fac-similes of beings, of many of whom, perhaps, not one grain of original dust remains, yet who now stand for ever, in awful bloom, with a glassy gaze that numbs the senses of the curious beholder, and which seems determined to outstare him.

To the eye of taste, these clever models want, of course, the vague beauty of sculpture,

and the poetical charm of painting; but yet they blend at once the form and substance of the one, with the life-like hues of the other, and this gives to the best of them so startling a reality, that I doubt whether any thing could so forcibly, so awfully recal a departed friend.

After time has mellowed the first anguish of the bereaved into a deep, yet holy regret, a picture, or a statue of the loved one is a source of mournful pleasure; it reminds, but it does not deceive us for one moment; but I could fancy that one of the wax models of the lost and mourned, clothed in his own garments, and seated in his wonted attitude, would harrow up the heart into a perpetuity of its first anguish, and rouse despair to frenzy.

So like life are some of the best works of this really fine artist (Madame Tussaud), that for a moment the heart warms with sympathy towards the great or lovely departed ones, and yet, so unlike life are they, that at the next gaze it is chilled with an almost mysterious feeling of horror. We know, of course,

reason tells us that those startling creatures are but wax cunningly moulded, and yet so great is the power of the eye upon the mind that I defy any one walking through that gallery to feel alone, or any imaginative person passing through it alone not to experience a mysterious thrill, which a little self-abandonment and encouragement of the fancy would work up into a vague terror.

Even Ellen, habitually calm, and preoccupied as she was, on the present occasion, felt an uncomfortable sense of unwelcome companionship as she hurried through the room, in which, though there were so many life-like, there chanced to be no living being but herself. She thought of all the German tales of horror she had read, of the solitude of the living, broken by the unwelcome and unceasing intrusion of the dead. Whichever way she looked, glassy and melancholy eyes seemed fixed upon her, and she could not choose but gaze in return; and here it struck her how appropriate to the fate of each was that fixed and, as it were, prophetic sadness

of eye. She could have wept for human nature while she reflected that almost every being before her, arrayed in gorgeous robes, and represented perhaps in the flush of youth and pride, was, in himself and his destiny, an embodied tragedy.

Strange that so many beings of rank, time, age, and fortunes so various, should all deserve to be classed at once as victims of Fate and children of Sorrow!

There, in the costume of Greece, the land he loved, and sung, and perhaps died for, stood "The Grand Napoleon of the realms of rhyme!"—the glorious, the erring, the ill-fated Lord Byron!

It is by no means one of the best of the artist's models, but yet there is a reality about it which takes one back to the poet's comfortless infancy and his blighted boyhood, with the touching story of his unrequited love! "The Dream," in all its melancholy and dream-like beauty, comes back upon the heart, and fills the eyes with tears, while we ask ourselves how much of what the common

herd blames might have sprung from the depths of a grief it knew not of—the "stinging of a heart the world had stung." He is represented in early youth, having conquered all who would have crushed him, and, like Napoleon, crowned himself with a wreath which none could dispute, and which he deemed none but himself worthy to confer, and, from that brilliant point, "when fed with fame," the mind looking to his past or his future destiny, sees little save the triumphs of his genius, that it would forbear to weep over.

The pecuniary distress — the ill-assorted marriage — the popular insults that drove him from England — the restless exile, the paternal longing, immortalized in the opening and winding-up of one of the noblest poems in the language—and then the soul-sickening horrors of his lonely foreign death-bed! What tragedy was ever half so intensely tragic as that poet's life and death!

"And what is writ is writ, the guilt, the shame,
All eyes have seen them, and all tongues can blame.

Where is the record of the wrong that stung,
The charm that tempted, and the grief that wrung?
Let feeble hands, iniquitously just,
Rake up the relics of the sinful dust;
Let ignorance mock the pang it cannot feel,
And malice brand what mercy would conceal.
It matters not, he died as such should die;
Greece had his earliest song, his latest sigh;
And o'er the shrine in which that warm heart sleeps
Glory looks dim, and joyous Conquest weeps.
The Maid of Athens to the spot shall bring
The freshest roses of the new-born spring,
And Spartan boys their first won wreath shall bear
To bloom round Byron's urn, or droop in sadness there!"

Ellen turned her tearful eyes away, to fix them on Louis Seize, or the beautiful (perhaps treacherous) yet hapless Marie Antoinette, and the young Dauphin, over whose story we have all o wept in childhood, and might so weep still, but that now we need our tears for sorrows of our own. From this sad group she gazed upon Napoleon crowning Josephine—Josephine! the fond, the devoted, the confidante (and much as woman could be), the assisting architect of his great fortunes, repudiated, forsaken, and how avenged! Witness the lonely rock where the new Prometheus was enchained, while Remorse, the vulture, fed upon his vitals!

Saddened by this thought, Ellen turned to a fair and royal maiden in youth's first bloom; hope on her frank brow, and power in her "lion port."

> "In the dust
> The fair-haired daughter of the isles is laid,
> The love of millions!"

She was gazing on the idol of the last generation—the Princess Charlotte of Wales. And by her side was that unhappy mother, severed from her in life, and who lived to envy her daughter's early death — for she herself died of a broken heart. Then came "George the Good," and with him the records of that protracted eclipse of reason, that long midnight of the mind, worst of human ills! There stood Elizabeth in pride and pomp; but Ellen's heart, while gazing on her, was full of the poet's exquisite picture of her "Last days"—

> "She thought that goal of glory won:
> How slight a shade between,
> The idiot moping in the sun,
> And England's giant queen."

And there was Mary—and who could look

at Mary Stuart without a sinking of the heart!—

> "The soft Medusa of a fated line,
> Whose evil beauty looked to death the brave
> Discrowned queen! around whose passionate shame,
> Terror and grief the palest flowers entwine,
> That ever veiled the ruins of a name
> With the sweet parasites of song divine!"

Wherever Ellen turned, whether she gazed on Anna Boleyn or poor Malibran; on Napoleon, great wholesale destroyer; or Burke and Hare, vile retail miscreants, reckoning with each other the price of blood, the purchase money of the corpse of the Italian boy, murdered, as he had nothing else to tempt cupidity, for the poor body whose wants he had so struggled to supply—from monarchs who had perished on the scaffold, to wretches who had died on the gibbet, the fates of all seemed to her woven in one web of human misery and human guilt. In some few cases sorrow only spun the dark thread, and those demanded pity; but where guilt entwined the blood-stained woof, horror dried the tears of sympathy.

We have only alluded to the few figures

which caught Ellen's attention against her will as she hurried through the gallery in search of Babie. She was looking with patriotic interest at our young Queen and her handsome and youthful consort; and as she gazed upon the fair but firm hand which holds the balance of nations and the destinies of a world in its gentle grasp, a wish, that was almost a prayer, rose from her very heart that her young sovereign's fate might be happier than that of the crowned ones around her, that having nobly used her maiden right, to choose from the world the man she loved, she might know, even on a throne, the solace of sympathy, the protection of tenderness. What woman so exalted that she needs them not?—not even thou, Victoria!

> "Queen of the Isles! and empress of the ocean!
> And prouder title still—Queen of the Free!"

A shriek and a commotion at the further end of the room suddenly called off Ellen's attention. She recognised Babie Douglas in angry dispute with two men, attendants of the

exhibition. She was pouring forth her anger in voluble Scotch, the men retorted in cockney English.

Ellen drew near to assist Babie, and saw that, somehow or other, the wax model of Dennis M'Carthy (the fellow who threw a stone at William IV.) had been knocked down.

"I canna and I wunna gie you the siller; I'm na clear at a' that I knocked it doun," she said, "and if I did, the fault is in those who put it close to the 'Chamber of Horrors,' where naebody could stay ten minutes without rushing out frightened to death. Sae far from paying ye ony thing, ye saucy callants, I'm inclined to indict ye a' for a nuisance; ye deserve it for getting a' those terrible horrors thegither to turn lassies' heads—ye do!"

"Ah! come, ma'am, that won't do, I promise you; if you won't pay for the figure you've damaged, you'll please to come with us to the station 'ous; that's a most waluable figur', a great curiosity, with the hidentical stone as was pitched at his Majesty hat Hascot"

"I go to the station-house, ye base south rons!" exclaimed Babie. "Let me see which of you will dare to touch me, and I'll knock down all the figures near me; and as I have not ony siller aboot me, you'll be losers, I can tell you, after a'..."

The men knew not what to do; Babie stood like a lioness at bay—her eyes flashing; her black velvet cap in the skirmish had got over one eye, and there was something in her fiery look that paralysed the two men, accustomed to the immobile expression and deadly stillness of the wax figures.

At this moment, Ellen came up. Babie vehemently related her story, the men as vehemently told theirs. It seemed that Babie, after a long sojourn in the gallery, had paid an extra sixpence to go into the "Chamber of Horrors;" there she was at first childishly delighted, but being quite alone, in a little while a sort of vague alarm took possession of her—the revolutionary Marat, represented as dying with a knife stuck into his breast, seemed to open his glazed eyes as she bent over him, and

poor old Count de l'Orme, who, in an *oubliette* of the Bastille, had forgotten himself into idiocy, and when at length set free, had slunk back there to die—seemed, as she turned round, to shake his shaggy, savage head at her.

Fanciful as a child, Babie uttered a loud shriek, and rushed out of the Chamber of Horrors: as she did so, she came in contact with a figure, which she knocked down. Her shriek, and the noise of the fall, caught the ears of the attendants, who were at hand. They raised the image, discovered that the arm only was broken, and required a sum which Babie refused to pay—not without reason, for she *had* given her last sixpence to get into the "Chamber of Horrors."

Ellen saw that the demand was just, and not desiring to be taken as Babie's friend to the station-house, and made to figure in so absurd a story in all the papers, she paid the required sum—Babie declaring the while that "she could na thank her, nor consider hersel in her debt for it; it was just encouraging im-

position, for if people chose to exhibit things to frighten folk out of their wits, they must tak the consequences."

When they got down stairs, Babie, who had not thought any apology necessary for having detained the carriage, or for the accident it had met with, was with great consequence about to seat herself in it, but Ellen interposed, explaining that, being damaged, it had better go home unoccupied, and remarking that she herself was going in a hackney-coach.

"And in what manner am I to gang hame, Miss Lindsay?" asked the somewhat offended Babie; "after luring me out, I suppose you're not going to propose my walking hame? But I canna and I wunna; I have a warld of bargains in the coach, and if I canna gang in that, I must come in yours. It's seldom a Douglas has been reduced to ony carriage but her ain; my grandmother drove about in her coach and six; and if I had na thought I was welcome to the use of your carriage, and that you were vary glad to sit the while wi' Grizzy, I'd never have sat mysel in it at a'."

Ellen, very anxious to get rid of her, replied,

"You were most welcome, and I was going to beg you, Miss Babie, as I am much hurried, to let me see you into a coach on my account, as you honour me by considering yourself my guest, and as this accident, which is no fault of mine, renders the carriage unsafe."

"Weel, I have na objection to that." Just then a very showy blazoned patent safety cab passed by, and the driver hailed Babie. "I like the luke of that conveyance weel enoo," said Babie. "Mak a bargain wi' him, my dear, not only to tak me hame, but to tak me to the Zoological Gardens. And I'll trouble you to lend me a shilling, for I've spent a' my siller in the city, but I've got my pennyworth for my penny, I'm thinking."

Ellen lent Babie half-a-crown, and paid the cabman his fare in advance. She then took leave of Babie, trusting that in a patent safety cab she could come to no harm, and strongly recommending her not to go too near the monkeys, the cockatoos, or in short any of the

animals in the Zoological Gardens; she would fain have persuaded her not to go, but Babie, as her sister had said, was mad after any kind of gaiety; and, full of spirits, she drove away.

"That's a reg'lar queer un, my lady, is that ere old forriner," said fighting Jem. "She on't see nothing at the Zoological Gardins half so outlandish as herself."

Ellen laughed, for she thought so too. She bade Jem drive her to St. James's Square, causing her uncle's carriage to follow, lest its preceding her should cause any alarm.

She found her absence had caused much surprise; but the horses escaped unhurt, and the footman had arrived from the Saracen's Head but little injured.

Mr. Lindsay was the first to laugh at Ellen's ludicrous account of her morning's adventures, and those of the "flighty, flauntering lassie, Babie." As for fighting Jem, having not only received his fare, and an extra half-crown, but a good luncheon, he decided that Ellen "wor reg'lar tip-top gentry, and he only wished he could meet wi' such a cus-

tomer every morning of his life; he shouldn't care for the homnibushes then, but as it was, he wished 'em all turned into 'earses for them as went in 'em, and them as drove 'em, and there warn't a man o' spirit on the stand as didn't wish the same."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

" One hates an author, that's all author, fellows,
In foolscap uniforms turned up with ink.
So very anxious, clever, fine, and jealous;
One don't know what to say to them or think,
Unless to puff them with a pair of bellows.
Of coxcombry's worst coxcombs e'en the pink
Are preferable to these shreds of paper,
These unquenched snuffings of the midnight taper."
BYRON.

We have said that there was something peculiarly mysterious in Grunter's behaviour, that he ceased to correct Annie, and seemed like a man preoccupied by some great design.

And so he was! .... his intimacy with Fitzcribb had awakened a literary ambition in the heart of the old usher. He longed to see himself in print. He longed to walk forth a lion among men. He was too egotistical a character to be able to conceal the dar-

ling wish of his heart. Fitzcribb, clever, shrewd, poor, and the father of a large family, fanned the flame, which he hoped would be the means of making his own hearth burn the brighter. He concentrated Grunter's vague aspirings into one point, and suggested, with an art that made Grunter mistake those suggestions for conceptions of his own.

Fitzcribb had had much practice in the art of book-making, but the public was aware of him, and began to look upon him as a mere retailer; but who had ever heard of Ebenezer Grunter? there was something abstruse in the very name.

Fitzcribb then contrived to mount old Grunter on the well-known Pegasus from which he had been thrown, and himself to amble along on a common hack by his side—in short, he for a time gave up all daring enterprise in the literary line, and betook himself entirely to writing in periodicals, correcting manuscripts, seeing works of other authors through the press, and in fact became a literary drudge.

Cunningly urged on by him, Grunter undertook a grand work entitled "The History of Philosophy, and the Philosophy of History." The little Fitzcribb was to guide, with a dexterous and experienced hand, that mighty and cumbrous engine, Grunter's mind. He was to revise, re-touch, correct, and harmonize not only Grunter's original ideas, but all those which had also "struck other great minds:" he was, he himself said, to give a tone, an *ensemble*, a warm varnish to the whole.

From the ashes of the deceased lion (for he was a lion once) sprang a jackall, purveying literary provender for a forthcoming successor —the future lion, Ebenezer Grunter! and for all this trouble, and Grunter was obstinate, and alas! somewhat dull of comprehension, diffuse and verbose, Fitzcribb was to receive one hundred and fifty pounds sterling—a large sum for Fitzcribb to receive, a large one for the *ci-devant* usher to pay out of the savings of his sinecure at Mr. Lindsay's; but who would grudge a hundred and fifty pounds for a name! how many have gladly sacrificed for that vain boon, health, fortune, life itself!

Fitzcribb was honest, nay more, he was by birth and in feeling a gentleman; he did not conceal from Grunter any one of the necessary expenses—printing, paper, commission, advertising—of all these a fair and just calculation was made. He thought it right to let him know that the work might not take with an *ill-judging* public; that it was all a lottery, and that he might be so many hundreds out of pocket; but, before he led Grunter into these dark shades of doubt, he had kindled a bright lamp in his breast, fed with the all-illumining oil of hope.

Grunter was not to be deterred. He would be a lion, and he would begin by having a lion's heart. Well did Fitzcribb deserve his hundred and fifty pounds, for Grunter sometimes bored him into a stupor, sometimes worried him into a frenzy; but the poor author's necessities had compelled him to beg twenty pounds (in advance) of the sum agreed for, and as there was no repaying it, so was there no retracting.

He therefore wisely tried to make the best

of it, though the sight of Grunter's large text, usher-like hand was become odious to his sight, as a dun's to a spendthrift's, a patroness's to a toady, or to the changed, inconstant lover that of the reproachful, still devoted fond one. But poor Fitzcribb had a sick child—his ninth, yet dear as if it had been his only one; he thought of the little sufferer, soothed by some new remedy—he saw in fancy his hollow eyes brighten with joy at an unwonted indulgence, and then he courageously, nay gladly, seized Grunter's black, incongruous mass of plagiarisms, and gave the best powers of at least a clever mind to fashioning, arranging, and polishing it.

Grunter was, like all egotists, entirely engrossed by the favourite pursuit of the hour, looking up to himself as the future lion of the day; he began in his inmost soul to look down upon all around him as mere nobodies —he ate as voraciously, but more hurriedly, more silently than ever; was frequently late at table, and of tenapologized for leaving it directly the cloth was removed, announcing

that business of immense importance, not merely to so humble an individual as himself, but to the world at large, compelled him to repair to his study.

Mr. Lindsay, full of quiet humour, encouraged without questioning him, and every one else was glad that Grunter and his "Rollin" had departed of their own accord.

Our party were going to the opera, for the last time before leaving town, to see La Zelie in the "Somnambula," one of her best and most popular characters. Grunter knew that Fitzcribb was also obliged to go to the opera to write a critique on a new ballet for a morning paper, and he therefore begged Mr. Lindsay's permission to invite him to his box, with the view, before the ballet commenced, of discussing "The History of Philosophy, and the Philosophy of History." He had written part of a new chapter, but he was anxious to see the beginning of the preceding one, which was in Fitzcribb's possession, as he was seized with a nervous fear that both began with the same sentence. He resolved then

to request that an early dinner might be sent him in his study, and he determined to call on Fitzcribb at his own lodgings, invite him to the Lindsays' box and to supper, and discuss with him all the new ideas about his work which had occurred to him since the day before.

It was scarcely six o'clock when he glided with mysterious importance down stairs, left the house, threw himself into a cab, and desired the driver to take him to Great Quebec Street, New Road. He had been once at Fitzcribb's before, but that was in the morning and by appointment; it was then that he had seen him in the cap and dressing-gown which he had forthwith adopted as a proper author-like costume. His head was too full of his book for there to be room for any consideration as to whether it might be convenient to Fitzcribb to receive an uninvited guest at an unwonted hour. Poverty, a wife, and a large family, make people rather shy of chance visits.

Mrs. Fitzcribb! She did for a moment flit

across his brain, but he had heard that she was an authoress! a poetess! and could a poetess put her own trifling convenience for one instant in competition with "The Philosophy of History, and the History of Philosophy?" No, he would not think so meanly of his friend's wife! Nay, he wished to know her—none but a literary woman he thought could quite appreciate a man of genius, and Grunter in his way admired women; besides, Fitzcribb, a doating husband, had described her as a lovely being, full of soul, the daughter of a baronet, in whose family sudden misfortunes had compelled him to become a tutor. Her relatives had denounced her, for she had carried romance and poetry into the prosy realities of life; but Grunter thought so noble and independent a creature would appreciate him, and a man of genius he fancied ought to form some platonic affection for a woman of talent: witness Johnson and Mrs. Thrale, Voltaire and Madame Dacier, Cowper and Mrs. Unwin, and many, many more.

A grand conception, too, was working in

his brain; only one chapter of his work was printed; he had almost decided on changing his original plan, and making it a quarto!!! A quarto carries such *weight* with it. The readers and purchasers would not be so numerous perhaps, but certainly more select; and the price would ensure it a good reception from the "aristocracy of wealth." Grunter's "History of Philosophy, and Philosophy of History" printed in large gold letters—not merely on the back, but on the sides of the work!—it would be striking—nay, sublime! And then, again, he had resolved to dedicate it to the Queen, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Lord High Chancellor of England. A neatly-turned and appropriate inscription was floating through his brain—what rewards might he not expect! He already saw himself at the queen's most select parties—already he fancied himself invited to the archbishop's palace—already, from his woolsack, the lord chancellor smiled on the woolgatherer.

It was in an ecstatic state of self-compla-

cency that Mr. Grunter arrived at Fitzcribb's lodgings. The street-door was ajar, for a slip-shod maid-of-all-work, with a dirty apron, a bold but handsome face, and bright red ribbons in her cap, was flirting at once with a policeman and a milkman.

"Is Mr. Fitzcribb at home, young woman?" asked Grunter.

"May be he is—may be he aint," said the girl, angry at being addressed as a young woman only, and at being interrupted in her double flirtation. However, she piqued herself on her wit, to shew which, before her two admirers, she contrived to spill a little milk, from a jug she held in her hand, on Grunter's showy leg and bright pump.

"Take care," said Grunter — "you are very awkward."

"Okord! — I likes that! If you wants to find okordness, don't come to number nine, but just call at number one — you'll find okordness enough there."

The girl laughed at her own wit, and the policeman and the milkman laughed to hear

Sally give it to gentry! The author of the History of Philosophy, and the Philosophy of History was, alas! no philosopher; he could not bear to be laughed at even by Sally, the policeman, and the milkman.

"You are a very saucy young woman," said Grunter, angrily, "and you should learn to mend your manners."

"Well, I'm sure you can't teach me, so you han't no right to talk."

"Will you just tell me if Mr. Fitzcribb is at home?"

"As I said afore—may be he is, may be he aint. He's the second floor—he's got a gal of his own, such as she is, and I haven't nothing to do with 'em. You can go up and see if he's in; and if you don't find him in, why, may be you'll find him out."

Sally and her two beaux loudly laughed at this brilliant retort. Grunter scowled on the pert Sally, and went up the dark and narrow stairs. Arrived at the landing of the second floor, he knocked. "Come in," cried two or three voices, which, on his doing so, uttered

two or three shrieks. Grunter, obtuse and near-sighted, at first did not perceive the disturbance and annoyance he caused. Full of nothing but his own affairs, he saw at first nothing but him he came to seek—Fitzcribb! He did not perceive that Fitzcribb, who made a laudable effort to receive him politely, reddened with anger and shame at an intrusion which could not have been more untimely.

Not only was he very unwelcome himself, but his knock had been mistaken for that of a far more important person—the washerwoman, with the clean shirt and waistcoat, that Fitzcribb was to wear at the opera. At the moment of Grunter's intrusion, Fitzcribb was seated opposite to him, engaged in almost as many occupations as the renowned Welch parson of yore. He was writing a leading article for a daily paper, correcting the proofs of a young lady's novel, and touching up Grunter's manuscript. All this literary work had to be done before he went out, so that, while the ink dried on one paper, he turned to another. He was hearing his eldest son

Milton, who was destined also to tread the thorny path of literature, construe, between whiles, an ode of Horace. He had on his lap, supported fondly by his left arm, Benoni, his darling invalid boy, who would not be still in any other place. He was occasionally sipping strong green tea, to clear his intellect for all he had to do, and now and then calling for some slices of bread and butter, cut for him by Sappho, his second daughter.

All this while he was indulging in the luxury of a foot-bath; and Mrs. Fitzcribb, having heroically put his hair in *papillotes*, "made of a manuscript poem of her own," was pinching them with the large fire-tongs; but, as the words, still legible on the curl-papers, led back her mind through the maze of verse, of which they formed part, she occasionally singed one curl, pinched another too tight, or touched the irritable head of Fitzcribb with the hot tongs.

Fitzcribb would then writhe, groan, or utter a sort of shriek, which seldom failed to recall the poetical hairdresser, from "Chindara's warbling fount," to the second-floor of Great Quebec

Street, and all the prosaic realities of poverty. A little boy, "Johnson," was engaged in heating the tongs for his mamma when they grew cold, and trying them on parts of an unsuccessful pamphlet of his papa's, which, with the self-devotion of a Marcus Curtius, the latter had given to be so used.

"Swift," another son—for they were all named after the men of genius they were intended to emulate—was trying, with large supplies of the same pamphlet, to make the water boil, as Sappho was awaiting it to make, from a second infusion of her father's, the family tea! Sappho, a merry, rosy, girl of thirteen, was presiding, with great hilarity, over the most dilapidated and forlorn of "tea equipages." Not only were no two cups of the same size or pattern, but cup and saucer were nor kith nor kin to each other. Here a large blue earthenware cup sat, like an incubus, on a little china saucer, similar to a huge city dame, leaning on some weak and delicate aristocrat — there, in a large white saucer, stood a small blue cup — again a dispropor-

tioned match! A huge black tea-pot, which evidently had seen service, had been adroitly supplied with a tin spout and a brass cover—brown sugar (well named *moist*) melted in a broken bason, and a milk-jug, which had lost its nose in the Fitzcribbs' service, was not on that account ungratefully dismissed. A piece of salt-butter, wrapped in its original paper, lay on the broken plate—two knives stuck in it, and crumbs and fragments of bread were scattered around; but, in the midst of all, was a small plate of toast, very nicely made by Sappho for poor Benoni—the best bread and the freshest butter had been expended on the little invalid's toast, and a fine china cup, with his name in gold letters, had been bought for him by his fond father, who himself drank indifferently out of any of the motley group spread over the table.

The extreme discomfort of the domestic arrangements we have described were not the result of poverty. There are few *ménages* where order cannot give some appearance of comfort, and Fitzcribb's earnings (consider-

able as his extreme industry made them) might, judiciously expended, have secured a cheerful and agreeable home. But what avail means without management? Mrs. Fitzcribb—kind, good, and devoted, was, alas! a blue—a regular blue—the worst kind of blue—a woman with the most persevering wish to shine as a literary character, but without genius, and deficient even in a good ear for poetry—in short, a mere poetaster!

With a little correction from Fitzcribb, her verses did to fill corners of country papers, and the smallest and cheapest lady's museums, mirrors, &c. Fitzcribb never discouraged a

could) his own stockings; and once she was so much engrossed by a sonnet to "A Sleeping Infant," that her own child awoke, and, before she saw him move, overturned his cradle.

In a corner of the room, seated on a pile of huge old folios, sate Corinna Fitzcribb, a beautiful girl of fifteen, who was plaiting her hair before a small glass, supported by a large book, and wreathing in the long and priceless tresses of purest gold some tawdry table-flowers which she had bought for a few pence, and which were not worth even that small sum. She was dressing for a juvenile literary *soirée* at a Mrs. Mac Dactyl's, in the next street. She had already distinguished herself by some occasional verses in the humblest of periodicals; and, spite of the table-flowers, and a gaudy, ill-made, second-hand blue gauze dress, she looked, as she sate on the dusty old folios, a fair young muse fresh from Parnassus.

Such was the distribution of all the Fitzcribb party, when Grunter, full of his work, hurried up to Fitzcribb. Mrs. Fitzcribb, as we have said, a regular blue, was of course a

slattern; to bestow on her person the time necessary to be always neat and presentable, would to her have seemed a sort of treason to the muses. She was still, at about seven-and-thirty, a strikingly beautiful woman; but her charms were never set forth by dress, except on very particular occasions, when she adopted some romantic costume—a muse, a priestess, a sybil, a sultana, a Mary Stuart, or a Ninon.

On the present occasion, her beautiful and redundant hair, rough and neglected, was, in front, confined in fragments of paper, and behind twisted and fastened up by an old, broken comb. An ink-stained wrapper loosely enveloped a form which might have been a very fine one — the same disfiguring yet immortalising fluid had stained her hands. Her shoes were down at heel, and her stockings proved that the needle would have been "mightier than the pen."

In spite of all these disadvantages of toilet, there was an aristocratic dignity in her manner of receiving Grunter. She made no apology; for she considered, and justly, that

the apology ought to come from the intruder. She calmly opened the door of a book-closet, and said, "Mr. Fitzcribb is as you see at his toilet; if you will step into that small room for a few minutes, he will be ready to receive you. You will find yourself, Mr. Grunter," she added, with a graceful smile and bow, "among the kindred spirits who have preceded you in the path of fame."

So saying, with the air of a queen she waived Grunter into the closet, he murmuring apologies, excuses, and thanks the while, in which the words "my work," "my last chapter," "a new idea," and "dear Fitzcribb," were often heard. The closet was so full of his betters, he scarcely found room to turn. Although the door was closed upon him, a loud crash was heard; the unwieldy creature had knocked down Rollin and Racine; but, in return, Hume and Smollet, covered with dust, fell upon him. He uttered a screech, but no one found it convenient to heed it; so he sat down on his fallen foes, and readjusted his wig. He was scarcely gone, when, with a cele-

rity and talent which shewed how good a housewife the scribbling mania had spoiled, Mrs. Fitzcribb, aided by "Milton," "Johnson," "Swift," and "Sappho," cleared away all litters, completed Fitzcribb's hair-dressing, wrapped him in his best dressing-gown, removed his foot-bath, gave him his shoes and stockings, rearranged the tea-table, and gave a very tolerable air of comfort to the whole room. Mrs. Fitzcribb also tore out her own curl-papers, and, rushing into another room, appeared in a gay turban, and a large scarlet shawl. She had too much pride and taste to apologize for her dress; but she was a beauty, and she could not bear to be thought a fright.

As for poor Corinna, like Thisbe, she "saw the lion's shadow ere himself, and ran, dismayed, away." In other words, she caught a slight reflection, in her looking-glass, of Grunter's heavy face; and on the wall the shadow of an uncouth form was traced by Fitzcribb's tallow-candle. She had made her toilet in the "drawing-room," because Mrs. Fitzcribb had caused the "gal" whom Sally so despised

— the agent of all her mismanagement — to commence a scrubbing of all the bed-rooms by the light of the rising moon.

Mrs. Fitzcribb was often seized with a "scouring mania" at the most unpropitious of moments. Sometimes she had the chimney-sweeps on days when Fitzcribb had a friend or two to dinner; contrived to have a wash when wet weather set in; and, in a hard frost, once had the carpets taken up, and the curtains down. She had a sort of general idea that these things ought to be done, and having neglected them at the proper season, she added tenfold to her fault by insisting on poor Kitty's doing them at the most inconvenient times; owing to this wretched mismanagement, poor Corinna was obliged, in thin shoes and a gauze dress, to go and complete her toilet in a wet room, making her way, in doing so, through piles of dust and tea-leaves, which a gust of wind from the window, opened by Kitty that the night-air might dry the room, blew all over her dress and stockings.

Here, in a little while, she was joined by her

eldest brother, Milton — a clever and handsome youth — who was to attend her to Mrs. Mac Dactyl's, and who, in the dark passage, had upset Kitty's bucket over his pumps and only pair of silk stockings. He came in, invoking more fiends than his immortal namesake has introduced. What was to be done?

Kitty, who looked like a female chimney-sweep, offered a pair of open-'oork stockings of her own, as had only a few 'oles as could be easy run up. But that would not do; Milton Fitzcribb could not go to a literary *soirée* at Mrs. Mac Dactyl's, in Kitty's open work stockings. Drawers were pulled open, but nothing could be found in them; older people would have given up the party altogether; but a beau of sixteen, and a beauty of fifteen, would rather go through fire and water. So at last Kitty, with more practical genius than either "Milton" or "Corinna" had displayed, hit upon a plan. She washed out the stockings, borrowed of Corinna "The Wreath of Fashion" with the "Lady's Newest Costumes," and a tale called "The Deed of

Blood," or "Bertha's Bridegroom;" and, thus armed, she went down to Sally's blazing kitchen-fire, like many others, with an interested motive, hidden under an apparently disinterested service. She, while the vain Sally was looking at the fashions, adroitly dried the stockings, and bore them in triumph to poor "Milton," who sate with the ill-fated Corinna, now shivering with cold, now burning with impatience. Kitty, much praised and thanked, lighted the party-goers down stairs, saw them set off, and then returned to her scrubbing-brush and pail.

CHAPTER XXIX.

"But for the children of the mighty mother's,
The would-be wits, and can't be gentlemen;
I leave them to their daily 'tea is ready,'
Snug coterie, and literary lady."

BYRON.

When Johnson was ordered to open the door of Mr. Grunter's prison, Mrs. Fitzcribb sate in her turban and shawl, with all the air of a sultana, on an old sofa, over which she had hastily thrown Fitzcribb's cloak. Mr. Fitzcribb was ready to receive him, and Sappho was waiting, while Swift made the water boil.

Mr. Grunter entered, a large streak of the dust of Hume and Smollet all across his brow and cheek, and his wig perched quite awry. But of these mishaps he was unaware, and, therefore, with a ludicrous look of im-

portance, he took his seat on the sofa beside Mrs. Fitzcribb, and tried to express, by his admiring glances, how fine a creature he thought her.

"Sappho, my dear," said the mamma, "make some tea for Mr. Grunter."

"Directly the water boils," replied Sappho.

"What are you burning there, Swift?" asked Mr. Fitzcribb, as the boy added a new supply of paper to the fire, "I hope that is nothing of importance."

"It's only your last unsuccessful pamphlet, pa," replied the pert and merciless boy.

"Which, Swift?" said the papa, with heroic forbearance.

"That on the 'State of the Nation,' pa, and a few sheets of that on the 'Aristocracy of Intellect.'"

"*That* ought to have succeeded," said Fitzcribb, with a sigh.

"It is succeeding," said Swift.

"How so, my boy?" said the papa, who always expected something clever from Swift.

"Why, it's succeeding in making the pot

boil; and wasn't that what you aimed at, pa?"

"It was, indeed, my boy."

"Besides, if it hasn't set the Thames on fire, pa, it's making the Thames water boil, so that's something like it."

"Bravo, Swift! And to what," asked Fitzcribb, still rather irritated, and anxious to complete his toilet, for Sappho had just whispered to him that the washerwoman had brought his things, "to what," addressing himself to Grunter, "do I owe this unexpected pleasure, my dear sir?"

"Imprimis," replied the old pedant, "I want to consult you about the opening of my second chapter; here it is, just look at it, I fear it begins the same as the other."

"It does, precisely; that won't do. It's too much of a good thing," said Fitzcribb.

"Well, just alter a word or two, Fitzcribb. I'm so impressed with the importance of that grand truth I have advanced, that nothing else will come into my head just at present. Yesterday my ideas flowed so rapidly, I could

hardly follow them with my pen; but, generally speaking, Fitzcribb, the lighter parts are your fortes, and the strong, deep, classical argument mine; we are well suited for a literary partnership, ma'am; he has knack, and I have knowledge."

"Without the knack of displaying it?" asked Mrs. Fitzcribb, with apparent *naïveté*, but provoked at heart for her darling husband, of whom she was extremely proud.

"Why, no, ma'am! not exactly that," said Grunter, "as I think you will say, if you honour me with perusing my first chapter. It strikes me, ma'am, that I have brought my forces well into the field, and I doubt whether the most spiteful critic can find one false concord, one mistaken government, or one undistributed middle. But, spite, ma'am, of deep research and classical acumen, an unaccustomed writer wants knack, and knack, I consider, that Fitzcribb possesses in a high degree."

"What you call knack, sir," said Mrs. Fitzcribb, with some irritation, "I call genius. It is only a difference of definition."

We may here remark that there was a strong *esprit de corps*, a real pride in and attachment for each other, remarkable in all the Fitzcribbs. The secret of this affectionate union, so rare, alas! in modern families, lay, perhaps, in their having *suffered together*, in their being all the world to each other, for, on the step-children of Fortune, on those more likely to ask than to confer favours, the outward world looks coldly or scowlingly, and the Fitzcribbs met few kind smiles or soothing words, or attentions sweetly officious, but those that they reciprocated among themselves. And oh, how strong a tie is that of mutual suffering! We easily forget the gay companion of our pleasures, but who forgets the kind sharer and soother of a long captivity, or of a blighting grief? Few summer friends are loved as the poor prisoner loved the spider, whose death has made him immortal. No, we remember not the companions of the pleasure-boat, but those of the storm and the shipwreck we cannot forget.

And so with the poor Fitzcribbs. They

had battled together with the wolves of want, led on by the gaunt witch Poverty — but Industry was their good angel, and they conquered the hag, and drove her and her wolves from the door. Yes, those surely love the best, who have hoped, toiled, wept, feared together! In wealthy families, where all look to the future, to make them wealthier still, where the death of some would enrich the rest, the common-place and earthly-minded, (and how large a race are they!) can see a compensationg litter in the hand of the Destroyer. They, alas! too often accustom their hearts betimes to the loss that is to be gain! Not so the poor! Not so those, who, in losing those who love them, lose their all. Not so the wife, who has comforted when the world forsook, who has praised when the world blamed, who has pillowed on her breast the head that had no other shelter, who has hoped even against hope, whose eyes of faith have pierced the darkness of despair, and discovered the latent star that dawns for all. Not so the brothers, the sisters, who

have had no other friends, for who courts the friendship of the unhappy?

Grunter was, in spite of Mrs. Fitzcribb's spirited reply, about to proceed, in the very polite attempt at proving to a fond wife her husband's nothingness, and his own importance, when Fitzcribb summoned him to his table, to consider the new opening he had struck off during the argument.

It was both elegant and appropriate, but the pedant thought, with all pedants, that fault-finding was the acme of criticism, so he quarrelled with this expression, and that epithet, till Fitzcribb, already rather out of humour, and of a very irritable temper, (as most authors are) got into a real passion.

Grunter was quoting in support of his argument a rule from the Latin grammar, when he suddenly bounded in the air, uttering a tremendous yell.

"What is it? good heavens!" exclaimed all present, "what can it be?" Mrs. Fitzcribb thought Grunter was mad, and Sappho let fall the tea-pot. "What is it?"

"I do not know," said Grunter, sinking on a chair, with his hand to his leg, "but something like a spear has pierced the calf of my leg. What is there under the table?" All looked under the table, but nothing was to be found.

Grunter called for a candle, and a stain of blood was seen on his black silk stocking.

"It must be the sudden bursting of some small vein," said Fitzcribb; "let us send for a surgeon; there is one lives next door, a clever man, of the name of Jobb."

"Pray do," moaned Grunter, pale at the sight of his own blood, holding a handkerchief to the spot.

In a few minutes Mr. Jobb had arrived. Mrs. Fitzcribb and Sappho left the room. Mr. Jobb, after hearing the circumstance, pronounced it to be a most intricate case; he had seldom seen such a one, perhaps not more than twice in his whole medical experience. The skin had all the appearance of having been wounded by some small, very sharp instrument, and yet nothing of the kind had happened.

It was a mysterious effort of nature to relieve herself, and one, not very favourable symptom, was that the bleeding had suddenly stopped.

Mr. Jobb strongly advised, nay, ordered, Mr. Grunter to put himself immediately under a course of medicine. When, on inquiring his abode, he found that he lived in St. James's Square, he became, if possible, more urgent, advised him immediately to have a coach called, and offered, although his time was invaluable, to accompany him home in it, lest the pain and bleeding should return. This offer the pale and trembling Grunter gladly accepted.

"You are lucky, my dear sir," said Mr. Jobb, "in meeting with a medical man who *has* seen a similar case; perhaps not one out of a hundred, nay a thousand, in the profession has done so. However, I promise to see you safe through it. I will now just run over to my surgery, to get you what you must take to-night, and then I'll come to see you home. Mr. Fitzcribb, give my patient a little brandy in a cup of tea."

"You do not think there is any danger?" faltered Grunter, his teeth chattering, and pale as ashes.

"Not if you will conform. As a medical man, I must enforce obedience."

Kitty was despatched for three penny-worth of brandy. Grunter took it in a cup of Sappho's tea, and pronounced himself somewhat better.

"My object," he faltered, "was not only to bring you the new chapter, but to ask you, from Mr. Lindsay, to join his party at the opera, and to sup with him; however, of course, I cannot go now, so perhaps it would be no pleasure to you to accept his invitation."

"Why, yes, I will accept it, for I must go to the opera, and I shall hear, on my return, how you are; besides, I can go to the square in the coach with you and Jobb."

"Will you complete the chapter, dear Fitzcribb? this may all be owing to intense study. Ah! the world little dreams what such a work is the History of Philosophy and the Philo-

sophy of History sometimes costs its author!" and he groaned.

Mr. Jobb was a short, red-faced, very active little man of about forty-five, with a quick eye and a bald head. He had a Bardolphian nose, and a tendency to corpulency; none of his medicines had been able either to whiten the one, or to reduce the other, so he wisely referred to them occasionally as proofs of even redundant health. He was something of a beau—was generally in black for "some highly respected patient whom he had kept alive as long as human art could do so, and who had remembered his services by a legacy!" He wore a shirt with an elaborately plaited frill —a jet brooch, a white neckcloth, black gloves and gaiters. His manner was bustling, and was a curious mixture of command and cajolery.

The coach arrived — Grunter returned, supported by Mr. Jobb and Fitzcribb. Slowly, and with frequent stoppings, he got down stairs, and, with the aid of coachman, and waterman, was lifted into the coach, and was driven off with Jobb and Fitzcribb.

Scarcely was he gone, when Benoni, the little invalid (a precocious boy of six), stole from behind a window-curtain, and ran up to his mother, with a large pin in his hand, saying, "Dear ma', I did it all—Benoni did it with this!"

On inquiry, it proved that Benoni, at the arrival of Grunter, had hid under his father's table, and, passionately fond of that kind father, had, when he heard the quarrel between him and Grunter, plunged into the leg of the latter a pin he had just picked up, and forthwith noiselessly hid himself and his weapon behind the curtain.

Mrs. Fitzcribb *had* missed her darling, even in all the hurry of her arrangements for Grunter's reception; but she had fancied he was perhaps gone down to Sally—for Sally, generally at war with the rest of the family, was very fond of the little bright-eyed invalid: twice she had treated him to a peep-show, once to Punch; often had she given him a rosy-cheeked apple, a gingerbread wife from a fair, or a paper of lollypops; and often, when

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CHAPTER XXX.

"Coming events cast their shadows before."
CAMPBELL.

When the melancholy *cortège*, attending the wounded and terrified Grunter, arrived at St. James's Square, Fitzcribb, after seeing his co-partner installed in his room, under the direction of Mr. Jobb, availed himself of the carriage Mr. Lindsay had sent back to fetch his old usher, and had himself conveyed to the opera.

The house was brilliantly attended. The only beaux of the Lindsay party were Sir Peter Riskwell, Julian, and De Villeneuve. Old Mr. Lindsay, when he heard the strange story Fitzcribb had to tell, was seized with a

real anxiety about his old instructor, and immediately left the Opera House, and returned home to offer his services. No representations of Jobb's (whom he met on the stairs) could prevent his going into Grunter's room to inquire of himself how he felt. He found him in bed, a white cotton nightcap drawn over his eyes, and all of his face that could be seen, of a green pallor, to which the black streak, the result of the attack made upon him in Fitzcribb's book-closet by Hume and Smollet, and which crossed his face diagonally, added new horrors. Well might he look pale, for Jobb (a Sangrado in his way) had already cupped and bled him, and covered his leg with leeches. He had given him a strong emetic and an opiate, besides applying a blister to the "wound."

Mr. Lindsay was inexpressibly shocked at the sudden and awful change two or three hours had made in his old friend.

"Can I not see the wound?" he asked.

"Impossible," replied Jobb. "To prevent inflammation, I have surrounded it with a

blister; it's a very peculiar case, very, indeed," and he shook his head. "Has my patient had any thing on his mind of late?—any strong mental excitement or intense study?"

"He has seemed very much occupied," said Mr. Lindsay. "I have suspected he is engaged on a work of some research, for he has fitted up a study."

"Fitted up a study! he is not in straightened circumstances, then? Excuse my asking these questions; but, in our profession, in order to cure the body, we must sometimes probe the mind. He has not been distressed about pecuniary matters of late?"

versal philanthropist! On every Monday and Friday, from eleven till one (the very cream of the day, sir), either myself or my assistant see the poor gratis—gratis, sir, are the meanest of the indigent, cupped, bled, and their teeth extracted; few medical men, sir, can say that. Why, sir, I give away leeches as if they were slugs, sir; the largest blisters for the smallest prices; and as for salts and senna, every Saturday Mr. Smith prepares a boiler full! Sir, I left my house at a most inconvenient moment: Mrs. Jobb, having a tea-party, to commemorate the eighteenth anniversary of our wedding-day, sir, I left every thing in the surgery at sixes and sevens. I shall be some pounds out of pocket by this, but, as a man of feeling, I re——"

"No, sir!" said Mr. Lindsay, "whatever you have lost by your attendance on my poor friend, I will more than refund—he is the oldest friend I have. Give him all the time and care you can spare, and consider me responsible for all expenses."

Mr. Jobb bowed very low.

"The Philosophy of History and the History of Philosophy," groaned Grunter, suddenly sitting up in his bed (a little light-headed, not from his disease, but from his remedies) — "the noblest subject that can engage the attention of the Christian, the statesman, and the scholar—a subject demanding unflinching investigation and unwearied research—a subject the most important that ....that...."

Here his memory failed him, and he recommenced, "To the Queen, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Lord High Chancellor of England, this work ——"

Here Jobb shook his head, and, taking up a phial and a spoon, administered an additional opiate to the excited patient; he then gently whispered to Mr. Lindsay that the room must be darkened, and Mr. Grunter kept perfectly still—"I will send my assistant to sit up with him," he said, "and I will be here to relieve him early in the morning. Fear nothing, dear sir, he is sure to do well—I thoroughly understand his case — I think I

can answer for a perfect cure; but it may be a protracted one; indeed, to be candid, I think it will. Good night, my dear sir; I should recommend a night's rest to yourself. Indeed, as a medical man, I must insist on sending you a composing draught by my assistant. Allow me to feel your pulse — ha, rapid! very rapid! I will see you myself to-morrow morning. Good night, sir!—depend on me!"

So saying, Mr. Jobb accompanied Mr. Lindsay out of the room. Grunter was muttering to himself the words "Philosophy," "History," "The Queen," "The Archbishop of Canterbury," and "The Lord High Chancellor of England." Scarcely was Jobb gone, when the kind Mr. Lindsay stole back in the dark, to watch by the bedside of his old usher, until the arrival of Mr. Jobb's assistant, which did not take place for two hours; he then, insisting on being called if the patient became at all worse, retired to bed, having dutifully swallowed the draught sent by Mr. Jobb, and administered by Mr. Smith.

Never had La Zelie sung more divinely, or looked more witchingly, than in the *naïve* and feminine part of "Amina," on the evening of Grunter's disaster. Mr. Lindsay, always considerate, had requested Mr. Fitzcribb not to alarm, by any allusion to the "accident," the ladies of the party; and therefore, quite unconscious of all that had passed, they sat enjoying to rapture La Zelie's matchless personation of her part. The whole party were to sup at Mr. Lindsay's; but, as soon as the play was over, Julian and De Villeneuve left the box, to go and compliment La Zelie on her success; they professed an intention of only staying a few minutes, and yet the ballet was over before their return. Ellen and Augusta were both anxious; the former feared that something unpleasant had occurred to detain them, the latter saw in their delay, a tribute to La Zelie's charms, and a slight to her own; she therefore felt only anger, and flirted with Sir Peter Riskwell, to avenge herself on Julian.

When at length they did return, they made

an excuse, but entered into no explanation of their delay. Ellen was sitting in the back of the box, wrapped in her white satin *bernouse*, pale and trembling—Augusta, flushed with resentment, was displaying her charms in the front. The contrast seemed to strike Julian, for he said almost tenderly to Ellen, "Dear cousin, are you not well?"

"Not very, Julian," she replied. "I am a silly girl; I began to fear that some accident had happened to prevent your return, we have been waiting for you so long."

"Sir Peter," said Augusta, with a toss of the head, "suggested that you had lost your way, I, perhaps more justly, that you had lost your heart to the brilliant Zelie."

"No," said Julian, "brilliancy may dazzle my eyes, but kindness alone could win my heart."

So saying, he offered his arm to Ellen, before De Villeneuve, who had rushed forward to do so, could proffer his—Augusta laughed, and took Sir Peter's.

The return of Julian had not quite re-as-

sured the affectionate Ellen; she thought there was something odd and preoccupied in his manner; he was unusually pale; his hand, which met her's by chance, as he folded her shawl over her, felt very cold, and though he talked, it was in a rapid, and as she thought, an incoherent manner.

De Villeneuve, too, seemed excited; he was flushed, agitated, and his manner unnaturally gay. Ellen tried to quiet the fancies which tormented her: she was aware that there are no fiends so terrible as those we conjure up from the depths of our own imaginations, but still a something haunted her, a something she could not shake off.

The supper party (spite of all Julian's and and De Villeneuve's efforts to enliven it) was silent and sad. Mrs. Lindsay was very sleepy. Miss Tibby Maxwell, having, before Ellen's departure for the opera, refused to withdraw one word of her assertion about Donald's attachment, had insisted on Ellen's enclosing to Grizzy, for her perusal, "to be returned as soon as read," two or three of the

false Donald's love-letters to herself. And when Ellen, pointing out Grizzy's apparently deep feeling on the subject, begged her not to insist on thus crushing every hope, she replied:

"They who mak na sa great a dree, feel as deeply as Grizzy. She has na behaved weel to me in this, I can tell ye, Ellen! She has asked for the whole truth and naething but the truth, (an unco saucy message, as if I wor given to leeing) and I canna demane mysel to pass for having boasted o' a luver I had na'. I ken weel she and that flauntering Babie will mak puir Donald o' the brae and mysel jist the talk o' Edinbro', and if folk will talk o' me, they shall talk o' me na as an empty boaster, but as having been addressed by Donald o' the brae."

Ellen, seeing that nothing could be done, and having promised Grizzy "the truth," enclosed the old yellow letters of the false Donald in a very kind and soothing one of her own. Miss Tibby then, not to be outdone by Grizzy in sentiment, declared her

In a little while the guests departed. As the night was very fine, Julian proposed walking a part of the way home with De Villeneuve. Augusta bade him good night with a sort of mocking coldness, which to her great surprise he did not resent, for he fervently pressed her hand; and when, seated in state before her toilette-glass, she took the jewels from her hair, she remembered, with all the triumph of a well-avenged coquette, that for the first time she had seen her anger bring tears to his eyes, and make his cheek look pale.

Mrs. Lindsay went to bed full of sleepy wonder as to why Mr. Lindsay had left the opera, and where she *could* have left her fan. Ellen, really anxious, stole gently into her uncle's dressing-room; the door of the bedroom was ajar, she went in on tiptoe with the lemonade she always prepared for him. Jobb's soothing draught had taken a great effect. She saw by the light of a *veilleuse* in the hearth that he was asleep, and her footstep did not in the least arouse him. Convinced that if aught unpleasant had occurred he

would not have retired without consulting her, and would not be sleeping so calmly there, she glided with a lighter heart to her own room.

Here the first thing that met her view was an odd-looking packet, directed by Grizzy's old-fashioned hand. She opened it. It contained Tibby's letters from Donald o' the brae, returned as soon as read, a letter from Grizzy herself, and one from Babie, in which was enclosed the half-crown Ellen had lent her. Grizzy's letter ran thus.

"Mony thanks, my dearest Ellen Lindsay: I see I wranged your cousin in fancying ony-

comfort, and if ye never meet me mair, which is ower likely, for I feel I am na lang for this world, be kind to puir Babie. She came hock to day unco late, and much disfigured, as the serving lassie tells me, for I was in bed, her feather broken, and her dress a' draggled wi' mud; but I have na asked her what befel her, for I have na spirit to scold the puir lassie noo—'deed, I think I deserve it mair than hersel, for it is mair sinfu' to hate life than to enjoy it.

"I set off to-morrow wi' her for my ain dear land. May be I may be mair mysel when I breathe that pure air, and look again on the hills and the heather; but na, na, they will but remind me!...forgive me, dear Ellen Lindsay, and accept my warm thanks for a' your mony favours. Ye have been unco kind, lassie, to a daughter o' a house that never forgets either kindness offered, or wrang done, even to a daughter o' the house o' Douglas.

"Griselda Douglas,
"o' Douglas Glen."

The other letter was written in a much weaker hand.

" I return you your half-crown, dear Ellen, wi' mony thanks. I do na offer to repay you for the wax figure, because I consider it was a great imposition, and I did a' I could to prevent your being so taken in by a saucy callant o' a southron, wha kens nor honesty nor manners. Neither do I offer to repay you for the cab in whilk I rode easily enoo, and arrived hame quite safe, because I wudna offend ye, and as I was your guest in your ain carriage, ye could na do less, when it could na tak me hame, than send me bock in anither.

" I canna write you sae long a letter as I would, for a great spiteful bird in the cage, that looked for a' the warld as mild as a dove, only much larger, a' white, except a bonny plume o' yellow feathers on his head, deceived me into taking him on my finger, and then, like a fause southron as he is, bit me well nigh to the bone. Nor was that the only hoccident I met wi', for while I was looking at the monkeys (chattering ugly craters as they are), one o' them got hold o' my cop and plume,

and when the mon got it bock again, the crater had broken the feather and made it quite a disfigured cop.

"Weel, I put it on again, and was for ganging hame, for I was na fit to be seen, when a mon advised me to tak a ride on the elephant, a huge crater like a hoose; as ill luck would have it, I, thinking it might be lang before I'd get such an offer again, consented, when I ken na how or why it was, the grate ugly heathen baste set off, and in a minute or twa I found he had trod down the fence, and joodge o' my dismay, he stalked into a pond, and knelt down wi' his great ugly vicious knees in the water. I did na ken what to do; however, I did my best, and got upon my feet upon the baste's braid bock—when, oh, conceive o' my terror! he turned up his great trunk, just like the boa-constrictor, and I felt the warm hot baste o' a thing a turning round my waist. Think o' my condition, alone in the pond, a standing like a rope-dancer on the beast's bock—a crowd round the pond, a' the wretches laughing and

shouting, and nane helping me at a', and I expecting every moment that the great heathen o' a beast would tak me in his wicked trunk and poke me down his hideous throat.

"Ye may believe that I cried, and shrieked, and tauld them a' they were na men, but waur than brute bastes, to see a lassie in such straight, and na to help her. The brutes only laughed the mair. Weel, I canna tell how lang I was in this unco great peril, for in danger one canna measure time; when to my great joy I found the creature's trunk was in search na o' mysel but o' my reticule, which the cunning creature had seen me fill wi' buns, which I had intended for the bears.

"Weel, I was wild wi' joy at the moment to think it was the bag he wanted and na me. Sae he took it and swallowed it wi' a' its contents, and then he walked out o' the water, and I mair dead than alive was lifted off his back, and getting awa' fra a' the laughing brutes, to whom I gave a gude lecture, and one I think they wunna forget, I ran back to

the gate, and got safe into my cob again: but oh! wi' what sorrow did I remember me, when my first joy was over, in my puir bog was not only the cakes, my handkerchief, and an empty poorse, but alas! the fatal pictur o' Donald o' the brae, which Grizzy begged me to keep for her, and which, like a thoughtless lassie as I am, I put in my bag at the opera, and never thought of mair: if she should ask for it again, I ken na what I shall do.

"I must noo conclude, hoping we may meet again, either in London or Edinbro', for I dinna like the country; for I must say I think we're as weel fitted to be great friends as ony twa lassies can be, having the same tastes and pursuits, and a' that. I have not tauld Grizzy o' my accidents wi' the carriage, the wax figure, or the beasts. So, when you write, make na allusion to them. Remember me to a' your family, and particularly to the French count and Mr. Grunter, whose attentions I beg you to say are not forgotten, for the Douglases ha' long memories. I now

remain, hoping our acquaintance may continue through life, ever, my dear Ellen,

"Your affectionate friend,

"Babie Douglas."

The contents of this letter diverted Ellen's mind, and ere long she was in "the bright land of dreams."

CHAPTER XXXI.

"Say who is fated not to be
A watcher on that bridge of gloom,
Which sways a hair above a sea
Of doubt, despair, and doom?"
E. L. B.

The most eloquent and powerful of our living writers has remarked (clothing an universally experienced truth in a poetical and striking metaphor), that "It is in the morning that the churchyard of memory gives up its dead."

Poor Ellen experienced the force of this observation, for scarcely was she thoroughly awake, before all her fancies and fears of the preceding evening, all her anxieties and all her sorrows, came forth, like giants refreshed

by slumber, to attack and to subdue her. Unable to rest, she rose at an unusually early hour. She had completed her toilet before the maid, who attended her sister and herself, "Ruth," the pretty rosy daughter of the parish-clerk and sexton of Moss Grove, came in to call her.

Ruth looked very important, and, as Ellen did not question her, she began to converse herself by observing, "Ill news travels apace, miss, as the proverb says."

"What ill news, Ruth?" asked Ellen, the remark striking on the overstrung chords of her fancy.

"Why, poor Mr. Grunter's accident, miss."

"His accident!" said Ellen, much alarmed, for she felt for all who lived.

"Oh, yes, miss, a sad accident! I knew it last night, miss, but I wouldn't tell it, for fear of spoiling your night's rest, particularly as I saw you looked ill, miss — but it's a dreadful accident."

"What?" faltered Ellen, pale, but nerved to hear the worst—"tell me at once, Ruth."

"First, miss, he's much better already, and almost sure, the doctor says, to be saved."

"Thank Heaven!" murmured Ellen, tears gushing from her eyes, and clasping her hands.

"But it was a narrow escape, miss," added Ruth, anxious not to resign the great delight of the lower orders—that of exciting surprise, and even horror.

"I beg you will tell me the particulars, Ruth."

"Why, then, miss, Mr. Grunter, from over-exertion of his brain — a-writing the biggest book as ever was, has broken a blood-vessel in his leg, and has well nigh bled to death!"

"Not in his leg, surely, Ruth—in his lungs, perhaps. Poor Mr. Grunter!"

"Oh, miss! I'm most positive it was in his leg, miss, for I've just seen Mr. Smith, Mr. Jobb's young assistant, a most genteel young man, miss, who has sat up all night with Mr. Grunter; and, on my asking how his patient was, miss, he told me the whole case, and said a blood-vessel bursted in the leg was more dan-

gerous than one in the lungs, miss — I suppose it's larger, miss; and Mr. Grunter, miss, you know, has a fine, large leg, very like the beadle's at St. James's church."

"Are you quite sure this strange tale is true, Ruth?"

"Too true, miss—besides, I've seen quarts and quarts of blood that came out of Mr. Grunter's room last night, besides cloths soaked through, that Mr. Jobb used in attending him. Oh! if you had seen him when he came home, miss, supported by Mr. Fitzcribb and Mr. Jobb; his teeth was shaking in his head like dice, and he was blue and green, and shivering, and couldn't walk a step. Well, miss, this morning, after I had spoken to Mr. Smith on the stairs, I took him a cup of coffee and a roll, which the housekeeper sent him into Mr. Grunter's room, and there, thinking you would be anxious to know all, miss, I took a close survey of Mr. Grunter.

"He was fast asleep, miss, and snoring like .....almost like the braying of father's donkey;

but Mr. Smith said it was "artificial sleep," the result of an invaluable composing draught he had made himself. Well, miss, he looks, poor gentleman! as if every drop of blood was drained out of him; he seems to me about the colour of an old tombstone, miss, and there's a horrid black mark goes right across his face—it's sure to be from too much study, miss, for Mr. Smith says he's been a-talking to himself all night about history and philosophy, and the queen and archbishops, and chancellors, and all such great scholars; but Mr. Smith says, owing to the excellent treatment of Mr. Jobb and himself, he's almost sure to do well; it was at Mr. Fitzcribb's it bursted out, miss, just as Mr. Grunter was a-making part of his book. Cook says the whole room was full of blood she supposes, and the book spoiled; and now Mr. Smith is gone, and Mr. Jobb is come to attend the patient—an elderly man, miss, to my mind not half so genteel as Mr. Smith."

"And my uncle?" asked Ellen.

"He came home from the opera, frightened

to death, miss, and offered Mr. Jobb a fortune to cure Mr. Grunter; he sat up with him till Mr. Smith came, and then he took a composing draught Mr. Jobb sent him, and went to bed, and James says, miss, he's still sound asleep."

"So much the better, Ruth."

"And Mr. Julian?"

"He's already up, and gone out for a walk, miss."

"So early! — how strange! My sister, I suppose, knows nothing of this accident of poor Grunter's?"

"No, miss, nothing."

"Well, do not alarm her; she will not be stirring yet for some time, so come and take a turn in the park with me, Ruth, for I feel faint and nervous."

Ruth had just opened the street-door for Ellen to go out, when she drew back, uttering a faint scream, and sunk almost fainting on a seat.

"What is it?" asked Ellen, pale with terror.

"Mr. Julian," faltered Ruth.

Poor Ellen pressed forward — she saw a sort of litter, borne by several workmen, and escorted by De Villeneuve, and on it the apparently lifeless form of Julian Lindsay!

For a moment, Ellen was scarcely able to suppress a shriek of anguish — the next she all but fainted; but, mastering both propensities with the strong fortitude of a devoted woman, she drew aside for the litter to enter the hall, and, going up to De Villeneuve, while her white and trembling lips could scarcely form the words, she said,

"Is there any hope? Does he yet live?"

"He does," said De Villeneuve; "instant assistance might save him. I have sent to two or three surgeons; as yet, I fear, none are up, and every minute is precious."

"There is a surgeon in the house — in Mr. Grunter's room," exclaimed Ellen.

She tried to rush forth to call him, but her limbs could not support her — she sank by Julian's litter. Villeneuve darted to Grunter's room; in a few moments he returned,

dragging down the amazed, but evidently pleased, Mr. Jobb.

De Villeneuve raised Ellen, and tried to conceal, by drawing his cloak over him, that the bosom of Julian's shirt, as well as a light waistcoat he wore, were stained with blood!

"Remove the young lady," cried Jobb—"I will attend to her by and by."

"No, no!" said Ellen, "let me stay — I have strong nerves—stronger than many men. I may be of some use—some comfort. I am as a sister to him—plead for me, Mr. De Villeneuve."

Jobb shook his head; however, he was superintending the moving his new patient into the library, so he did not repeat his prohibition.

"Let me be there," said Ellen, imploringly, "I will nor stir nor speak; but, if he should call for any of us, how terrible it would be were none of his family near!....."

"Come, then," said De Villeneuve—"come,

angel of mercy! lean on me; I cannot refuse a boon asked by those sweet, though pallid lips."

Ellen's was no vain boast; she *was* of use; she knew where to find every thing needed; she spoke not; she did not faint. Jobb was an extremely clever operator, and a shrewd man; in a moment he guessed the whole affair — a duel. Julian had been wounded — the bullet had entered the breast near the shoulder, luckily, not touching the lungs.

The exquisite pain to which the probe put him, aroused Julian to consciousness; but he was a man of the greatest bodily courage; and though a flush of agony passed over his pale features, he did not utter a groan. His eyes fell on the kneeling form of Ellen; he extended his hand, murmured "Dear, kind Ellen!" and fainted away.

Ellen silently held his hand, silently strove to recall him to life, bathed his forehead and his palms with Eau de Cologne, and performed, with a firm and gentle touch, several offices,

which none but a woman's hand could have performed so well. And it was not till Jobb triumphantly exclaimed, "Here it is! — it's clean out, and he'll do well!" that Ellen burst into an agony of tears.

It was at this very moment that Augusta, who had learned, from the terror-stricken and speechless Ruth, that something dreadful had happened, and who, on the girl's bursting into tears when she asked if Julian was well, had concluded that her cousin was in some way the cause of the girl's emotion, rushed, in her white wrapper, her long hair dishevelled, and her face pale with alarm and horror, into the library.

Augusta had not Ellen's unselfish control over her feelings; but she had both passion and sympathy in her nature, and the sight of the man, whom she loved best on earth, apparently lifeless before her, roused her to the wildest agony of despair.

Regardless of every thing but the expression of this feeling, Augusta rushed forth, threw herself on her knees beside Julian, and

shrieked wildly. Aroused by her screams, he opened his eyes, tried to clasp her upraised hands, and said, "Fear not, beloved one! be calm — this grief will kill you — I shall soon be well—the worst is over—I cannot die now that I see Augusta cannot spare me."

At these faintly whispered words, Augusta shrieked more wildly still; tears poured from her eyes; she would have thrown her arms around him, when suddenly she found herself forcibly removed by the authoritative arm of Mr. Jobb.

"You will be his death, miss! — you've almost spoiled the best day's work I ever did," he said, angrily. "Here, young woman," calling to a housemaid, who was bringing towels into the room, "attend to miss. In a quarter of an hour I'll see her in her own room—she must lose a little blood."

So saying, Mr. Jobb placed Augusta on a chair in the hall, and, returning to the library, bolted the door on her and on Mrs. Lindsay, who was about to rush in, in a flannel gown and an immense and towering nightcap. "Ex-

cuse me, madam, but sickness before ceremony—it's a case of life and death. Ladies, I'll attend you presently."

When Jobb returned to his patient, he found Ellen supporting his head on her arm, and De Villeneuve bathing his hands.

"Is there a bed-room on this floor?"

"Yes," answered Ellen, almost joyfully, —"a small spare room; I will have it prepared."

In a few minutes the servants, directed and aided by the pale but resolute Ellen, had prepared the room.

"It is ready," said Ellen—"my cousin's valet is returned with two surgeons."

"Two too many," said Jobb, rubbing his hands. "Let them be dismissed, with the compliments of Mr. Jobb, of Great Quebec Street, and they're a day after the fair."

"They are already gone," said Ellen. "I told them my cousin was in good hands; but his own valet and my uncle's are ready to assist you to remove him into the bed-room; and now I will leave you till he is in bed, and then,"

she said, with a faint smile, like sunshine on a snowdrop, while the large tears stole down her cheeks, "as I have redeemed my pledge, and, at any rate, done no harm, perhaps, Mr. Jobb, you will allow *me* to be one of his nurses?"

"I must say, miss," said Jobb, washing his hands, "as a medical man—I must say you're an honour to your sex. If you'd been a man, miss, you'd have been an ornament to the profession. Few regular nurses have half your nerve, miss; and if you can hold up, I cannot refuse your occasionally looking in upon my patient. But you cannot stand it long, miss; I shall have you on my list for this before two days are over our heads. Allow me....why, your pulse is like a bird's; however, if you will take some draughts hourly, which I will send you, I have no objection to your being now and then in the room with my patient. But directly I get home, I shall look out for two steady, regularly-educated hospital nurses, for my two patients. One (it's a curious thing) is a Mrs. Jobb—no relation, as you may believe; indeed, she has no right to the dou-

ble b to her name. Now, if you please, miss, we're going to remove the patient; will you inform the ladies I am coming in a few minutes to prescribe for them?"

Ellen left the room. Her first care was to throw herself on her knees, and thank her heavenly Father that her cousin's life had been spared; her next, to ascertain whether Mr. Lindsay had been informed of aught connected with this dreadful affair. Luckily, Mr. Jobb's composing-draught still enchained his senses in the soundest sleep. Mr. Grunter, too, was undisturbed; Mrs. Lindsay and Augusta, who, when they were shut out of the library, found that they had just strength to convey themselves upstairs, were closeted with Ruth, weeping, screaming, and wringing their hands. Augusta's first agony had a little given way to a curiosity, excited by her mother, to know the cause of the duel. Ruth had heard a footman say "that came of noticing foreigners." This awoke a wild suspicion — a duel fought by Julian, and not for her! Augusta dashed away her tears—for jealousy is not a tearful

passion. On Ellen's approach, they eagerly darted forth to question her.

Poor Ellen! — she had been too much engrossed by the result to have given one thought to the cause.

History of Philosophy." Thus convinced that a natural appetite was beginning to struggle with his feverish intellectual craving, his kind heart grew more at ease about the *ci-devant* usher.

He tottered back to his own bed, happily ignorant of the dreadful catastrophe which had almost deprived him of his only child; there, in the stillness and gloom of the darkened apartment, the opiate resumed its numbing influence over his faculties. He fell, first into a reverie, then into a dreamy doze, peopled with every kind of grotesque and fantastic shape, and at last sank into a sound sleep.

It was a great relief to poor Ellen to perceive this, when the noble and devoted girl, who in her own anxieties never forgot those of others, and who would not shrink from a duty, however painful, had stolen, pale yet resolute, to her uncle's room, to inform him as gently and soothingly as possible of that which she knew he must hear sooner or later, and dreaded his hearing from abrupt and unguarded lips.

"Thank Heaven," suggested her kind heart, as she silently sank on her knees by the bed-side, "every hour that passes between the late awful event and my uncle's knowledge of it increases Julian's chance of recovery, and will diminish his father's despair! I will get Mr. Jobb to visit him, to advise his keeping his bed after this strong composing-draught, and by to-morrow Julian will be much better...or....."

Tears gushed to her eyes, her repressed sobs convulsed her gentle frame. Even to her own heart she could not acknowledge the frightful alternative. She rose, and fearing that her irrepressible anguish might awaken her uncle, she hastened from the darkened room. She stopped not till she had descended one flight of stairs. She then paused to breathe, and if possible to compel herself to be calm.

She stood opposite the windows of the landing-place—the morning, for it was still early, was gloriously fine; the broad, brassy sun of spring glared full upon her; and oh! in the withering agony of suspense, suspense as

to the fate, the existence of one fondly loved, how mocking, how intolerable is that glad sunshine, which seems to peer through our tear-dimmed eyes, to search into and laugh at the anguish and terror of our hearts!

Ellen hid her face in her hands, and, leaning on the window-ledge, stood, her pale brow cooled by the soft fresh breeze, which waved her long and unbound hair of shaded gold. Her favourite canaries sang an endless, and to Ellen at that moment a heart-sickening welcome, from their cage close by, and poor old Fatima, who had vainly expected the breakfast party, and who had discovered with canine instinct that something was wrong—Fatima, like some human beings, selfish in our prosperity, yet sympathising in our sorrow, preceded a procession of her fat daughters, and looking wistfully up, with her large hazel eye, conferred on Ellen the unwonted honour (for Fatima was no toady) of laying her exuberant form on the mourner's feet—her two fat descendants endeavoured to do the same; but Ellen heeded them not. Presently, Fatima,

unaccustomed to find her rare attentions unheeded, caught a piece of Ellen's dress in her toothless mouth, and began a series of tugs and pulls, in which she was forthwith seconded by her daughters; but still Ellen removed not her hands from her face, nor noticed the invaders of her solitude.

Presently a new ally came to their aid. A very important personage, crowned with yellow plumes, waddled from the deserted drawing-room, and climbing Ellen's dress by the aid of his beak, took his station on her shoulder, gently pulled her hair, and said, in his softest accent, "Cock-a-too;" but not being blest with a patient temper (child of the sun as he was) he was proceeding to pull the curl more vehemently, and to repeat his name in loud harsh accents; when Ellen, smiling in spite of herself, at the curious sympathies her unwonted grief had awakened, took him on her finger, patted Fatima and her daughters, and soothed even by this little incident, she provided all her comforters with the morning repast they had been vainly expecting, and

roused herself to the necessity of sending to invite Mr. Jobb to the breakfast-table, and of forwarding different detachments of tea, &c. to all the sufferers.

Yet ever and anon a terror that would not be subdued, a dread which she mistook for a presentiment, the sudden ringing of a bell, a step, the closing of a door, made her heart stand still, and blanched the faint, faint rose, Hope had shed over her cheek.

The loneliness of the room was intolerable. She longed even for Miss Tibby; but Miss Tibby had sent word that she was far from well, and wished to have nothing but "a cup of tay and coffee, a roll, a little toast, and an egg or twa in her own room."

Ellen could not encounter her mother and sister, their violent screaming grief bewildered her; and, as a feeling of jealous anger against Julian was fast mixing itself with their anxiety, she shrank from them with an unconquerable dread of hearing one word of blame, of doubt, or unkindness concerning him for whom, perhaps at that very moment,

"Death's dark angel" waited at the door, who, unprepared, was thus perhaps suddenly to be summoned; who was, it might be, to go down in the flush of youth, and pride, and beauty, to darkness and the worms.

To be alone! — alone in his narrow coffin —he who had never been alone at all! Oh! that he had lived more alone! for Solitude is the nurse of Thought; but Julian—the gay, the beautiful, the loved — he had had few opportunities of being alone; and those few, his social temper had made him shun. Alas! had he ever thought seriously of death?

Ellen remembered many times when she had playfully lectured him for frittering away all his time with gay companions. She remembered, on one recent occasion, his laughing reply—"Ellen, let my hair grow gray, and let the gloss depart from life, before you make a hermit of me! *I hate to be alone.*" and Ellen had replied, in the words of a beautiful hymn,—

> "Why should we shrink and fear to live alone,
> Since all alone, so God has willed, we die?"

And he had replied, "Ah! let us be merry while we may, for, as you say, we must all die, Ellen, and the Dead must be alone; for even, if so disposed, who can raise his coffin-lid? No, we shall have no companionship, sweet Ellen, in our old family-vault but the loathsome worms, who will make us their banquet — Heaven knows how soon!

"But fill up the glass while we may,
As Time the churl has beckoned,
And we must away! away!"

Every syllable of this half-sportive conversation came back on poor Ellen's mind, and grew, and darkened into prophecy. The servants who came in to supply the breakfast-table, looked, moved, and spoke as if it were indeed the actual house of Death. One, a young footman, who was particularly attached to Julian, and who, (the son of a poor parishioner of Ellen's father) had been a sort of playmate of Julian's in early boyhood, in attempting to reply to Ellen's questions, as to how her cousin appeared when he last saw him,

after a strong effort at mastering his emotion, burst into tears and left the room.

There is nothing so contagious as alarm, and, in spite of every effort of a strong mind, the most dreadful probabilities now presented themselves—forced themselves on poor Ellen. In fancy, even while struggling against its influence, she saw his coffin — his shroud — his corse, even his lifeless hand!

It was in vain that she knelt and closed her eyes by firmly pressing her fingers upon them—she could not drive away the image of Julian, cold and stiff in death. Then stole upon her tortured fancy the most terrible of moments Fate has in store for us all—that when the coffin-lid is screwed down for ever, and we may see the heart's darling no more, and know that in this mortal world none can ever behold him again—she fancied she heard that heart-breaking sound—"Julian Lindsay, aged 23," glared on her tortured mind.

"Oh, God! oh, God!" she cried, sinking on the floor, "spare him!—spare him!"

Steps were heard — the door opened — she

had just time to rise. It was Mr. Jobb, smiling and rubbing his hands: he came to breakfast.

"How is your patient?" faltered Ellen, dashing away her tears.

"Patient!—which patient? I've so many, miss, and all so far from patient—excuse a joke."

Ellen grew calmer. If Julian were worse, even Mr. Jobb, she thought, could not joke and smile.

"My cousin, Mr. Julian Lindsay."

"Oh! he'll do — at least, I hope he will. A leetle more sugar, if you please, miss. Very fine ham this, miss; and I'm sure it's only those who have country-places of their own who *can* have such chickens."

Mr. Jobb thought it the quintessence of good breeding to praise every thing at a table where he was a guest.

"Has my cousin any fever?" said Ellen, vainly trying to check the large tears that would flow. Mr. Jobb did not perceive them.

"Fever, miss," he said, slowly, while helping himself to another wing — "fever! why, no—at least, merely symptomatic—secondary. Excuse me, miss, *half* a cup more; I've been up so long, I've quite a thirst upon me; and your tea *is* so excellent, I drink like a fish. The old gentleman, I suppose, imports it himself; he's a good deal to do with foreign parts, I think, hasn't he, miss? Very much he's respected, to be sure — every one knows the name. I only wish, miss, your uncle could see my second boy—a very sharp lad, and with the greatest wish to see foreign parts; I only wish I could make interest to get him abroad."

"I will do all I can with my uncle for him, if—if—I mean, my uncle will, I am sure, exert his interest for him, if you are the means of my cousin's prompt recovery."

"Well, miss, that's very fair; of course, if I give all my time to this young gentleman, I must neglect my other patients, and money cannot pay me for the loss of connexion. I must own, the young squire is in a ticklish

state; but, if I could take up my quarters here, I think I could answer for him. But, then, I must turn all my others over to my young assistant, and many of them don't half like him; for, like all young surgeons, he's too fond of the knife — too fond by half; then, he has made a few mistakes, which got me into some trouble. Let me see—he'd do for the gratis days, but he'll be very ill received in the rounds; besides that, I do not half like trusting my horse and gig to him. My plan, miss, was to send him here to stay, and to call every morning myself."

"Him! what, to attend Julian—to attend my cousin?" and Ellen thought of the knife and the mistakes.

"Why, he's a very clever young man, miss," said Jobb, somewhat angrily; "you can't put an old head on young shoulders; but, I assure you, he's considered a very promising young hand — he's as neat an anatomist as any that walk the hospitals."

"Oh! I do not doubt his talents; but you must not be offended if, having witnessed your

great skill, I put all my trust in you," and Ellen called up a wan smile of conciliation, even while half choking with anxious sorrow.

"Miss, you do me honour. I wish I could see the young gentleman safe through the wood. There's no sacrifice I can make which I ever shrink from when a patient is concerned. And a young gentleman like this—only son and heir, isn't he, miss?"—Ellen bowed assent—"of such a very wealthy and highly respectable old gentleman, I'd go through fire and water to serve. It would be a thousand pities to see a young man with such expectations cut off in his bloom."

Here Mr. Jobb's enthusiasm sent a tear to his eye; he took out a handkerchief with great pomp, and made the most of the tear.

"But though I'm a feeling man, miss," he continued, "I'm, what's more, a family man. There's Mrs. Jobb, the most excellent of wives, though I say it as shouldn't, and ten dear pledges she has presented me with; all, miss, to be provided for, and that by the industry and talents of your humble servant. I'm a man, miss,

of few words, and I am not one to expatiate on my own merits, but I must say that the first surgeons of the day have mentioned me in their reports; that I'm much respected in my own neighbourhood, and my name known beyond it; that I'm up early and late; that I'm moderate with the rich and gratis to the poor."

The summing up of his own virtues effected what Julian's merits and peril had failed to do, and Mr. Jobb actually cried.

"Such as I am, then, miss, my time is worth, at a fair valuation, three pounds per day; but the paying me—that wouldn't answer, for perhaps I should lose my connexion. Now, if, by running that risk, I got one of my ten provided for, and myself paid at the rate of five pounds a day, I'd venture it, and devote myself almost entirely to the young gentleman, till he's entirely out of harm's reach. And if that is not an instance of self-sacrifice and professional devotion, I don't know what is."

"I think," said Ellen, "my uncle tomorrow will agree to your own terms; but,

as your opiate still affects him, I wish him not to be disturbed to-day. If he can sleep away this terrible season of suspense, how much he will be spared! but in the mean time do you wish for any other advice? Do you think it desirable to call in Sir A—— or Mr. L——?"

"I don't pretend, miss, to rank in fame with Mr. L—— or Sir A——, but in skill I do not knock under to either of them. Of course, as the old gentleman is so rich, they might be called in; but they haven't seen the case from the first, so they'd be all in the dark, and I couldn't be expected to help them to put my own nose out of joint. Besides, I don't believe they're the philanthropists I am; they wouldn't give up all their time, money couldn't buy them. They'd just look in, order something without having watched the case as I have, and drive off to my lord duke's, or my lady countess's.

"I extracted the ball, I'm prepared to undertake an entire cure, and, if any other is called in, I consider myself most unhandsomely treated, and I don't answer for the

consequences. But you must make up your mind at once, miss; for, if I don't stay here on the terms I mentioned, I must be off on my rounds."

"While I decide then," said Ellen, "will you step to my cousin's room, and bring me an account of him?"

Mr. Jobb departed. "I must decide," said Ellen. "I cannot arouse my uncle, nor, even if I did, could he in the first wild alarm know what to do. Mamma and Augusta would only bewilder me. Miss Tibby could form no opinion on such a case. Mr. Grunter is too ill to decide on any thing; and De Villeneuve is not in the house. This interested boaster is clever; I will engage him on his own terms, if Julian is now doing pretty well, and to-morrow, if needful, he can have other advice."

Mr. Jobb returned. "Better than I had hoped for, miss! No fear of tetanus—very little fever, and disposed to sleep."

"Thank Heaven!" said Ellen, clasping her hands; "you who have done so well for him

son, and pay you
day while you re
"Well, miss,
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"Certainly not
my uncle will per
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is, if you think your strength equal to it; but I warn you you'll be on my list for weeks for this day's work. I must just drive home, to tell Mrs. Jobb what I've consented to.

"In the mean time, Mr. Smith will stay with you, miss; he's now in Mr. Grunter's room; if the young gentleman complains, call him in. I'll just step now to the old and the young lady, and then, as my gig's at the door, I'll drive home and be here again in an hour and a half. But remember you must take one of your own draughts, and do not speak to the patient, nor if possible let him know you are in the room."

Here Jobb took Ellen's hand, shook his head, said, "Feverish, miss," and then went up stairs to Mrs. Lindsay and Augusta. Ellen stole into her cousin's room, whisperingly sent the fat old *gourmande* of a nurse down to her one o'clock dinner, and took her seat, pale, breathless, and yet comparatively happy, by Julian's bed-side.

hitherto, watch over him entirely, I beg. I agree, in my uncle's name, to the terms you propose; he will use his interest for your son, and pay you at the rate of five pounds a day while you remain here."

"Well, miss, that's quite sufficient. Of course a young lady like you wouldn't take upon yourself to answer for any thing she couldn't be sure of."

"Certainly not; what I promise for him, my uncle will perform," said Ellen, rather proudly.

"I am above feeling a doubt on the subject, miss, so I shall sacrifice every thing to the young gentleman; and as to both the old gentlemen, I've given them each another mild composing draught. Do them a world of good, miss: before Mr. Lindsay comes among us to-morrow evening, the young squire will be, I trust, out of danger.

"Now, miss," said Jobb, "as my patient down stairs is asleep, and the nurse would be glad of her dinner, you may take her place for one hour, if you particularly wish it—that

is, if you think your strength equal to it; but I warn you you'll be on my list for weeks for this day's work. I must just drive home, to tell Mrs. Jobb what I've consented to.

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CHAPTER XXXIII.

"Qu'une femme est à plaindre lorsqu' elle aime."
LE ROCHEFOCAULT.

Two hours and a half elapsed before Mr. Jobb's return. He had taken the opportunity of making his rounds himself; and the man of few words had boasted, to each languid and fretful patient, of the preference shewn him, and the trust reposed in him, by the rich Mr. Lindsay, of St. James's Square!

An account of the duel figured in every evening paper, and the adroit extracter of the ball went forth, after the operation, like Lord Byron, after the publication of "Childe Harold," — to find himself famous. Strange

tide in the affairs of men!—if the sources of mighty rivers are obscure and mean, what are often the causes of what little mortals consider great events!

The little Benoni pricked old Grunter's leg with a pin, and the result was that Mr. Jobb's name was blazoned all over London as the most successful of operators.

The duel was soon the theme of all the gossips, from one end of England to another. The fashionable fame of the handsome Lindsay—the beauty and popularity of the prima donna, to a quarrel about whom the meeting was ascribed—the mysterious interest attached to the case—all rendered every one personally concerned an object of intense interest.

Never had Mr. Jobb's list been so full—old ladies revived forgotten complaints as an excuse for calling him in: even Mr. Brown (for he, too, attended the wounded hero) was in high request, and received sundry glasses of cape madeira, and pieces of cake. Curiosity and newspapers not being confined to the rich, on gratis days Mr. Jobb's surgery was

thronged; his poor patients valued his advice tenfold, since they had read his name in the thumbed, smoky, and greasy paper each had perused in a gin-palace, or obscure alehouse.

Mrs. Jobb found herself suddenly the wife of a lion; and, by a few judicious hints, winks, and nods, fast becoming a lioness herself! Never had she felt so fond of, so proud of, Mr. Jobb—no, not on his wedding-day; when, in all the pride of his blue coat with gilt buttons, white waistcoat, white neckcloth, and cornelian brooch, he drove her in his new gig from her father's drug-repository at Wandsworth, and installed her queen of his little back-parlour in Great Quebec Street. When her delighted eyes wandered from the dark retreat to the huge and many-coloured bottles, which gave dignity to his front windows—no, not even on that happy day had she considered him the superior being he now seemed to her.

Then her thoughts were divided between his charms and her own; the glass plate, on which appeared, in large gilt letters, "Cup-

ping, bleeding, and teeth extracted," was dazzling — nay, fascinating — present ornament and future profit happily blended; the glass counter-cases glittered with gay lozenge-boxes, with neat gilded pill-boxes, with tasteful pots of Jobb's Patent Ambrosial Dentifrice, and with all that was curious and bewitching in that line. But in the little gaudily-framed glass over the back-parlour mantelpiece, Mrs. Jobb could there see the bright eyes, smooth curls, and cherry cheeks of a bride of nineteen, the cap full of orange-blossoms, and the smile full of witchery for the enamoured Jobb, who only laughed while she revelled in all the neatly-packed boxes of lozenges, jujubes, and other dainties, which she playfully pilfered from the counter.

No, the bridegroom's was a divided reign —what bridegroom's reign is not divided?— between vanity and love. She read his long-printed puffs of his own "Golden Pills," his own "Ambrosial Dentifrices," his own "Pectoral Lozenges;" and, with a pretty pout, reminded him that "self-praise was no praise,"

for at that time she was full of plans, imbibed from her "mamma," to assert her own superiority — to get and keep the upper hand— never to appear to admire *him* — always to underrate his talents, and overrate her own.

Now eighteen years had passed: the blooming sylph was become the fat, yet care-worn, dowdy — the mother of ten children. The taste for medical dainties was gone for ever— all traces of beauty early anxiety had prematurely destroyed. The superior intellect (sure in the long-run to govern) had obtained the mastery, and Jobb had the reins in his own hand. Sometimes (but it is so in all households) he, by lightening them too much, lost them for a while; but, in general, he was undisputed master.

But now, on the morning of the duel, did Mrs. Jobb welcome and embrace her lord with unmixed delight — now was she undiverted from her pride in him by any glory in herself —now did she read his praises, not in his own puffs, but in the printed newspaper—and now she begged him to let her go his rounds with

him in his gig, and sat herself there more proudly, more delighted, than she had done eighteen years before, eagerly catching, and carefully treasuring, every word that fell from the lips of the, to her, now really great man.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

"On n'aime bien qu'une fois, c'est la première; les amours qui suivent sont moins involontaires.

LA ROCHEFOCAULT.

Annie Maxwell slept in a remote part of the house. The first part of the night she lay awake, thinking of De Villeneuve's altered and preoccupied manner; but at fifteen Hope is the heart's prophet. She fell asleep with the voice of the charmer in her ear, and dreamt of orange blossoms, bridecake, favours, and of kneeling at an altar as De Villeneuve's bride.

Exhausted by the novel anxiety of the first part of the night, and no one in the scared and engrossed household calling her as usual, Annie slumbered and dreamt on till the sun

of noon forced itself through her curtains. She started up. She rang, but no one answered. She hastily dressed herself, glided down stairs; no one was to be seen. She called aloud for Ellen, and her merry young voice sounded through the now silent and melancholy house, like that of a linnet in a churchyard.

Annie was about to repair to Ellen's room; when, looking over the banisters, she was struck by an apparition of a voluminous figure in black silk, with a white apron, mob-cap, and white handkerchief, carefully pinned over the broadest shoulders she had ever beheld. This person had scissors and a pincushion hanging to her side: she paused to take a protracted and huge pinch of snuff out of an enormous box, and was about to open the door of a little antechamber leading to the room where Julian lay, when Annie, amazed at the self-possessed and even authoritative air of so strange a being, and the manner in which she seemed to make herself quite at home, rushed down the stairs, and intercepting her, said,—

"My good woman, what do you want here?"

"Want, miss!" said the woman, in all the pride of office peering over her spectacles at the young girl,—"why, want to do my duty, to be sure—to wait on my patient. I never allows myself more than a short half hour for my dinner (the old glutton had taken an hour and a half); to be sure, I've little appetite enough—one can't be hearty sitting day and night by a sick bed. Tea's my greatest comfort—I do love my tea. Hope, miss, I can have my tea here afore four; sick rooms makes one very narvous, and there's nothing like tea for the narves!"

"There must be some mistake," said Annie. "What is your business here? What are you going to do in that room?"

"Do, miss?—why, 'tend to the patient."

"What patient? There is no patient in this house."

"Why, lor' love you! where do you come from, miss?. If you're one of the family, as you seems not to know nothing of the duel

and the squire being wounded, and Mr. Jobb being called in, and my being engaged as head-nurse!"

"What duel? what gentleman?" faltered Annie, pale and trembling.

"Why, the rich Mr. Lindsay's son and heir," said Mrs. Job, in an emphatic whisper. "Please to speak low, miss, or you may be his death. But, excuse me, it's time to give him his draught. Miss Lindsay's in there: I'll ask her to come and tell ye all peticlars," and, taking another pinch of snuff, the fat old woman sailed on; and presently Ellen, feeling for Annie, whose terror Mrs. Job had described in a whisper, forced herself from Julian's bedside, and came from the darkened room into the broad sunshine that glared through the antechamber, to reassure the alarmed and sobbing girl.

As the full light streamed upon the livid cheeks, wet lashes, white and trembling lips, and sinking form of the usually placid Ellen, Annie felt that some awful event must indeed have occurred.

"Oh, Ellen, dearest, what is it?" sobbed the affectionate girl. "While I have been idly dreaming such happy dreams, what dreadful reality has befallen my best friend? Oh! I will die, I will die, to think I was not there to comfort her!"

Ellen sate down by Annie, briefly told the tale of dread and sorrow, and found comfort in the sanguine prophecies of the young prietess of hope.

"Ah! he shall recover—he shall recover!" sobbed Annie; and at this moment De Villeneuve and Mr. Jobb were heard in the hall.

Ellen, hastily kissing Annie's peach-like cheek, said, "I cannot quit the sufferer while I am permitted to remain by him. I can comfort none. Go you, dear Annie, to mamma, and Augusta—to Miss Tibby, and Mr. Grunter."

"Mr. Grunter, what ails him?"

"He has met with a sad accident, but is doing well; go from me, to solace all. I hear the surgeon: if I do not take my place by

Julian's bed, perhaps it will be denied me;" and she hastily glided back to Julian's bed-side.

Jobb stopped for a moment to see if he had any chance of a new patient in Annie, but, finding it a hopeless case, he passed on. De Villeneuve paused. There was something so child-like and *naïve* in the smile and blush that struggled on Annie's cheek, at his approach, with the tears yet in her eyes, that the poet's mind took a rapid and new sketch of the picture; and, when rushing almost joyfully towards him, she caught his hand in both hers, and said,—"Dear Alphonse, there is hope and comfort now, for sorrow and danger cannot stay when you are here," the man of pleasure sank on a seat beside her, and, throwing his arm round her waist, tried to rest her head upon his bosom.

"Beautiful Annie!" he said; "does she love him so well? Is it such joy, such comfort, to see her poor Alphonse? What has she thought of, what has she dreamt of, since he left her last night? Has she repented

denying him one kind kiss?—will she atone now?"

Moment of subtle rapture, of rainbow beauty, too delicate in thy loveliness for the softest strain of the poet, the lightest tints of the painter!—moment to which the heart ever looks back with an undefined longing—first moment when the secret, yet pure love of a young girl forgets its incessant struggle with the thousand timidities and superstitions and the pride that hovers round it, when she for one instant forgets that, in her chaste creed, a moment's indulgence of her maiden fondness would make her seem, to her own heart and in her saint-like and dreamy fancy, even to his, unworthy to be loved; when her heart, like a bird bursting a thousand silken meshes, flies to his bosom, and for one brief instant she weeps in his arms! Ah, what smiles can ever again translate such rapture, as that which ebbs from her heart in those balmiest tears!

Poor Annie! all unconsciously she has tasted life's costliest joy! For one moment, which seemed an age of bliss, her burning cheek rested on De Villeneuve's bosom.

"Let us leave this room, dearest," he said. "Come with me into the library—there we shall be alone. Here the nurse, the surgeon may interrupt us; we are not secure, my love. Come! that cheek, in its warm blush, promises me the kiss so long denied...."

But his words had broken the spell. "The nurse, the surgeon....." Ah, had she really known so wild, so all-forgetting a joy as a moment had taught her, when in the next room Julian lay in danger, and Ellen watched by him in tears!

She tore herself from De Villeneuve's arms —she seemed a monster to herself.

"Now!" she said, "now! when Julian may be dying, and when Ellen's eyes are dim with weeping, and her cheeks livid with terror! Oh no, not now! Alphonse, you have not seen her, or if you have, you do not love her as I do! She, the calm, the stately, the blooming Ellen, she looks the spectre of herself—her white lips quiver, and large tears roll, unconsciously to herself, down cheeks blanched by a few hours, as others are by

years of suffering. Dearest, she must love him as I love you."

As Annie spoke, De Villeneuve yielded to her wish, and more suddenly than even she expected, withdrew his arm, and rose. The momentary thraldom was at an end. Annie was as nothing to him. What is the brief passion of the senses, compared to the deep love of the heart, the worship of the mind? With most natures the latter feelings ingulf all else; and few men, adoring Ellen as De Villeneuve really did, would have seen a charm in Annie.

But Annie's love flattered the omniverous vanity of the French poet. Her beauty and innocence fascinated his senses; and her passionate devotion, contrasted with the coldness of Ellen, reconciled him to himself. But, as Annie spoke, all his passion for Ellen returned, fanned by jealousy into a wilder flame. And here we trace the triumph of the ideal over the actual, in a man of powerful imagination. Annie, in her tearful and loving beauty — the breathing, blushing Annie—was unseen beside the faint image of Ellen, which her simple words had conjured up.

Truth is so strong, and, in the reality of Annie's description, there was a force which no fancied portrait of a woman's grief could have given; and this despair of Ellen's rose from her love of Julian!

"You are right," he said, at length, after walking rapidly up and down the anteroom, pallid with envy of Julian's triumph—Julian, the wounded — it might be, the dying! and the hottest of tears, tears of jealous anguish, filling his eyes. "You are right; I will go and help her to watch him."

"Dear, kind Alphonse," said Annie, taking his cold, damp hand, and raising it to her lips. He scarcely heeded the action.

"Annie, swear never to reveal to any one that you.....that I....that we....have spoken of love, until I tell you that the time is come. Swear, Annie!"

"Why?"

"I cannot explain now: but you do not doubt me? Oh! I blush, I weep for my own frailty, maiden, to have thought of love, when,

as you say, Julian lies in danger, a[illegible] Ellen mourns."

"Noble, feeling, revered one!" said Annie "with such a heart, what can I fear? I swear, dear, dear Alphonse!"

What power over woman's nature h[illegible] delicacy of feeling, and nobility of thou[illegible] the man she loves, when even its flimsy [illegible] tion can bring her to his feet? His min[illegible] is accustomed to believe superior to her [illegible] even his bodily strength insures a sort o[illegible] spect; and laws, made by men, have [illegible] men more than their share of power in [illegible] relations with women. Their "comparati[illegible] independent, social position, too, adds [illegible] their power; and power in the one begets [illegible] ference in the other. But, in delicacy [illegible] devotion of heart, woman is not used to [illegible] outdone; there, the idol blindly worsh[illegible] ped often reveals "the front of brass, [illegible] feet of clay;" the appearance of a s[illegible] riority there, wakes woman's wildest wor[illegible]

Alphonse, pale and in tears, because he [illegible] pressed her to his heart, while Julian sut[illegible]

Ellen wept—oh, delicate, noble
! — he passed into Julian's room
ader knows with what real feel-
Annie knelt upon the place where
od, and kissed the spot where his
rested! She then, with that sweetest
sublime pride woman can know —
him she loves — went forth to do
dding in the rooms where, from
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re confined.

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e you, miss, with my watch to my side, I'd
er set foot in none of 'em. And so I said,
s, to my lady Halmeria, (Lord Loftly's
ghter) miss, where I nursed last; Lor, miss,
n her brother, the Honourable Frederic
ville, was ill of the typhus, she'd slip in
wares to every one—even to me—to hide
is bed-curtains, to watch by him all night;
fine a young lady as I ever set eyes on,
s. Poor soul! the young gentleman re-
ered, but she caught the typhus. I nursed
night and day for a fortnight, but she died;
this is mourning the family gave me, and

CHAP

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CHAPTER XXXV.

But if 'twas sweet, when heaven was bright,
To share its sunny beams with thee,
'Tis sweeter far, mid storms and blight,
To have thee near to weep with me.
Ten Years Ago.

Meanwhile, De Villeneuve shares Ellen's silent watch; and to him there was luxury in the increased and irresponsible intimacy of this darkened room, and the bed-side of pain.

Mr. Jobb, very "*fussy*" and important, since he had seen his name in the papers, having decided in a loud whisper that all was doing well, left the gloomy and silent scene for the, to him, more amusing attendance on Augusta and Mr. Grunter.

The fat old nurse, anxious, as she said to herself, to appear "worthy of her hire," busied

herself in " tidying the room," smoothing the bed, sweeping the hearth, staring at the sufferer, preparing beverages, shaking her head, and in coaxing, whispered ejaculations of " Poor dear young gentleman! Don't trouble yourself, miss! Lor love your pretty face!—you looks as white as a sheet; you'd better go for a nice walk, miss, in the park, or for a drive in your coach. Sick rooms is very well for them as is used to 'em—poor bodies, who makes their livelihood by 'em; but if I was a born lady, like you, miss, with my watch to my side, I'd never set foot in none of 'em. And so I said, miss, to my lady Halmeria, (Lord Loftly's daughter) miss, where I nursed last; Lor, miss, when her brother, the Honourable Frederic Greville, was ill of the typhus, she'd slip in unawares to every one—even to me—to hide in his bed-curtains, to watch by him all night; as fine a young lady as I ever set eyes on, miss. Poor soul! the young gentleman recovered, but she caught the typhus. I nursed her night and day for a fortnight, but she died; and this is mourning the family gave me, and

very handsome too, besides Lady Halmeria's body-linen; and ten guineas the Honourable Mr. Frederick give me over my pay."

"And where is he now?" whispered Ellen, touched by the tale of the sister's devotion.

"I saw the butler yesterday, miss; they say he's just gone abroad to Italy, I believe; but he do so take on after Lady Halmeria! Mr. Thomas thinks if he don't die, he'll go melancholy."

"Beautiful and rare devotion!" murmured De Villeneuve.

Ellen looked up; his eyes were full of tears.

"Then, miss, there was my Lady Simpkins, wife of Sir Peter Simpkins, who was Lord Mayor — 'for I've a very grand connection, miss — all in the nobility line.' She was as fine a lady, for her age, as ever stepped; and when Sir Peter had the gout, she fretted and worreted about him, till she got narvous. Howsomever, the very day after Sir Peter signed his will, my lady's narves was so bad, she was obliged to go off to Cheltenham.

Well, miss, Sir Peter was so used to have her about him night and day, that he sent for her back. She wrote word she'd come when she was a little better — folk did say Sir Peter's letter found my lady at a ball. In a week he was on his death-bed; my lady came home post when she knew of it. Lor, miss! Sir Peter, in a wicious fit of the gout, had altered his will; and my lady, instead of three thousand a year, have got only two hundred. 'Twas her own fault, for 'customing him to be waited on by her. I wonder gentlefolks ever does it."

"I saw my cousin move," said Ellen, to whom, though Mrs. Job's first story had been interesting, nothing was so odious as gossip. "I think even your whispering disturbs him."

"Not he, miss! poor dear soul! I haven't been used to sick rooms for forty years, not to know when I can be heard, and when I can't. None hears whispers, so soon as the dying, and not one of the hundreds I've ever 'tended could say, if they were to come to life this blessed minute, they'd ever heard a whisper of mine."

Ellen shuddered, and unconsciously drew nearer to De Villeneuve. In this coaxing canting woman, who had been for forty years so familiar with death, there was something awful to her excited fancy. She seemed in that dark and silent room, with her gigantic frame and black garments, like the Priestess of Death; and Ellen shrank, as if the presence of the Priestess could summon the Spirit.

Julian drew aside his curtain, recognized Ellen and De Villeneuve, extended his hand, which both clasped, murmured, "Augusta! where is she? not ill?"

"Not very ill, dear Julian," said Alphonse, for Ellen could not speak; "but her grief would make her presence dangerous for you and for herself. I believe she is in bed."

"Take her my fondest blessing, Ellen, and tell her for her sake I *must* be spared. Tell her she must not grieve; I cannot bear it."

Julian spoke no more; he closed his eyes, and seemed to sink into a troubled sleep.

"Ah, whose is the deepest grief!" thought Ellen. "Because I have struggled with de-

spair, he deems I do not feel, no, not so much as one who has yielded to an alarm—nay, a terrible shock; but, if she really loved him would she not have struggled too? Where could she exist but by his bed-side! Do I then love him? No, no, not meanly, not selfishly; let him recover, let me see him safe once more, and, if it were to lead Augusta to the altar, I could smile, and say, 'God bless them!'"

All was now silence in the room; there was no light, but from the fire, which, though the day was rather warm, Mrs. Job would keep up. Checked in her garrulous and coaxing narratives, and, finding nothing more to do, she had fallen asleep with her eyes open, a habit long practice had enabled her to acquire, and with a toady smile on her large and pliant features.

Ellen and De Villeneuve perceived the nurse's state, and smiled. Emboldened by that smile, he drew nearer to her, he aided her in every little attention, he soothed or chased away every fear; and it was rapture

As she spoke, De Villeneuve ventured to take her hand, and she did not withdraw it. He did not raise it to his lips—in a moment he gently resigned it; but no joy of his wild pleasure-seeking life had equalled the joy of that moment. He who had revelled in all the world calls delight; he who had wooed and been loved by so many; who had known triumph in every shape; he felt his frame thrill, and the blood ebb and flow in his heart, when Ellen touched his hand!

Behold, weak woman! too ready to lavish all, to sacrifice all, to bless the thing you love! How often is the sacrifice a vain one! Behold, when the heart of man is full of a reverential love, (and such only should you glory to inspire) a word of kindness, a gentle look, a touch of the dear one's hand, can make his heart overflow with a joy, no sacrifice from one less sacred in his thoughts, whose virtues have not taught him respect, as well as love, could ever make him feel.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Love is too oft
A violet in the youth of primy nature,
Forward, not permanent; sweet, but not lasting;
The perfume and suppliance of a minute, not more.
Hamlet.

Annie found Augusta in bed, and really ill. She had cried till her head ached before

evils, and Augusta, after a succession of hysterics and fainting fits, went in a fever to bed.

Mrs. Lindsay had been much shocked at the catastrophe, but, at fifty-five, imagination, the constant bane of the young, is not generally a very active torturer. People of that age do not often add to their grief, for what *is* the wild useless terror for what may be! The bullet was extracted, her nephew was doing well. So far Mrs. Lindsay saw room rather for congratulation than despair.

For some time past, particularly since the increased devotion and boundless display of wealth of Sir Peter Riskwell, she had seen in Julian something very like a "detrimental:" her maternal vanity, too, was wounded, that he did not propose at once. She saw others, wealthy and titled, make way for him, to sit beside, or dance with Augusta; she knew nothing of his father's request, or his own intentions; but very often she remembered that Augusta was fast completing her four-and-twentieth year, that this might be her only season in town, that Moss Grove contained

no tolerable match, and that, if Julian did not mean to offer himself, Augusta would have sacrificed the substance for the shadow.

She remembered how rapidly her own years had glided on, since she was Augusta's age; how noiselessly and uneventfully, in a country life, they drop into the ocean of eternity. The London matchmakers had taught her duly to appreciate the disadvantage of an unsuccessful campaign. She learnt from them that one defeat, (as in the case of Napoleon) generally turns the tide, however brilliant the foregoing conquests, and is followed by perpetual disappointments. Several times had Mrs. Lindsay resolved to ask Julian his intentions, and compel him to declare himself; but there was a something in his manner that made her dread such a step. Augusta, too, (whom she had consulted) had assured her that, with so proud a man, any thing like compulsion would be ruin, and with tears had implored her not so to humble her own child, promising that, if her unaided charms did not bring Julian to her feet, she would, by a few

words, recal Sir Peter, and, as she had promised her mother, would confer her hand upon him.

In the midst of all this, Julian is brought home wounded in a duel. Ruth's close questioning of his valet draws out that he had fought for "La Zelie!"

To her first natural alarm, reflection brings the resentment of maternal vanity wounded; and Mrs. Lindsay, the gentle, the all-conciliating, is in the worst of ill-humours. In fancy she sees her beautiful Augusta, an old maid: unable, while Julian was in danger, to turn Augusta's thoughts to Sir Peter, or even to awaken in her vain, yet woman-heart, any permanent resentment towards a lover whom death might claim, she retired to her own room.

It was easier for her to say that she was quite overcome by the alarm she had experienced for her dear nephew, than to conceal her resentment, or assume a becoming degree of anxiety and sorrow. She therefore shut herself up, and took the opportunity of sorting

all her things, and of putting all her drawers and boxes to rights. Yet she was not at all of the French maximist's opinion—"*Il vaut mieux ne rien faire que de faire des riens.*" As far as her great pursuit was concerned, she was at a standstill, for the most frivolous worldly heart cannot contemplate a marriage when "death's dark angel" has been seen hovering over the destined bridegroom. The house of sickness and mourning is a dull abode for the matchmaker; but, still, she had ribbons to sort, and silk dresses to unpick—they would be ready to be dyed black, if needful.

We have said that experience had taught her the value of money; therefore, whatever her generous brother-in-law placed at her disposal for the additional elegance of toilet necessary in town, she carefully hoarded up against what she called a "rainy-day."

Do not exclaim too severely against her, dear reader; remember she *was* a Miss Gubbs; and, however easily pliant woman may take the outward forms of elegance and fashion, after twenty, there is no inward change; and

sordid thoughts, and vulgar feelings, and even at times coarse expressions, remind one of the *parvenue*. Mrs. Lindsay, then, with her "rainy day" in view, pocketed the liberal presents, and privately *ironed*, and renewed, and turned, and re-made; and, as she had not many opportunities for so entire a seclusion as the present, she made the most of it.

Annie knocked at Mrs. Lindsay's door.

"Who is there?" asked Mrs. Lindsay, in a mournful tone.

"Annie."

"And what does dear Annie want with me?"

"I am only come to tell you, from Ellen, that Julian is better."

"Thank you, my dearest girl. Ah, I have had a terrible shock! An aunt's heart is like a mother's—too easily alarmed."

"Can I not come in to comfort you?"

"No, my darling girl," still speaking through the closed door; "I am in no state to see any one." And Mrs. Lindsay looked round on a chaos of old flowers she was mend-

ing — ribbons she was damping — blonde she was cleaning—and the dress her nimble fingers had unpicked.

"Have you breakfasted?" asked the kind Annie.

"I have had a cup of tea. What appetite could one have at such a time?"

"But, as Julian is better, and Mr. Jobb answers for his cure, you can eat now; you must not give way to a causeless terror. Let me send you something. It is nearly three. You will be ill. I shall send up the tray."

"Send it, then, my love, into Augusta's room. I will try to crawl out by and by: as you say, one must not give way. How are poor Miss Tibby, and my dear brother, and poor dear Mr. Grunter?"

"I am going to see them all."

"There's my kind Annie! If you send the tray, my love, it had better be at once. Desire Jones to send up a cold chicken and a few patties: perhaps I may be able to induce Augusta to eat something. Order it into Augusta's room; for, at four, she is to have

leeches on her feet, or, as Mr. Jobb says, the shock she has had will send the blood to her head."

"I am going to see her now."

"Then, as soon as you leave her, I will try to crawl out and take something. Jones had better send up some ham and a bottle of sherry; if she can take a little wine and water, it may revive her."

Annie smiled, and then repaired to Augusta's room. She was tossing about in a fever of alarm and impatience.

"He is better, dear Augusta," said Annie. "Mr. Jobb is sure he will recover."

Augusta burst into tears: for a moment she was happy in that assurance, but the next she remembered the probable cause of his duel.

"Do you know any of the particulars of the accident?"

"No; I believe it was a duel."

"Every one knows that," said Augusta, angrily; "Ruth tells me it was a quarrel about La Zelie."

"No matter what it was about, provided Julian recovers," said Annie, simply.

"I am not of that opinion," replied Augusta, with temper—"I wish to be alone."

"I only came to comfort you, and know if I could do any thing for you?"

"Nothing, I thank you;" and Augusta turned her face to the wall.

"Your mamma wishes the luncheon-tray sent in here."

"Why?"

"She is coming to sit with you, to try to make you eat, and to take something herself."

"Take something! I cannot eat now, nor can I bear to have people eating in my room when I am half-distracted. Send the tray into her own apartment. I shall bolt my door. I cannot bear it. I will let no one in again to-day."

"But, at four o'clock, you are to have leeches on your feet."

"Leeches on my feet!—what for?—who says so?"

"Mr. Jobb."

"Mr. Jobb, indeed! He is well named, but he will not make a job out of me—I will

have no such folly. I shall bolt my door, and neither Mr. Jobb nor the tray shall enter here."

Annie reported Augusta's decision.

"Let the tray be put down at my door," moaned Mrs. Lindsay; "when I feel equal to it, I will take it in. I hear my brother is not well, and has had an opiate; he is lucky to escape the terrors of a day like this."

The tray was placed at the door, and, ere long, Mrs. Lindsay found strength furtively to take it in.

Annie, having ascertained that Mr. Lindsay still slept, knocked tremblingly at Mr. Grunter's door. Mr. Jobb came to open it.

"So, miss?—am I wanted? You look very pale, miss. Let me prescribe for you."

"I only want to know how Mr. Grunter is? I wish to see him."

"Come in," groaned a sepulchral voice.

Annie approached the bed: suddenly Mr. Grunter raised himself, and drew aside the curtain. His livid cheeks, his hollow eyes, his high cheek-bones, and the black mark

across his face, the unwashed token of his encounter with Hume and Smollet in Fitzcribb's closet, appalled poor Annie, who knew nothing of the copious phlebotomy he had undergone: she thought she saw Grunter's spectre, and, taken by surprise, she shrieked aloud.

"What *has* happened to you?" she said nervously, shrouding her eyes—"what is the cause of this dreadful change?"

"Intense study!" groaned Grunter. "The Philosophy of History and the History of Philosophy have reduced me to this state. Give me," he cried, with something of the excitement of delirium—"give me my introductory remarks — give me the proof-sheets. Here, listen, while I read the opening. Oh, if I am but spared to finish this great work!—give it me."

"No," said Jobb, authoritatively; "not till you are in a very different state. Human life is not to be sacrificed in the cause of science—at least, 'only in hospitals.'"

Annie ventured another look. Grunter

was extending his long arm and immense hand for the first sheets of his book; his white cotton nightcap was perched over one eye; there was a frightful excitement in his livid face.

"He *shall* die! he *shall* die!" she exclaimed, inadvertently. "Why is he so ghastly pale? What is that black mark?"

"What black mark?" groaned Grunter, suddenly sitting up, and looking from his bed at an opposite glass. "Is that my face?" he wildly cried, tearing off his cap. "Poor martyr of science! Oh, what a wreck!" He burst into tears, and sank back on his pillow. Annie wept too.

"Fear not for *him*," whispered Jobb; "he is faint and light-headed from loss of blood; *he* will do yet; but *you*, my dear! there is great nervous excitement about *you;* your hand is hot, your pulse quick; you ought to lose a leetle blood without loss of time."

Annie looked at the sobbing leviathan in the bed; she saw the result of loss of blood, and, glancing with terror at Mr. Jobb, whose hand had mechanically lighted on his lancet-

case, she broke from him, and ran hastily away.

She stopped not till she found herself in Miss Tibby's room. Miss Tibby was sitting upright in her bed, in a towering nightcap and a dimity dressing-gown; the counterpane was covered with old letters, faded flowers, knots of ribbon, and old-fashioned keepsakes.

Having obtained a complete victory, and driven Grizzy Douglas from the field, she was re-examining and arranging all her precious relics of Donald o' the brae; her cheek was flushed with triumph and vanity, as she read the time-worn tribute to her charms. She was living in the Past; not like poor Grizzy, feeling that it was the Past, but blending it with the Present, and, in fancy, growing young again as she read the words, "Loveliest of women! Idol of my heart!" and "Divinest Tibby," addressed to herself.

"Ye come upon me somewhat unawares, lassie," she said to Annie; "it would be mair becoming in you to knock at the door." But she was evidently not angry, that Annie

should see the numerous tributes. "I was just looking over the letters of a mon very unlike what men are now-a-days, sae respectfu' and devoted. I dinna think the men of the present day feel luve as they did when I was a lassie, nor do I think the women are able to inspire the passion," and the high caul of Miss Tibby's cap quivered with importance.

Annie, seeing her old relative thus employed, felt sure that she had not heard of Julian's accident, and dreaded to alarm her by alluding to it. She was mistaken—servants so fond of exciting horror, and of being the first to tell a wondrous tale, had informed Miss Tibby of the whole. On first hearing of it, she expressed great regret and alarm, and compared the violence of young men of the present day with the patience and politeness of those of her youth; but the impassibility of old age prevented her feeling much, and ere long she settled to, what to her was more important, arranging the letters of Donald o' the brae.

"Why are you in bed, aunt?" asked Annie.

"I was just quite upset by the insults and doots of Grizzy, my dear; I'm na that strang to stand it a' and bear up. I canna hear the luve o' Donald o' the brae disputed, and anither lay claim to it, besides being accused amaist of leeing mysel. I'm sair indisposed, my dear, and I canna rise to-day. I'll thank you to send my brose to me when they're ready, and I'll try to eat a bit o' chicken and tak a glass o' wine."

"You ken Mr. Grunter is not weel, aunt."

"Not weel! I hear he's been weel nigh deed, puir mon! he canna have a strang head, if a month or twa of hard study brings on a bleeding o' his leg. My faither studied hard night and day, but the like never hoppened to him!"

"Have you heard ony thing of Julian, aunt?"

"I've heard enoo, and too much; puir, rash callant, to risk his life, and for a bauld playactor too! It was na sae in my younger days; Douglas o' Glen Douglas once wished

to fight Donald o' the brae for me. I'll jist tell ye wherefore—I had aye unco mony partners, and, like a silly crater, I'd e'en pick and chuse amang them. Weel, one day at a ball at Edinbro', I remember I had a vary becoming sma' turban o' salmon-coloured satin, wi' ain feather in front and my hair in a bonnie bunch o' curls, sprinkled wi' rose pooder; I had a salmon-coloured satin gown open in front, over a spotted muslin skirt; the whole was o' my ain devising, and unco becoming. A' the women were spitefu', and a' the men only too attentive to me. Dooglas o' Glen Douglas (Grizzy Dooglas's brither), a figure o' a mon, and desparately in luve wi' me, cam to ask me: I, flauntering young fule as I was, refused him, and accepted Donald o' the brae. High words passed between them, and Douglas, rash crater! was for fighting. But Donald said he respected me too much to mak me the talk o' the toun, and it was weel said."

"How long have you known of the accident, aunt?"

"Na lang, and only fra Ruth and Solly, chattering hizzies! I think it would ha been mair becoming, if Mr. Lindsay, or Mrs. Lindsay, or at least the doctor, had broke it to me. I'm na used to hear such things fra' the like o' Ruth and Solly."

"But Mr. Lindsay himself does not know it yet. He is ill in bed; he had such an alarm last night about Mr. Grunter, that Mr. Jobb, the surgeon, gave him a sleeping draught to compose his nerves: fortunately, he is still in bed and asleep, and knows nothing of what has passed."

"And if the same precaution had been used aboot mysel, it would na have been out o' character," said Miss Tibby, who was very jealous, tetchy, and tenacious. "I'm na that strang that I can bear a' things sae aisily as folk fancy. It ought to ha' been kept fra' me, for I too am ill in bed; a composing draught would ha dune me a warld o' good. I'm jist upset entirely wi' the shock aboot the auld fule Grunter and my young kinsmon."

"Weel, aunt, they're both doing weel now."

"It's mair than I am. When you've sent me a wee bit dinner, I beg I may have an interview with the medical mon. I'm as much in need of composing draughts as ony o' them. And noo I'll jist beg you to gang and order the brose and the chicken."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

"By a divine instinct, men's minds mistrust
Ensuing danger, as by proof we see
The water swell before a boisterous storm."
Richard III.

Night closed in; Ellen was obliged to leave Julian to Mr. Jobb's care. Miss Tibby, anxious to make some little toilet in his honour, appointed him for the next morning. De Villeneuve took his leave; and Ellen, having paid a visit of consolation to all who would admit her, persuaded Annie to retire to rest, and threw her wearied form upon her bed.

There, all the alarms and sorrows of this interminable day were reproduced in her first agitated sleep. She saw Julian's death-like face; she felt him writhe; she heard him groan—the

little busy, smiling, but odious Mr. Jobb — the large, pliant face of the canting nurse: even De Villeneuve's tearful eyes haunted her pillow. She had retired at eleven; at one she awoke with a start. A strange terror seized her; she sat up. All was still, save the loud beating of her own heart.

"Why do I tremble so?" she asked herself; "can he be worse? can he be dying? Does any mysterious sympathy, such as dreaming philosophers tell us of, summon me to his aid? He has Mr. Jobb and the nurse with him — folly! the result of my excited brain and weakened nerves, acted upon by the silence and gloom of the night."

She forced herself to lie down, in vain; she could not rest.

"What," she exclaimed, suddenly starting up, "what is this mysterious hand that seems to be rending my heart-strings? Is fate, at this moment, snapping the thread of his life? Can that mystic thread be intertwined with mine? 'Must destiny,' as Byron says, 'at once sever both or none?' — what can this agony

mean? I cannot bear it; I will glide down to listen at his door."

Half-dressed, as she had flung herself on the bed, she threw a shawl around her; and, seizing her lamp, stole down stairs, barefoot, lest she should disturb or awake any one.

The door of the anteroom was ajar; she crept to Julian's door, and listened as if her soul was in her ear. Presently she thought she distinguished a very faint moan. She put down her lamp, noiselessly opened the door, and stood in Julian's room.

All was dark and still; a faint glimmer from the lamp she had left in the anteroom showed her the huge old nurse, her arms folded on a small table beside her easy chair, and her face buried in them, fast asleep. Mr. Jobb was not there.

It was some minutes before Ellen's eyes grew accustomed to the dim light; when they did, she saw the face of Julian livid as that of a corpse. She drew nearer, and, to her horror, perceived that the skirt of her white dressing-gown was dabbled with blood; her

bare foot, at that moment, came in contact with a warm pool of gore by the bed-side.

Sick with terror, she bent forward. Julian, whom the Sangrado Jobb had bled, lay apparently senseless; his arm was tossed over the counterpane. In the excitement of fever, he had got the bandage off; and there he lay in the dark and still night, his life-blood ebbing silently away. He had not fainted. Ellen perceived that he slept gently, moaning in what had all but been his last sleep.

Ellen did not scream, but her heart grew cold, and her tongue clove to the roof of her mouth; she stood for one moment, asking strength of the merciful power which had sent her to Julian's rescue; and then, the blood rushing back to her brow, and power to her limbs, she went to fetch her lamp, aroused the nurse, and, pointing to Julian, exclaimed: "Wretched woman! would you let him die?"

The woman, startled by the white and spectral figure before her, looked up, rubbed

her eyes, and began her accustomed professional fib.

"I'd only just closed my eyes — I wasn't asleep—Lor love you, miss, I never sleeps."

"Does *that* prove your assertion?" said Ellen, pointing to Julian. "But waste no time in words. Can you bandage his arm? if not, let me try."

"Lor love him, has he got the bandage off? Well, now, who could ever have dreamed of that ere? Oh! I can do it capital: I'm a regular hospital nurse. Lor, how he have bled, to be sure! Well, it'll do him a world of good."

Meanwhile, she adroitly bound up his arm.

"He is dying," said Ellen, gazing at his wan face. "Oh God! oh God!"

"Now, don't'ee take on, miss; he's only a-fainting. I knows death directly he comes —a drop of brandy will bring him to."

"Where shall we find some? I have no idea where to look for it."

"I keeps a little by me in case o' need, miss;" and she took a leathern bottle from her capacious pocket.

She forced a few drops down Julian's throat. Ellen wildly rubbed his hands, and bathed his forehead. Ere long a faint colour dawned on his face.....Julian was saved!

Mrs. Jobb then compelled him to drink some hot brandy and water; and Ellen, in silent thankfulness, remained by his bed-side.

Day had dawned before a stealthy step was heard: and Mr. Jobb glided into the room. He exchanged a significant glance with the nurse; and, seeing Ellen barefoot and in her blood-stained dress, he began to chide her, and to say—

"You'll destroy my patient and yourself too, miss—what is all this?"

Ellen briefly told her tale. Mr. Jobb began a severe lecture to the nurse. The nurse began to cry.

"But why were *you* not here?" asked Ellen. "I depended on you; was it not agreed between us?"

"I must throw myself on your kindness, miss. For some time past I've been engaged to attend a lady — a capital customer; she

was taken ill three hours ago. My wife sent Mr. Smith; she wouldn't see him; he came to me. As all seemed going well with the young squire, I resolved to slip out, for I had given her my word, as it were. I'm a feeling man, and a family man, miss—though she lives in the New Road, I've not been gone two hours: I thought I could depend on that woman; but, I see, there's no dependance on any one."

"No! that I believe," said Ellen, significantly.

"However, miss, though it was, as one may say, 'kill or cure,' the young squire is all the better for the bleeding. The fever's gone—the skin's moist; the pulse is calm as an infant's. He's sure to do now. Let me beg you to go to bed, miss, and not to let this little affair transpire. Nurse will be more careful another time."

"I had only jist closed my eyes to rest 'em; I wasn't asleep."

"I do not blame you; poor woman! all, all must sleep; and you, perhaps, have been

long without a night's rest—I blame myself, for when relations leave the sufferer to strangers, what may they not expect?"

Mr. Jobb looked very sheepish; he felt that Ellen's confidence in him was gone. To console himself, he clutched in his pocket the fee he had just received. No exhortations of his could drive Ellen away: at six, she said, the Count de Villeneuve, her cousin's friend, had promised to be there to watch him. A little before that time she would retire, and not till then.

Mr. Jobb's power was sadly eclipsed—discovered in a stealthy desertion of his post, he could not reassume his importance at once. He tried to recover it by being very talkative and busy. Ellen sat cold, pale, and abstracted, heeding him not. The nurse bustled about, whined, and canted in vain. At a quarter to six, De Villeneuve, who had hoped that Ellen would have risen to share his watch, appeared. He started to see her so deadly pale, blood-stained, and barefoot.

Ellen blushed deeply, in a few words re-

lated the cause of this disorder, and, recommending Julian to his care, without a word to Mr. Jobb, she hurried from the room.

Confiding in De Villeneuve's anxious friendship, she sought her chamber, and after thanking her Father in heaven for having so mysteriously sent her to Julian's aid, and having washed away the traces of the danger he had incurred, she threw herself on her bed and slept.

De Villeneuve, whose zeal had been aroused by the hope of Ellen's sharing his watch, sank sulkily enough into an arm-chair. Mr. Jobb could not rouse him from his reverie, in which he remained, till at nine Julian awoke.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

"Les graces ne vieillissent pas."
ROUSSEAU.

"Not beauty, wisdom, modesty united
Can fix a vagrant heart."
Antony and Cleopatra.

"He woke at last as from a long and profound sleep; woke so refreshed, so revived, that he felt at once that some great crisis had been past, and that at length he had struggled back to the sunny shores of life."
Night and Morning.

When Ellen entered her cousin's room, she found him so much better, that she was ready to forgive Mr. Jobb and the nurse a discrepancy which had had so favourable a result. Her terrible fears at rest, her anxiety and fatigue of the day before began to affect her. She sat silent, pale, and musing, and

neither De Villeneuve's choice attitudes, his eloquent eyes, nor his whispered poetry, could rouse her from her mournful meditations.

De Villeneuve employed himself in addressing an ode to "*La Femme*," which he knew could not altogether fail, for, if Ellen did not smile upon it, it could figure in a review, or a French annual, and be worth its weight in five-franc pieces, if not in gold.

At about eleven, Miss Tibby sent to request that "the medical mon would visit her at his earliest convenience, as she was quite prepared for that honour."

Mr. Jobb's eyes sparkled at this new and undreamt-of source of profit; having obtained Ellen's permission, (for Ellen had now the moral influence over him of one who had detected him in a delinquency) he set off to see Miss Tibby and all his other patients in the house.

Ruth, who had been desired by Miss Tibby to await him on the landing, ushered him with a rural curtsey into Miss Tibby's virgin bower. Mr. Jobb gave a professional glance

at Ruth, but her rosy cheeks and bright eyes destroyed all hope. Miss Tibby was in a very elaborately frilled dimity wrapper, and over a high-cauled and voluminous cap she had carelessly thrown an old black veil, to look a "wee bit tasty." She was netting, and seated on a sofa beside a fire. She bowed with great dignity to the smiling Mr. Jobb, who came forward, bobbing his head, and rubbing his hands, and saying, "Dr. Job, I presume," she motioned him to a seat at the farther end of the sofa.

"I'm vary hoppy to see you, Dr. Job! I understand you are, as it were, appointed medicol mon in this fomily; an appointment which, in my humble opinion, ought lang ago to have been filled up. However, till folks are really ill, they dinna see that it's weel to have a medicol mon at hond (as it were), and then it's oft too late, Dr. Job."

"A very sensible remark, madam. Many illnesses would be obviated if every family had a medical adviser at hand; the healthy to prevent disease, the sickly to ensure early assistance."

"A very original and profound observation, Dr. Job. I wish a' thought as deeply; mony would na be what they are. There's old Mr. Grunter, the tutor and family librarian; had a sensible medicol mon been at hond, he would na ha' excited a (between ourselves) na very strang head, till he brought on that shocking bleeding o' his leg. I suppose, Dr. Job, ye could ha' given him something to strengthen his system."

"Of course, madam; your remark is most judicious: the hemorrhage, as you observe, proceeded from...but I must not weary a lady with causes and effects, hard words and medical phrases."

"Indeed, Dr. Job, I'm na fashionable young lady! In my younger days it was na as it is noo; hard names did na frighten me, and I read mony doctering books, and wrote out mony receipts, and was quite the village doctor at the Grange."

Mr. Jobb did not like this bold invasion of his territory. He said, "I do not exactly approve of ladies prescribing in cases

where their knowledge must be limited, but....."

"I see na rason why it should be sae," said Tibby, who always argued for the equality, if not the superiority, of her own sex.

"But," continued Mr. Jobb (adroitly appearing unconscious of the interruption) "there are ladies of minds so strong, and perceptions so acute, that they seem intuitively to know what *we* only acquire by hard study and harsh experience, and I suspect the lady I am addressing is one of those gifted few."

"You're vary civil and flottering, Dr. Job. But I never accept a compliment to mysel at the expense o' my sex. What woman con become, in a' branches o' literature and science, you're surely too weel read not to ken."

"Madam, I am the most entire, though humble admirer of the intellect of the sex."

"I'm glad ye are, Doctor Job; if ye were na, to be condid wi' ye, I'd have a puir opinion o' your ain. And sa ye think this hemorrhage o' auld Grunter's leg might have

been prevented by timely attention to his system ?"

" Of course, madam, exercise and a stimulating diet would have obviated the attack; and a cooling regimen, I doubt not, my dear madam, would have calmed the young squire's blood, and prevented his getting into this unlucky affair. The state of the blood affects the mind, ma'am; the mind acts upon the nerves, the nerves upon the conduct."

" A vary sage remark, Dr. Job; and noo I would jist consult ye aboot mysel."

" Have you been long an invalid, madam ?"

" I'm na invalid, sir; I'm jist upset by the twa sad occidents to auld Grunter, and my young kinsmon. My nerves are a wee bit disordered, and I doot whether the climate o' England suits me a' thegither."

" How long have you resided in England, madam ?"

" I canna jist remember me, sir; and that's neither here nor there, na much to the purpose."

" Allow me to feel your pulse. It is slow and feeble, madam."

" I am na sae young as I was, Dr. Job."

,, Why no, of course not, ma'am: but you may expect many years of health yet."

" Indeed, sir, of that I have na doot. I am not that auld either!" and Miss Tibby bridled.

" You mistake me, madam; I was merely carrying on your joke, that you were not as young as you have been. I assure you that I see nothing to lead me to that conclusion."

" You're vary civil, sir; I believe, if it were na for my nerves, I'd have sma' cause o' complaint. I've been troubled o' late wi' a wee trembling o' my hand in writing or sae, and at times, to my great surprise, a sma' shaking o' my head, ottended wi' a dimness o' sight—a thing I never had in Scotland, and can attribute only to a derangement o' the nervous system. What do you think it proceeds from, Dr. Job?"

If Mr. Jobb had been in the palace of truth, he would have said, " Old Age;" as it was, he exclaimed: " The nerves, nothing but the nerves, madam. We'll soon set that to rights."

"Just as I thought," said Tibby. "You see ladies are na sae ignorant o' medicine, after a'."

"There are few things so powerful and grasping as woman's intellect, madam."

"Sir, I'm rejoiced to find in you a mon abuve the envious prejudices o' his sex. Your candid avowal o' woman's excellence calls for my confidence, and indeed, in your character o' medical adviser, I have na right to keep you in the dark. The shaking o' my head, which has much increased within a few days, and which you see troubles me much at this moment—wi' this trembling o' my hand and dimness o' my eyes, are owing, Dr. Job, to a secret and very delicate cause."

Mr. Job drew nearer; he delighted in a secret.

"It is true that I have been upset by the occidents of auld Grunter and my young kinsmon, but it is a more deep-seated evil I'm suffering fra noo, one that affects me here!" —and Miss Tibby put her hand to her heart —"it will na let me rest; o' coorse you

canna prescribe for me till you know a'. Can I place entire confidence in your discretion? have I your promise o' inviolable secresy? It's a very awful motter, and concerns mony besides mysel."

Jobb thought he was going to be let into a state secret, or, at least, a murder.

"Madam," he exclaimed, "I am a man of few words, but I may say I have never betrayed confidence placed in, or a secret confided to, me. I am a man of feeling, a man of honour, a family-man, a philanthropist, madam—seeing the poor gratis twice a week from eleven till one; gratis they are cupped, bled, and their teeth extracted. Yes, madam, I am moderate to the rich, and gratis to the poor; and, such as I am, the secret you deign to confide to me I would sooner lose my connexion than reveal."

"I dinna doot ye, I dinna doot ye; if I hesitate, it's na the want o' confidence in you, but the subject is sa delicate...."

"Nay, madam, a medical man hears more secrets than a father-confessor."

"True, in that character ye have a right to my confidence; ye must ken, then, that in my younger days, I was vary bonnie, and much coorted by the men, and envied by the women, baith for my beauty and tolents."

"That I can easily believe, ma'am."

"You're vary polite, doctor. Weel, among mony ither admirers, I was coorted by a young Heeland officer, who shall be nameless; he was struck wi' me at first sight, when I was just plainly dressed in a simple, prented, cotton sack, as we ca'd them, a loose morning-gown, my hair in a bunch o' curls on my brow, wi' a sprinkling o' pooder, and on my head a wee bit muslin ornament o' my ain devising. Noo, Dr. Job...."

Dr. Job, as she called him, pronouncing his name like that of the Job of holy writ, began to think he should require all the patience of his namesake.

"I canna say I exoctly retoorned the luve o' Donald o' the brae; nor can I say I was indifferent to his attentions; he proposed, but the siller was wanting, and he went abroad

broken-hearted. I ken na whether he lived or died, but, as I never heard o' him fra that day to this, I fear he mad away wi' himsel —such things are too common, ye ken, Dr. Job."

Dr. Jobb groaned in acquiescence.

"Weel, it is na mair than a few weeks ago that I met here wi' two early Scotch friends, who shall be nameless. One evening, ain o' them comes to wait on me wi' a pictur round her neck; I asked her whose it was— joodge o' my surprise ond dismay — it was na ither than Donald o' the brae! On this, high words passed between us. Grizzy Douglas amaist accused me o' leeing, and quite insulted me. She required proofs o' Donald's devotion—I sent her these letters; I ha them by me; ye can cast your eye over them. She could na resist such evidence, and she has left London quite crestfallen; but the agitation, the doot, and the strange appearance o' Donald's pictur round her neck, ha' quite upset me — they've cae'd back past times and past regrets. I feel mair unaisy than ever to ken

what is become o' Donald o' the brae; and, though the triumph is a' on my side, yet, as Grizzy is ill, and well-nigh broken-hearted, I canna but feel for her too."

"A most melancholy tale, madam," said Jobb, stifling a laugh, till the water sparkled in his eyes.

"Ye may weel say that, sir; and noo ye ken a'."

"Exactly, madam, and I must order you first a few composing-draughts, and then a few tonics. These letters, by your leave, I will take with me." Jobb's curiosity was extinguished; he had remarked their date of forty years before.

"They are safe in your hands, doctor—I vally them beyond a' things."

"As in your own, madam. Your conversation has made me forget the flight of time and my other patients. Farewell, madam—I know not how to express my happiness in having obtained the confidence of a lady of such accomplishments."

"Dr. Job, you're most polite—I beg I may

see you again before nightfall: by that time you'll ha' perused my letters—I'll be glod to have them bock agen."

"By that time," thought Jobb, "you shall be asleep, if there's any power in my composing-draughts."

CHAPTER XXXIX.

"Throw physic to the dogs, I'll none of it."
Macbeth.

"What did you bleed him for? now, tell me, villain!
"'Sir,' he replied, 'I bled him——for a shilling.'"
COLMAN.

Mr. Jobb then proceeded to the apartment of Mr. Grunter. He found him propped up by pillows, listening attentively to Mr. Fitz-

his head at Grunter, and playfully clenching his fist at Fitzcribb. "Just begin it again, my dear Fitzcribb; I wish Mr. Jobb to hear it all, and then let him see if he has any drugs that can nerve me to continue that great work. I cannot lie here like a dying racer, with the goal in sight; enable me to complete that noble undertaking, and then I can defy death, for I shall have made myself immortal."

"You must be let a little more blood," said Jobb, gently taking out his lancet, "and that without loss of time. Fitzcribb, will you hold the basin?"

"You shall not have another drop of my blood; I begin to fear you have had too much already!" shouted Grunter, excited almost to delirium. "Read, I say, Fitzcribb! by the soul of Erasmus! if you do not, I can't answer for the consequences!"

Jobb, rather alarmed, exclaimed, "Presently I will return and hear it. I must just go and visit my other patients now." He intended to slip down stairs, and bring up

two strong footmen to hold Grunter while he was bled.

"Not presently, but now," roared Grunter. Fitzcribb began to read, Jobb snatched away the proofs; upon this the delirious Grunter darted out of bed, and with a maniac sort of strength he caught hold of little, punchy Mr. Jobb. "Go!" he cried, dragging him to his chamber-door, then on the landing, and, to Jobb's horror, to the very edge of the staircase:—"Go! being devoid of literary taste and classic learning! fool! in whom the words 'philosophy' and 'history' awaken no echoes! Go! let me see you no more!"

Jobb screeched, Fitzcribb came out to rescue him, too late! Grunter, the huge Grunter, hideous in his night-shirt and white cotton cap, with a read hankerchief tied *à la gipsy* under his massive chin, had centered all his remaining strength in one kick, which sent Mr. Jobb down the flight of stairs. He then tottered back to his room, and sank almost fainting on the floor.

Mr. Fitzcribb, having ascertained that Jobb

had received no injury, helped poor Grunter back to bed. He kindly stayed with him, administered a cordial, and did all he could to revive him, for he considered that the cupidity of Jobb was the cause of Grunter's dreadful state, and at heart he rather rejoiced at his sudden expulsion. He sat then by Grunter's bed-side, reading him the proofs of his work, till sleep closed the poor old usher's hollow eyes. He then left him, resolved the next day to warn him against Jobb, and his system. But Grunter's delirium had perhaps saved his life; Mr. Jobb had had enough of the "Lion:" he handed him over to a nurse.

Mr. Fitzcribb, who blamed himself for his own part in this affair, in having himself, under a delusion, called in Jobb, and not having dared to reveal Benoni's discrepancy, and who saw that Grunter had indeed no complaint but exhaustion, from Jobb's Sangrado treatment, easily induced him to fortify himself with jellies, broths, and chickens. Ere long Mr. Grunter's appetite was so good, that he grudged Mr. Fitzcribb the share that ill-

fed author always took in his frequent repasts, but he concealed the paltry feeling, for Mr. Fitzcribb had produced new proofs of "the work;" and when his numerous avocations prevented his doing it himself, "Milton," a very clever youth, took his place as amanuensis by Grunter's bed-side, and wrote what he dictated, sometimes correcting his tautological and verbose style, sometimes remodelling whole sentences, and often slipping in observations and reflections of his own.

Mr. Jobb remained silent on the subject of his sudden descent. He found Mr. Lindsay awake, and determined to rise in the evening, and Augusta still very unwell. He resolved to revenge himself on Grunter, by pouring in upon him incessant draughts, which, whether he took them or not, he knew must be paid for. He then returned to Julian, and, finding him doing well, he obtained Ellen's permission to go home for an hour or two. At the street-door he beheld the splendid equipage of Sir Peter Riskwell. He looked eagerly at the protruded face; he

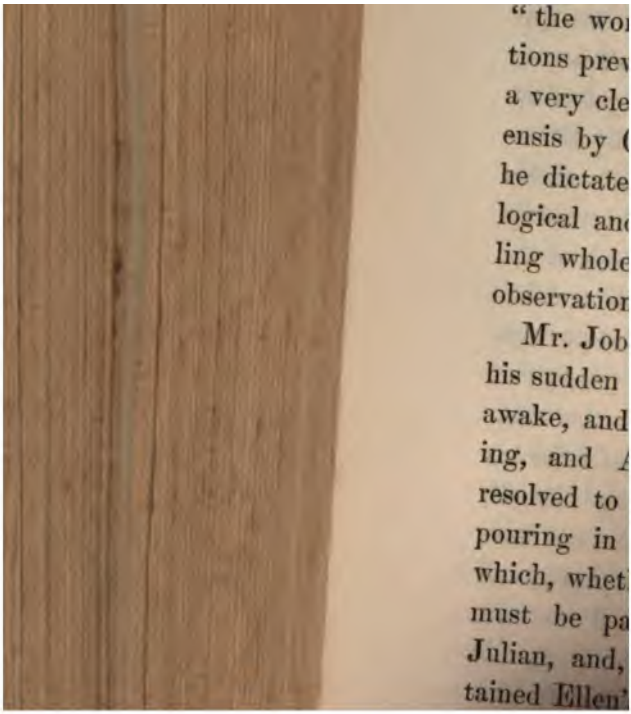
hoped it might be that of an invalid. Alas! it was round and ruddy!

Sir Peter's inquiries since the duel had been very frequent. He was asking the details of the catastrophe, and of Augusta's health, when Jobb came out: the footman said, "That's Mr. Jobb, sir, the doctor, he can explain all better than I can, sir."

"May I ask a few questions of you, sir?" said Sir Peter, haughtily, just as Jobb was about to enter his small one-horse chaise.

"Sir!" said Jobb, who, whenever there was a chance of a patient, thought it well to assume some importance, "my time is not my own. This affair of the young gentleman's and the young lady's state (Jobb had heard his anxious questions about Augusta) takes up so much of my time, that really I'm ruining an excellent connexion. Excuse me, sir, I am a man of few words; I must be in Great Quebec Street and back in two hours, besides seeing my patients."

"As I much wish for the honour of some conversation with you, sir," said Sir Peter,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more respectfully (for an idle man cannot help feeling an involuntary deference for one, whose time is important to others and to himself), "will you let me drive you there, and back? — we can converse *en route*."

"I cannot decline your polite offer, sir; but it will compel me to postpone some of my visits, for I am so very busy that I am obliged to write my prescriptions as I go along."

"Any loss you sustain, sir, I shall be happy to make up."

"Sir, I am satisfied in a pecuniary point of view.....but I may lose connexion..... however, I cannot decline. Sir, I am at your service."

Mr. Jobb then, dismissing his own vehicle, sprang into Sir Peter's splendid carriage, and Sir Peter obtained from him the minutest details of all he wished to know. Sir Peter was in love, therefore; though a speculator, he was off his guard; Jobb soon fathomed his weakness, and had tact enough to make out that Augusta was not particularly grieved or anxious about her cousin. He owned the

shock had upset her delicate nerves, but insinuated that all the real feeling on the subject was centered in Miss Ellen.

Sir Peter was in the highest good humour at this; Jobb became his "Dear sir."

Lively was the sensation in Great Quebec Street, when the dashing chariot of Sir Peter stopped at Mr. Jobb's, and Mr. Jobb himself sprang out. It was the more marvellous, because a moment after another private carriage, elegant, in more quiet taste, stopped at the same door, and a slight and very fashionably-dressed young lady, followed by a stout and elderly person, entered the surgery.

Sir Peter, who was sitting in his carriage, awaiting Mr. Jobb, struck by the pretty foot, fine figure, and long black curls of the former, extended his neck, to get a view of her face. Although in love with one woman, he was, as all London loungers are, an habitual admirer of all the fair; she held her head down, and he could not see her face.

Mr. Jobb, much awed by the elegance of his new visiters, motioned them into the back

parlour. The elderly lady seemed principally engaged in sniffing her eau de Cologne, and complaining of the smell of the drugs—in truth rather potent, for the huge cauldron of salts and senna for the poor was boiling on a little black smoky fire—she likewise affectedly gathered up her gown and shawl, as if dreading their coming in contact with the really bright furniture and neat room.

"Be quick, my love!" she said; "this smell overpowers me."

The younger lady, evidently much more elegant and refined, complained not of the smell. She suffered her beautiful dress and cashmere to float as they would, and, gracefully bowing, she asked Mr. Jobb in trembling accents the particulars, even to the minutest details, of the late duel, eagerly questioned him about the anxiety of the cousins, and the conduct of De Villeneuve; and, having obtained all possible information, she slipped a guinea into his hand, saying:—

"Although I have not consulted you about my health, I have taken up your time,

which comes to the same thing. It is Miss Ellen Lindsay, then, who is most overwhelmed by this dreadful event. Are you sure of that?"

"Quite sure, madam! she cannot rest; is ever by the patient's side, night and day. Not a little in my way, believe me, madam! But she is giving way fast; she'll be laid up in a day or two."

"Is it not reported, I mean, does it not appear, that the French count is attached to this young lady?"

"No, madam, I fancy not, at least, though they watch together by the young squire's bed-side, I've seen no freedoms pass between them. I've a keen eye, madam, for winks and smiles, and sly whispers, and a kiss in a corner."

The stranger coloured violently; she felt ashamed of her jealous curiosity, and, degraded by the vulgarity of her informer, felt sure, too, that if Mr. Jobb had a sharp eye for a vulgar flirtation, he had none for a deep and poetical passion.

"From what I see, she's over head and ears in love with the young squire, and I believe half her sorrow is jealousy that the duel wasn't fought for her, but for the singer."

"If you have done, my love, do let us depart," murmured the stranger. "I'm almost sick with this horrid smell."

"I'm very sorry, ladies; it is an unpleasant smell, though an excellent medicine. It's the black draught for to-morrow, one of my gratis days — gratis is that excellent medicine bestowed on the indigent — gratis are they cupped, bled, and their teeth extracted. Can I recommend my Patent roseate dentifrice, or my pectoral lozenges, a box of my golden pills?" The ladies passed on. "I'm moderate to the rich, gratis to the poor, I may call myself a philanthropist; in short, ladies, though I'm a man of few words . . . ."

But they had sprung into the carriage.

Sir Peter beheld the face of the young lady, and recognized La Zelie.

Mr. Jobb on his return was more consequential than ever. The ride with Sir Peter,

and the interview with the Queen of Song, had quite effaced the memory of the kick; *en route*, too, he had, by adroitly dwelling on his skill in removing all cutaneous disorders, redness, &c., (by his Georgian bath and Athenian cream), and of reducing all corpulency, by a method peculiar to himself, persuaded Sir Peter that he could remove a certain plebeian redness of face, and correct a slight tendency to obesity, which the knight beheld with real alarm.

Behold him now privately engaged, as the medical attendant of the rich Sir Peter!

Mr. Lindsay had risen, and Ellen took upon herself the painful task of revealing all.

At first the shock was very great; but, when he had seen Julian, his fears for his life were calmed, and his deepest grief seemed to be the, in his opinion, unjustifiable combat he had engaged in, for, without any Pharisaical glory in himself, or harsh judgment of others, there was much real piety in Mr. Lindsay's heart. However, he reserved those opinions for the season of Julian's entire recovery. He fervently blessed God, and thanked Ellen. He readily

ratified her promise to Jobb, but, shrewd in some things, though simple in others, he fathomed the character of the man, and hit upon a good expedient for promoting Julian's rapid recovery. He promised that, on the very day when Julian should be pronounced quite well, Mr. Jobb's son should obtain a mercantile appointment, and Mr. Jobb himself receive, besides his charge, a hundred pounds as a present.

The recovery of the patient was miraculously rapid.

CHAPTER XL.

"Affection is the tyrant of a woman, and only bids her to the banquet, to suspend a cutting sword over her head, which a word, a look, may call down, to inflict the wound that strikes to the death, or heals but with a scar."

L. E. L.

It was on the evening of the day, (the events of which we recorded in the last chapter) that a letter marked "private" was furtively put into Ellen's hand by Ruth, who had been for some time on the watch for her, and who intercepted her as she was leaving Julian's room, to proceed to her own.

Ruth said it had been given her by a servant, who had asked to see the young lady's-maid, and had made her promise to give it privately to Miss Ellen Lindsay.

Ellen's nerves had been too much shaken by recent events, not to quiver with alarm at

any mysterious communication. She took the letter to her room, and, perceiving it was in a female hand, she opened it at once. It was elegantly written in French, and may be thus translated.

"I have known too much of misfortune not to have a fellow-feeling for the unhappy. The anxieties of the heart I can sympathize with, for they have well nigh broken my own. And I would fain, even at the risk of appearing bold and presuming, (which to a sensitive woman is no trifling risk) save you, the young, the trusting, and the good, from the slow torture of a causeless jealousy. I am La Zelie, the unhappy cause of your cousin's duel. Having fought for me, the world, of course, gives him to me as a lover, for the world cannot understand that a man can be noble-minded enough to defend a slandered woman, unless she has some peculiar claim upon his protection. This, I solemnly swear to you, lady, I have not.

"Your cousin has been my friend, because I was friendless, but there has never been any

question of love, or even of flirtation between us. From all I can gather, some (gentlemen, nay, noblemen, they have much right to the title!) indignant that a foreign singer should reject the advances of English lords, took upon themselves to speak most slightingly of me. Lord Dartwich declared that he should not have been repulsed, if another were not too highly favoured. Your cousin, as my sole friend, as intimately acquainted with my feelings and mode of life, dared to proclaim himself the champion of a foreign girl, whose profession exposes her to slander and attack. He insisted on Lord Dartwich's recalling his expressions, or meeting him the next morning. They met, and you know the result.

"I fear that the world will now believe your cousin my lover, but he has taught it to believe in silence. My mind is much harassed by this affair, but duty compels me to proceed in my career, and calumny is always, with women, the price of publicity and success.

"As your poet says—'Slander is the echo

of repute.' This, then, I must endure; besides, if you knew my whole mournful story, you would see that, though I deserve much pity, I merit some blame — but not in this case. The world whispers that my noble champion is engaged to a long-loved and virtuous cousin, and that, while watching with a woman's devotion by his bed-side, her heart burns with a jealous suspicion that her intended loved, or, at least, professed to love, the unhappy Zelie for whom he fought.

"To remove this maddening impression, I venture on this step. I cannot bear that, as a reward for his noble defence of me, he should lose the confidence of the being whom I believe he entirely and constantly loves. To myself the result of this affair brings many sorrows, but that is the greatest of all. Forgive me!—I have done. I do not ask you to write to me—I beg you not to thank me. It will solace me in the midst of all this odious publicity and misrepresentation, to dwell in private on your renewed confidence and increased love for your noble cousin.

"Oh! how much sweeter than the broad noonday glare of a public career, however successful, are the green and moonlit dells where domestic affections nestle unseen! Farewell! I leave you to your perfect happiness—to the joy of watching, without one doubt, over the deserving object of your first love—yourself the object of his reverential tenderness. I go to fill the souls of those who care not for me with the hired accents of real anguish or assumed delight. I go to glitter before thousands of cold stranger-eyes—the mimic queen of a tinsel-scene, nothing real but my own sad heart. You go to love and to be blessed—I go to be stared at, to be applauded, and to be slandered!....

"La Zelie."

CHAPTER XLI.

"Slighted love is sair to bide."

BURNS.

"Yea, even the name I have worshipped in vain
Shall awake not the sigh of remembrance again.
To bear is to conquer our fate.

CAMPBELL.

Ellen's first feeling in reading La Zelie's letter was certainly one of pleasure. She could not help rejoicing that Julian was not engaged in a fashionable but demoralising *liaison*, and, though she condemned duelling, she was proud that the cause in which he had fought had been one so chivalrous. But there was much in the letter, when she re-perused it, that, spite of herself, wounded her heart and saddened her spirit.

It seemed like the congratulations made to

a mother on the birth of a child, by one ignorant that it had been snatched away. Poor Ellen! every word which the strange but generous Zelie had meant as a balm stung her to the heart.

"It is intended for Augusta," she said, to herself, at length, after some minutes of painful reverie. "It is a mere mistake in the name. Let me hasten to her. I ought to rejoice in being the bearer of so much comfort. Why do I weep?—have not my prayers been heard? Did I not say that were *he* but saved, I could be happy in his union with Augusta?—I can—I will."

She hastened to Augusta's room. Augusta had been really suffering — wounded both in her pride, her vanity, and her affection (or rather her preference). To her, Zelie's letter was indeed a panacea. She did not express one consolatory doubt that it was meant for her, and, not quite deficient in generous impulses, she wrote a warm letter of thanks to Zelie.

"I shall be quite well to-morrow," she

cried, fondly embracing Ellen. "I am very silly to take things so much to heart; I wish I were calm and sensible, like you, dear. Your presence of mind and composure make you really useful, while I am of no service to those I would die to benefit, from the very excess of my absurd sensibility. But to-morrow I will atone. How tired you must be! How worn and ill you look! To-morrow, you can rest, love, for I instal myself head-nurse till Julian is quite well!"

"To do that you must sleep well to-night."

"Oh, I shall be sure to sleep well now; first, because Ruth tells me Julian is much better; next, because he is not La Zelie's lover; then, because I know he is mine; and, finally, because I have slept very little these two last nights."

And Ellen—she had slept still less! The tears were in her eyes, and her cheeks were deadly pale, as she left the room, but she said, in a firm voice, "God bless you, dear Augusta!"

It may seem strange that a being, to all

outward appearance, so vain and frivolous as Julian, should have awakened so deep an interest in one so sensible, so reflecting, and so well-judging as Ellen. Perhaps her own imagination invested him with attributes which were not his; perhaps she could look through the weeds, the bubbles, and the froth on the surface, and perceive gems lurking in the depths beneath. Her interest in her cousin had commenced at that early age when children see each other as they are, when there is no disguise, no affectation; at that time she knew that he had a noble and a kind heart, a grasping intellect, and that quality women most prize — a bravery, moral and physical, which partook even of rashness. Her opinion and her affection were formed then, and all she had seen of him since had, perhaps, a little shaken, but never destroyed, her faith in him.

She had that constancy which belongs only to the highest order of mind, with that heavenly tenderness which made her, when she saw him in danger, reproach herself with

the judgments she had sometimes formed of his recent conduct, and the blame, which yet she had never suffered to pass her own lips. She saw him apparently dying, and she forgot the vanities of the man, to remember the noble qualities of the boy; she recalled, too, some little recent indications of a heart in reality unchanged — a case of distress, of which she had told him casually, and which she found he had privately and promptly relieved: — again, a very gay party, to which he had looked forward, and which he had sacrificed without a murmur to visit the widow and orphan of a college friend, and a coveted horse he had resigned to devote the purchase-money to them — these acts of charity, and many of great good-nature, recurred to her mind, magnified by love and remorse into matchless virtues, and she accused her own heart of having wronged him. We all know how at that thought a fond heart pants to atone!.....

The next morning, Augusta, as she had intended, took Ellen's place by the enrap-

tured and convalescent Julian. Mr. Lindsay shared her happy watch; Miss Tibby, who had no wish to be confined to her room, except when others were so, paid him a visit, and told him how Donald o' the brae had refused to fight Douglas o' Glen Douglas, with full particulars. De Villeneuve, too, was unremitting in his attentions: there was no one missing but Ellen. In the hour of danger and distress, she was a ministering angel; she had braved all, borne all. Now, in the happy season of convalescence and rejoicing, she lay ill and drooping in her silent chamber.

The terrors and fatigues of the last two days had overcome her. Mr. Lindsay missed her, visited her, and insisted on her seeing Jobb; and Jobb came, almost triumphant in the verification of his prophecy, to prescribe for her. Annie, too, tripped in to see her; but De Villeneuve was below; and Annie, flushed and wild with secret joy, was little suited to a sufferer's bed-side. And Julian! his eyes fixed on the beautiful face and graceful form of Augusta, he scarcely missed poor

Ellen. He did ask after her, but Augusta answered; and the voice — musical as the voice we love always seems—made the evasive answer all satisfactory.

In a few days Julian was well enough to be removed to a drawing-room. Augusta placed the sweetest shrubs and choicest flowers near him; and, opening a distant window, the breeze passed through them, and, rich with fragrance, fanned Julian's pale cheek, and waved his black hair. She sat beside him, now singing some sweet love-song, now reading him some inspiring poem, or affecting tale: and he, as his eye rested on her perfect profile, her blooming cheek, her rich hair, and fine form, thought all the beauties she read of eclipsed by her.

Mrs. Lindsay smiled when she marked the passionate admiration of his gaze, and sighed as Sir Peter's dashing carriage drove from the door, and she caught sight of a face, whose unwonted delicacy she attributed not to Jobb, but to Augusta.

But Julian, she felt sure, would now, ere

long, propose; besides, he was so handsome! and what woman is indifferent to beauty? "Perhaps," she said to herself, "though Sir Peter lives in such style, Julian may be the greatest catch, after all: and certainly, though I don't like red faces and stout figures, in general, yet I must say I think Sir Peter, now he's thin and pale, is a much uglier, meaner-looking man than he was. He did formerly look portly and well to do in the world — in short, a moneyed man; and now he looks like some starvling usher."

"Oh! Mr. Jobb, Mr. Jobb!"

And days passed on, and still Ellen did not recover her strength, nor quit her room; and still the hours, so heavy for her, were winged for Julian and Augusta by the swift rainbow-pinions of love.

Ellen had saved him, and for another. But the diver wears not the pearl he risks his life to win; that which he dared all to obtain, decks some proud court beauty. The anxious cares of the parent adorn the daughter with every grace..... to bless a stranger's

Wherever w
sow are seldom

CHAPTER XLII.

Up, up, my friend, and clear your looks!
Why all this toil and trouble?
Up, up, my friend, and quit your books,
Or surely you'll grow double.

WORDSWORTH.

Mr. Grunter, by Fitzcribb's advice, had removed into what he called "country lodgings." He had taken refuge in the "Vale of Health," at Hampstead; and here he devoted himself entirely to his grand and secret undertaking.

Every day he was attended either by Fitzcribb or "Milton," fresh from the British Museum, and laden with extracts, and adroit plagiarisms from abstruse sources.

In the little parlour which, with a bedroom and attendance, Grunter had hired for

twelve shillings a week, the trade of book-making was carried on as swiftly and furtively as that of the "raal potheen," among the Irish hills. Would we could add that there was as much genuine spirit in the produce!

Grunter was sacrificing at once to Hygeia and Apollo, two deities whom it is difficult to conciliate at once. To effect it, being still too weak to walk, and having never ventured on horseback, he rose at six, and mounted "his pegasus, a full-grown ass." But, full-grown as it was, Grunter's long legs reached the ground; and, like the man riding in the sedan-chair with the bottom out, he felt that, but for the honour, he might as well have walked.

The first ride was decidedly a failure; and Grunter, irritable from his illness, was much provoked at being followed by a set of idle, hooting boys, some of whom called out: "Now give the donkey a turn, old boy!" while one, a sunburnt, sandy urchin, proposed the difficult question: "I say, Ben, which o' them two is the biggest ass?"

Extremely out of temper, Grunter made a sort of mock-triumphant return through the village of Hampstead; and, getting with great caution off his drowsy *monture*, surlily paid his sixpence.

"Give us another sixpence, sir," said the donkey-boy. "You've had a most capital ride, sir, without one upset, sir, or accident, sir."

"Capital ride, you young scoundrel! — What! followed by all those idle rascals who ought to be in the treadmill!"

"Why, they com'd of their own accord, sir; they costes you nothin:" and the wag grinned.

"If they act so again, it will cost them a good thrashing, and you too, for I saw you encouraged them."

"If I did, sir, it was a cause they helps to get the donkey on, sir; the more on 'em is arter her heels, the better she goes. Give us sixpence. You've had more nor sixpence worth o' good out of her, poor old Nelly — so do give us sixpence more!"

"I give you sixpence!" exclaimed Grunter, in the words of Canning; and, completing the sentence with that well-known peroration, too harsh for pen polite, he hobbled into his parlour.

However, his wretched excursion had increased his appetite. Fitzcribb arrived in time to share his repast, and to suggest an improvement in the donkey excursions, which discovered at once the fertility of his invention, and the zeal of his friendship. He remarked to Grunter, that what one donkey could not do, two could easily achieve.

"On exercise depends your health," added Fitzcribb; "on your health, your work; and on your work, your immortality. Now, since you are too timid to venture on a horse, I propose that we look out for two strong asses; let them be saddled together as closely as possible, without impeding their movements; and then do you mount them both at once; with your immensely long legs, that will be easy."

"But I do not think that was ever done."

"The author of 'The History of Philosophy, and The Philosophy of History,' will not adduce that as a reason why it never should be. That can never be achieved which none have had enterprise to attempt."

Fitzcribb was often Johnsonian in his language.

"Why, no; but then I am so nervous!"

"The very reason why you must ride."

"And I shall be followed and hooted at by all the boys in the village.....perhaps pelted."

"Does the lion heed the flies that buzz around him? What great Orator, General, or Statesman, but has been hooted at — and even pelted? But if these urchins pelt you, give them a thrashing, if they only shout; when the novelty is over, they will shout no more."

"If you would try it first——"

"I will," said Fitzcribb, with the devotion of Caius Marius. "Alas! that the cause had been a nobler one! Friendship would have ranked next to patriotism; but Fitzcribb was

only running a great risk, for a very poor joke.

Grunter had carefully chosen two strong asses and a robust lad; these asses were "a double *debt* to pay," for Grunter was both to ride them and to drink their milk — choice fare for such an author, of such a work.

The time of trial came. Fitzcribb was very daring; he armed himself with a thick, knotted stick—and, having very short legs, he sat like a tailor on a seat between the two animals, formed of the ropes which united them, and with a very long bridle, he set off, his chargers being impelled by a smart blow from "Jock," the new donkey-boy.

They were very fresh, and trotted valiantly on, so much so that Grunter, fearing to lose an advantage he was paying for, called out that he saw it *was* feasible, and was ready to mount. But Fitzcribb heeded him not; he was pleased with the success of his novel expedient; the exercise revived, and the bracing air exhilarated him. So far all was well. Grunter was left far behind; vainly he

shouted and raised his stick, to show that he was ready. Fitzcribb had already trotted up the slope of the "Vale of Health," and came suddenly on the road leading to the heath, in the very centre of a crowd of ragged donkey-boys and their four-footed allies.

They no sooner beheld Fitzcribb, than they set up a mingled yell and shout; many left their less asinine quadrupeds, and followed him; but the uproar quickened the pace of his *monture;* and they had the mortification of being completely distanced.

Seeing this, Ben, who owed the new donkeys a grudge for Grunter's desertion of Nell, mounted that spirited animal, and, with a stick, in which he had had the cruelty to insert a sharp nail, goaded the poor creature on; thus urged, a race commenced. For some time the chances were for Fitzcribb, and the ragged tribe betted two-pence to a farthing upon him; but a sharp stroke given to Nell sent her within reach of Fitzcribb's pair. Jock had been left in the distance.

Ben, in his triumph, raised his stick, and

stuck his goad into one of Fitzcribb's donkeys; the animal reared, kicked—and, as they were ascending a hill, threw the rider over his head. Fitzcribb rose in an instant, quite unhurt, caught the bridle of Ben's donkey, dragged off the howling boy, and, with his own knotted stick, gave him so severe a thrashing that the urchin roared for mercy. He then sent him back, desiring him to tell his comates that the same chastisement awaited the first among them who should ever again presume to shout, to follow, or in any other way to annoy the rider of the donkey-pair.

The fate of Ben was a good lesson to the rest. One example is worth all the threats in the world. Fitzcribb remounted, returned in triumph through the tribe of his abashed assailants; and Grunter — the first spirit having departed from his pair—took a long, and though a jolting, a most salubrious ride.

This exercise soon restored his health. Sometimes he was thrown, but never hurt. Practice made him perfect in the management of the "Bucephali," as he pompously

named his two donkeys; and it was very seldom that poor Fitzcribb was allowed the benefit of even a short ride.

However, "The Work" progressed rapidly. Already, in corners of newspapers, appeared mysterious prophecies of "the dawning of a new star on the literary horizon." Already a rich banquet was promised to the classic and scientific epicure. One ran as follows: "We have reason to believe that a Grand Philosophical and Historical work will ere long delight the learned, from the pen of a profound and elegant scholar, who, though he has passed the meridian of life, makes his *début* in the important publication before alluded to. The researches, the labours, and the well-digested opinions of a sage's life, will be compressed into the noble and original production, the name of which we are not at liberty to make public; indeed, we are, in some degree, betraying the modest author in this slight notice; but our cordial love for the public must be our excuse; knowing what good things are in store for it, we cannot be

silent. If we love a learned author much, we love our dear public more. We believe that this admirable, elegant, unique, and profound production will convey, by the immortality it will secure its author, a severe lesson to those rash adventurers who rush into the conflict of men, before they are even entitled to the toga, who shake down the blossoms or the green fruit of their young tree of knowledge into the laps of the public, and then marvel that they contained not the seeds of immortality. The well-ripened fruit of a mature tree will make them blush for their ephemeral or crude offerings."

Another paper exclaimed—"We hear that Mr. Eb—ne—z—r Gr—nt—r, the Great Moral Philosopher, the Historian, and the Scholar, whose deep yet attractive work, entitled the 'History of Philosophy and the Philosophy of History,' will prove his claims to the epithets we have bestowed upon him above, is slowly recovering from the severe illness, the result of the intense study required by his Grand, Moral, Literary, and Classical undertaking."

Another:—" Mr. Ebenezer Grunter, whose life was endangered last month, by the sudden bursting of a blood-vessel, the result of intense application to a grand Philosophical and Historical work, has removed from St. James's Square, to the pleasant village of Hampstead, where he is slowly recovering, and completing his great and original undertaking. The demand for this production will be immense, so eager are the learned, the scientific, and even the fashionable readers for this important publication. To avoid disappointment, an early application should be made to Messrs. A. and E., publishers."

Many more were there, all composed and inserted by Fitzcribb, or his son, Milton.

Grunter's self-importance knew no bounds. He grew weary of having no one to display it before but Fitzcribb; and if no man is a hero to his valet, Grunter felt that no bookmaker is a genius to his coadjutor. He removed, then, from Hampstead; and the incipient lion stalked into the drawing-room of Mr. Lindsay's house, beholding in himself a

Johnson, in every man a Boswell, in every woman a Mrs. Thrale.

All had read the notices of his work; all came forward to congratulate him at once on the recovery of his health, and the completion of his serious and mysterious labours.

Miss Tibby approached, and said: "I canna but congratulate ye on the noise you're making in the warld, albeit somewhat prematurely; but I must say that in my younger days, when an author, with whom I was acquent, was making a book, he was aye too glod o' the opinions and criticisms o' mysel and my female friends. If men have maist larning, women have maist taste."

"The work, madam, is not one which ladies can criticise or appreciate, I fear."

"Indeed! then it will na be very popular, Mr. Grunter!"

"That, madam, will soon be decided, for it will appear on the first of next month;" and Grunter stalked away.

"The best day he could ha' chosen, the stiff-necked, pridefu', auld pen-driver! It'll

e'en be the first o' April, jist April fule-day, and he the biggest April-fule, and his book the next."

Alas! Miss Tibby was rather jealous of the praises she had read in the "prented papers."

The reader will perhaps marvel to hear that Miss Tibby, who was still Jobb's patient, was in good spirits and improved health. The fact was that Jobb knew it was not safe to tamper with the constitution of a person of Miss Tibby's age; he, therefore, confined his remedies to bread-pills, and the most innoxious syrups. These, as Miss Tibby had perfect faith in them, acted merely upon her imagination; she persuaded herself she was "a warld the better" for Mr. Jobb's prescriptions, and in that persuasion was an universal panacea.

CHAPTER XLIII.

He declared his love;
She owned his merit, nor refus'd his hand;
And shall not Hymen light his brightest torch,
For this delighted pair?
Junio and Theana.—GRANGER.

Julian was now almost himself again; if he still indulged in the luxury of being nursed, it was because the nurse was Augusta. He had not yet formally proposed, but there seemed to be so perfect an understanding between himself and his beautiful cousin, they spoke so confidently of the future, as of a bright fairy-land, of which they were to be joint-tenants, that even Mrs. Lindsay felt at rest on the subject; and as he seemed very anxious to accelerate the visit to Moss Grove, she concluded that he wished to make his offer in form to Augusta's father.

Mrs. Lindsay, who had long been discontented at the aspect of affairs, was now rather more tranquil.

"It is not a great, but it a good match," she said to herself, "and her loving him *is* something, though, as Mrs. Malaprop says, 'as both love and hatred wear off in matrimony, it is as well to begin with a little hate;' and, by the by, that reminds me that Ellen rather dislikes Sir Peter. But, when Julian is married, she will see she cannot have *him*, so, why should not *that* be a match? I must see what can be done. Augusta once married, I'll invite him to Moss Grove; I'll give him a hint that Ellen admires him; I'll tell her in strict confidence that he thinks her an angel, but dares not raise his eyes to one so far above him! That was the way I brought on the match between Lydia and St. Leger. Ah, poor Lydia! well, she made a good match. She didn't die an old maid. I think, as Ellen doats on humility, that will affect her, and as Sir Peter is vain, and that vanity wounded by Augusta, he will be ready to

propose at once, on the merest hint, to Ellen. So far, so good. Then I can point out to Ellen all the charities she can do, all the poor she can comfort, all the sorrowful she can bless, with the wealth Sir Peter will bestow on her. And as to a disappointed girl, all other men seem 'much of a muchness,' I have a great idea it may be brought about; and then all my girls are disposed of, and perhaps I may see what can be done for Annie; for, though she's neither kith nor kin of mine, 'yet she eats up the acorns that might feed my swine,' so it would be well to get her off."

Ellen had slowly recovered from her recent illness, for she was not to be awed by Mr. Jobb into taking any unnecessary draughts, however neatly done up and delicately labelled by Mr. Smith, who wrote, as Ruth thought, a most lovely hand. Ellen's manner was composed, nay, cheerful: in her seclusion she had schooled her rebel heart, and no one, who marked her calm and smiling face, could have dreamt of all she had felt and could feel.

When first she reappeared, Julian wel-

comed and thanked her with the warmest gratitude.

"I have not forgotten, Ellen," he said, "that to your admirable presence of mind and self-possession I owe a life I should have been so loth to lose. While dear Augusta was frantic with grief and alarm, what would have become of me had I not had a sweet sister-cousin, who could act wisely, while that darling girl could only lie down, and let her heart break?"

Ellen turned away, for her lip quivered, and the tears trembled in her eyes: he did not understand that there is no feeling so deep as that which can conquer self in a woman's breast; that strong Love will bear up, and act where feeble Passion can only lie down and weep. But why should he know it? What was she to him?

While he yet spoke, Augusta came in with some violets for him, and Ellen, and all Ellen had done, was forgotten.

De Villeneuve, during Ellen's absence, had been much with Annie, and Annie was grown

thoughtful and anxious: she was no more the merry Highland lassie. She might have said, with Julie, "I love, and I am woman!" Alas! alas! — to love! what is it but to exchange life's balmy peace for fears, and cares, and watchings, with only a few faint gleams of joy to make the darkness visible!...

Our party were to leave town as soon as Mr. Grunter's work was fairly launched; no expense was spared in "advertising," or "getting up." Mr. Lindsay's purse was at the service of the work; indeed, never having written a book himself, he felt a great respect for any one who had. An author seemed to him a step above ordinary mortals, and, as he was very simple, and neither knew nor guessed at any of the tricks of the trade, he read the pompous notices, convinced that they were sincere tributes, wrung forth by the matchless merits of the History of Philosophy and the Philosophy of History.

It happened that Ellen's birthday was at hand: the birthdays of his nieces were always festivals with Mr. Lindsay; he proposed to

Augusta and Julian that it should be kept with all possible *éclat*, and left it to them to decide in what manner. They (judging of Ellen's taste by their own) proposed a fancy-ball; and Ellen, to please her uncle, appeared to enter with great spirit into the preparations.

All the fashionables of their acquaintance were invited, and the kind Ellen would not have the few frumps they knew (and who does not know a few?) excluded.

The cards of invitation were issued; and now, to all outward appearance, the ball engrossed every mind but that of Grunter, who would have scorned the whole affair, but that he intended himself to appear in a character in which he could offer his new work as a tribute to the Queen of the *fête*, thus making one copy do for the Lindsay family, and spreading the fame of his book among the frivolous fashionables, whom else, perhaps, wrapped up in themselves, it might never reach.

Long and frequent were now the consulta-

tions with milliners and tailors; the tables were covered with pictures of the costumes of all countries and of all ages. No one but Mrs. Lindsay was guided in the selection by the spirit of economy, for Mr. Lindsay had requested that no expense might be spared. He had insisted on placing an ample sum in the hands of his sister-in-law and his nieces. Ellen and Augusta were bent on spending theirs judiciously, and Mrs. Lindsay on saving all she could out, of hers.

The *fête* was to be in all respects the most brilliant of the season. Gunter had *carte blanche*, and Strauss was to surpass himself. The fashionable papers were full of the ball; and even Ellen, who at first had forced herself to *appear* interested in it, became so in reality. Never had the Lindsays been so popular. There were such affectionate and coaxing little notes, from such cold, proud dowagers, for permission to bring a very dear friend—since, in order to avoid a crush, every invited person was distinctly specified; and it was understood "that for that night the free list was

suspended." This maddened a whole tribe of elderly chickens, who generally slip into parties under some old dowager's wing; if you appear to wish to exclude any, all are eager to be admitted.

After many discussions and many opinions, many considerings and reconsiderings, makings-up and changings of minds, the Lindsay party decided on representing the leading characters in "Ivanhoe."

This decision was chiefly owing to Augusta's having discovered that she looked particularly well in a Jewish turban. Ellen readily agreed to personate Rowena; Julian was to be Ivanhoe; De Villeneuve, Brian de Bois Guilbert; and Mr. Lindsay, Cedric the Saxon.

"It is not customary for the host and hostess to assume a character, dear father, on these occasions: it is not the fashion," said Julian, when he heard his father decide on representing his favourite Cedric.

"Then we'll make it the fashion, my dear boy: I'm resolved to be old Cedric, and I

Grunter kept his intentions a profound secret. Annie was one of the Saxon maids in Rowena's train, and Miss Tibby observed—

"In my younger days, I have been to fancy-balls, but na' managed like this. I used jist to devise some tasty costume after a fancy o' my ain. I think I ha' still by me, in ain o' my trunks, a sma' straw-hat, wi' a garland o' wild-roses, which I wore at a fancy-ball the Duke o' H—— gave at H——. I remember me, my hair was curled, and poodered a wee bit, and a blue ribbon tied carelessly round it, and the straw-hot stuck on ain side. I devised a sma' scarlet riding-jacket, and a long white skirt, and I had a wand in my hond, wi' wild-flowers twined aboot it. It was weel devised, something between an amazon and a shepherdess. I have it by me still, but I dinna think I'll run the risk o' cotching cold for a' that.

"I remember me, that amang mony who had the face to appear wi' unco short skirts, I was much commended by Donald for the great propriety o' my choice. I canna bear

to see ladies sinking into bauld-faced, short-coated Swiss or Itolion peasants, bollod-singers, flower-girls, or the like, still less flaunting about as Turkish hizzies, na better than they should be — for we ken weel what a Turkish woman maun be — in troosers and the like. Pope says, 'Maist women ha' na characters at a' '. I dinna think they mend the matter, by assuming those they do."

"Then will you not appear in character, Miss Tibby?" asked Augusta.

"Na, my dear, I'm na unco weel — ye ken I'm under the direction o' Mr. Job; and though there'll be mony perhaps as auld or aulder than mysel, flaunting aboot like mountebanks, I dinna commend these follies in women o' a certain age — instead o' being *in* character, I ca' it being *out* o' character, my dear; but, out o' compliment to Ellen, maybe I may dress a little mair fanciful than usual. I have somewhere by me a sma' white satin cap and feather, and a white satin jacket, trimmed wi' swandown, if they're na turned yellow—they are baith becoming and bonnie

enoo' — I wore them at the wedding o' Jessy Macpherson, a schoolfellow o' my ain, and mony said the bridesmaid eclipsed the bride."

CHAPTER XLIV.

"Behold! in various throngs the scribbling crew,
For notice eager, pass in long review.
Each spurs his jaded Pegasus apace,
And rhyme and blank maintain an equal race."

English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.

"Sans esprit femme belle et bonne vaut mieux que femme bel-esprit."

In the interval that elapsed between Mr. Grunter's return from Hampstead, and the publication of his work, he had become very intimate with Fitzcribb's family.

As Mr. Grunter was not encumbered with the delicacy or tact which makes people dread to intrude, and as Mrs. Fitzcribb always gave a cordial reception to a man who had already materially assisted her husband, and whose influence with the rich Mr. Lindsay might

secure to him and to his sons some permanent advantage, he never dreamed for a moment that he could be "*de trop*."

Therefore, at first, with the slightest possible excuse, and, at last, with no excuse at all, he would drop in whenever he found his time hang heavy, or whenever he could get no one else to listen, while he boasted about his book; or, whenever he wished to be reassured as to its merits, which sometimes he owned he was "so weakly nervous" as to doubt, he would hurry off to the poor Fitzcribbs; and, as their evil star would have it, their hours not being his, he generally intruded at the most inconvenient time to a poor and ill-regulated family, that is, when they were assembled round some untidy and wretched meal—for we must bear in mind that in their case there was not only the want of means, but of management — they were not only poor, but Mrs. Fitzcribb was a blue.

On one occasion, when the Fitzcribbs, hastily snatching their ill-managed and wretched dinner, had given orders that no one should

be admitted, a heavy, creaking step broke upon their ear; a short dialogue of insistance on Grunter's part and resistance on Kitty's ensued; and in a moment the expected damsel, with the neck of roast mutton and potatoes from the bakers, appeared, followed by the persecuting bore, exclaiming, "If they were not at home, what would you be taking in their dinner for, young woman? — they'll see me—they're always at home to *me*!"

Alas, the poor Fitzcribbs! By those born and bred in poverty, this inspection of their wretched means would have been little felt! but, with all the acute consciousness of their

"Never mind me! never mind me!" Grunter exclaimed, actually sitting down at the table, "I'm only come to have an hour's chat about The Book. If I hadn't just made a capital lunch on turtle-soup, hashed venison, and perigord pie, I'd take a bit with you. Baked mutton and potatoes!—a very good thing too; but I've just come from asparagus and forced-peas."

"If you wish to consult me, I'll attend you in the library," said poor Fitzcribb, who, though very hungry, shrank from eating before his ill-bred and impertinent visitor.

"Oh, no! by no means; I've nothing private or particular to say, only, of course, one likes to talk about one's own child — he! he! he!"

"Well, come into the book-closet."

"No, no! I had enough of that closet before—one can't turn in it. Besides, much as I like Hume and Smollet, I'm gallant enough to like your fair wife and lovely daughters better;" and he glanced through his spectacles at Mrs. Fitzcribb, who—slattern as, alas! she

was, her hair turned up with a broken comb (*en papillotes*), and slip-shod—blushed, and looked down disconcerted, thereby convincing Grunter that his glance was too much for her.

"Now do eat your dinners," urged Grunter; "and take care, Benoni, there's a good boy!"

Benoni, seated on a high chair close by Grunter, and into which he was barred, was eating a bason of porridge with an old soup-ladle, and, in brandishing his ladle, had contrived to waft a little of his porridge into Grunter's face, and on his superfine blue coat. But Benoni would *not* take care, so he was obliged to be carried squalling away by Sappho and Johnson.

"See," said Grunter, "there's my young friend Swift looks as hungry as a hunter. Bravo! he's actually contrived to help himself! Well done, Swift, my boy, you deserve your name."

"I hope I shall deserve it, sir," said Swift.

A dead silence succeeded. Mrs. Fitzcribb felt tears of mortification in her eyes, and a choking sensation in her throat. She, the daughter of Sir ——, a man remarkable for

the elegant refinement of his household, to be discovered in such a *déshabille*, and at such a table! She glanced at Grunter: his dull green eye seemed to her excited fancy to be taking an inventory of the cracked plates and dishes—but of that he was innocent; he was thinking of his dedication.

Mrs. Fitzcribb followed his eye, and saw it light on chipped, unmatched plates, and dishes of different patterns, on a dirty, tumbled cloth, on a salt-cellar, on whose dark contents lay a dessert-spoon, while in the mustard-pot there was a fork, and a knife stuck into the potatoes. The cloth was fine, and, if it had been smooth, would have been handsome; the things were all tolerable of their kind, if they had not been mismatched, battered about, and far from clean. A doubt would intrude itself on her mind whether it was not order rather than money that was wanting. She sighed, and resolved to have a general sorting, cleaning, and arranging of every thing, as soon as she had finished a poem called "The Happy Home." Alas! one canto only was written, and it was to be in eight.

"Why should we mind his seeing our poor dinner?" said Milton, aside, to Corinna,—they had both been colouring and writhing with shame and vexation, (for in such cases where children inherit nothing else, the wretched heritage of pride and delicacy of feeling is sure to be theirs.) "The disgrace of this coarse fare to us, sister, is nothing compared to that of his coarser manners to him. Mamma, dear! let me help you." And Milton, approaching his mother and father, whispered his consolatory deduction to them, while Grunter was reading his last proof aloud.

It had some effect, for all were soon engaged upon the humble repast. But Mrs. Fitzcribb found it almost impossible, sitting as she did in such *déshabille*, opposite a glaring sun, to pick the miserable bone of a neck of mutton, with Grunter's eyes, when he had finished the proof, fixed upon her.

"You don't eat, ma'am."

"Perhaps my wife, like most ladies," said Fitzcribb, affecting a laugh, "cannot eat in comfort when any one sits at table without sharing the repast."

"Oh! I'll look away;" and Grunter turned to the window, but, finding that dull enough, compared to gazing on the very handsome and blushing face of Mrs. Fitzcribb, he exclaimed, "or, if you'll allow me, I'll take a morsel with you. 'Better a dinner of herbs where love is,'" and he simpered both at Mrs. Fitzcribb and Corinna, "'than a stalled ox, and hatred therewith.'"

But Mr. Grunter was too late: there was nothing left but a piece of skin and fat, and one green potato. To this, however, Swift helped him with great pomp; then, all the other dinner utensils being in use, he was supplied with a small cheese-knife, and a two-pronged carving fork — and, finally, having asked for some beer, it was presented him in a wine-glass. However, if he came off badly for meat, Swift atoned by giving him a quantity of fat gravy.

Grunter hardly knew what to do with his piece of fat, and his huge two-pronged fork. Before he had decided, Swift, in handing him the salt, had contrived to upset all the con-

tents of the plate on the white ducks, in which, somewhat prematurely for the season, Grunter had resolved to pay his respects to Mrs. Fitzcribb; and, as if fate was resolved to overwhelm him quite, in suddenly drawing back he gave the cloth a pull, by which a whole pot of table-beer fell upon him, deluging his trowsers completely. Then there were exclamations and apologies, wipings and cleanings, but all in vain.

Swift was scolded loudly for his awkwardness, but a furtive glance from his father, and a smile from his mother, convinced him he would be easily forgiven.

What was to be done? The table-beer and the greasy gravy had deluged Grunter; "he was sure he should take cold, barely recovered from such an illness." Fitzcribb assured him his scanty wardrobe was at his service, and took him up into his untidy room, where not even the bed was made, to give him his choice among his worn garments.

When Grunter reappeared, he was in an old pair of drab trowsers of Fitzcribb's, which

hardly came below his knees. He walked with great difficulty; and his huge, white cotton legs, and black highlows, formed so ludicrous a *tout-ensemble*, that the Fitzcribbs could not restrain their laughter; and, after many efforts, all burst forth at once. Grunter's extreme and angry gravity added much to the ludicrous effect of the whole, particularly when rising with offended dignity to depart; he made his most formal bow to Mrs. Fitzcribb, but a slight crack, warning him to be cautious, he was obliged to sink back in his chair.

Perceiving that it was necessary to conciliate, he attempted a grim smile, and said, "Fitzcribb, you must be so kind as to lend me your cloak."

The cloak was brought, but it came only down to Grunter's knees. The absurdity of his appearance was rather heightened by the addition. At length he humbly said, "My dear Fitzcribb, I must get you to let one of your dear boys call me a coach; I cannot walk the streets like this."

Glad to be restored to Grunter's favour, Fitzcribb consented; a coach was fetched, but, as ill-luck would have it, Grunter encountered on the stairs his old foe, Sally, and the Fitzcribbs' Kitty; and, though he gazed at them with ferocious defiance, they both burst into a laugh, which long after rang in his ears.

When he arrived at Mr. Lindsay's, he not only saw Miss Tibby looking out of window, and heard her shriek out, "There's auld Grunter gane stark mod, wi' na troosers at a' worth mentioning!" but, as he entered the house, he encountered a whole party of supercilious fashionables just leaving it; and the pretty shrieks of the ladies, and the affected titter of their beaux, formed an odious chorus in his ears with the merriment of the Fitzcribbs, the ejaculations of Miss Tibby, and the loud laugh of Sally and Kitty.

As he was somewhat sulky, and suspected that this affair had not been quite accidental on the part of Swift, he resolved at first to withdraw himself from Fitzcribb; but people

soon forgive those they have need of. If he quarrelled with Fitzcribb, the book would be ruined. So, after a few days, in which this coadjutor, knowing that he could not be dispensed with, took high ground, and went not near Grunter, Grunter donned a new pair of ducks; and, having obtained Mr. Lindsay's consent, set forth for Great Quebec Street, with invitations for Mr. and Mrs. Fitzcribb, and family, to the fancy-ball, as his guests.

CHAPTER XLV.

In clouded majesty, there dullness shone,
Four guardian virtues round support her throne;
Fierce champion Fortitude, that knows no fears
Of hisses, blows, or want, or loss of ears;
Calm Temperance, whose blessings those partake
Who hunger and who thirst for scribbling sake;
Prudence, whose glass presents th' approaching jail,
Poetic Justice, with her lifted scale;
Where, in nice balance, truth with gold she weighs,
And solid pudding against empty praise.

The Dunciad.

The fancy-ball was to take place on the third of April, and Grunter's book was out on the first. But he obtained, from all the Lindsays, a promise of patience, till Ellen's birthday, when it was to be presented in form. This, as they were all entirely engrossed by their preparations, he readily secured — far more readily, perhaps, than he

would have done any portion of time or attention for the book.

How paltry to the inflated Grunter seemed all the details which engrossed the Lindsay family, on the very day when his quarto first saw the light! What was the birthday of any woman since Eve, or even of Eve herself, compared to that of this giant-born child of the old usher's brain? Fitzcribb had no rest, for Grunter's pride and joy were very communicative. Unable to wait till the morning papers arrived, he would rise early, dress in haste, throw himself into a cab, and be ready at the offices to snatch them up "wet from the press."

If his work was praised, what exultation! if censured, what indignant surprise! if neglected, what unspeakable amazement! In any case, he must immediately see Fitzcribb; and so poor Fitzcribb, who had perhaps been writing half the night, was roused from his morning slumber, or disturbed at his meagre breakfast, or important duties. At any rate, Grunter had always the advertisement on which to feast his eyes.

Certainly, the book did cut a very promising figure in the advertisement. It was, besides, admirably printed, on the best paper. The dedication was a masterpiece of typography; the work was divided into books, sections, and chapters — headed by Greek, Latin, German, and even Hebrew mottoes. Learned-looking notes, in the dead languages, bordered the margin of every page: there was a long introduction, and a preface, besides an elaborate index. As Alphonse de Villeneuve said, *le plus fin s'y sérait trompé;* but it was on the dedication that Grunter most loved to dwell, and to indulge in visions of royal favour, titles, and appointments; it seemed to him so completely the *beau ideal* of the *multum in parvo.* He knew that the great are easily wearied, and therefore he had been concise — he knew that praise is fulsome to them, and therefore he had boldly assumed the censor — he knew that entreaty is vain, and therefore he had dared to command; for, after all, he said, monarchs rule for the present time, but authors give laws to the future. This dedication was as follows: —

"To the Queen, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Lord High Chancellor of England, this work is dedicated, not humbly, but most proudly, by one who has not feared to paint Monarchs, Archbishops, and Lord Chancellors, from the glass of history, with the pencil of philosophy. What though the Queen of Beauty sits on Albion's throne. The author has not tuned a soft lay to the ear of youth and royal loveliness. Philosophy shades his admiring gaze; and he beholds, in that young queen, the Defender of the Faith, the Monarch of the Realm! From the work he proudly dedicates then to the Queen's Most Excellent Majesty, he expects much. History! and Philosophy! what guide is more sure for a youthful sovereign? He calls on the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Lord High Chancellor of England, men who will one day figure on such pages as those he dedicates to them now;—men whose genius and talents would adorn any age, graciously to accept and intensely to study, and even to proffer to their youthful sovereign these fruits of a life

devoted to the service of the Queen, the Church, and the State.

"EBENEZER GRUNTER."

Nor was the work quite without merit, but then so little of that merit was Grunter's. Fitzcribb was a clever, shewy writer, with that sort of knack which the long habit of figuring before the public gives to the author, as well as to the actor. The youthful Milton had thrown in, here and there, a smart paradox, a poetical rhapsody, or an enthusiastic appeal; then too the worm-eaten pages of forgotten writers, old divines, and quaint scholiasts, had been put under contribution; and even Grunter himself looked well in print.

His crabbed style passed for originality; when he was very obscure, the world took it for granted that he was very deep, forgetting that nothing is so dark as a hollow: when he was very dry, they persuaded themselves that what was so hard to read, must have been harder still to write. And when his involved style made him quite incomprehensible, they blamed themselves for not being

able to follow the author in his flights, and kept the secret of their ability.

The book sold immensely. Many reviewers of course were there, who *would* judge for themselves, and who denied its merits, and exposed its faults; but these only added to its publicity, or, as Grunter said, to its fame.

"What success?" he asked, "ever failed to excite envy? what acknowledged genius ever escaped a host of foes?" Grunter would now have thought himself incomplete without them. He might be called a fool, a plagiarist, a pretender, a quack; but what was that to the envious abuse heaped upon other great men of ancient and modern times? If at first a severe critique made him quail, at last it made him triumph; besides, the more bitter the one Reviewer, the more laudatory became another, not so much because it was Grunter's admirer, as because it was the sworn foe of his aggressor.

Then to many minor periodicals, Fitzcribb had constant access. There the puffs seemed to strive to out-puff each other, and extracts from them figured in all the advertisements,

"No library can be complete without this noble and admirable work," said one.

Another exclaimed, "We recommend this extraordinary and sublime production to every reader of every age, sex, and station."

"Here," shouted a fourth, "here is the grand desideratum of the scholar, the divine, and the politician! yet not to those gifted few would we confine the invigorating waters of this classic fountain. Far from us be the vile spirit of a base monopoly. Its pure and lucid stream, sweet to the sage, will give new power to the mind of beauty, and awaken betimes, in the youth of both sexes, a wholesome appetite, for the highest order of intellectual fare. This work must be most popular, and should be found in every home; the dedication is a masterpiece of eloquence."

A fifth, "By far the best work of the age; no one should be without it."

A sixth, "A work unrivalled, nay, unapproached in the present times. Every man of sense must possess himself of it, and must wish it to be the constant companion of each member of his family."

A seventh, "'The History of Philosophy, and the Philosophy of History,' form a proud era in the literary records of these times," and so on, *ad infinitum*.

Then, too, as the bee extracts honey from the bitterest flowers, so the busy and adroit Fitzcribb, by a little manœuvring, could extract eulogy from the august and condemnatory papers of some "grand Napoleon of the realms" of criticism.

A leading review having said—"The author of this work (had he indeed fulfilled his pompous promises) must have been endowed with an universal genius, and have devoted to it the labours of a life." The "had he indeed fulfilled," &c., was omitted, and the censure, thus changed into praise, most valuable from such a source, paraded, with the talismanic name of the review it was quoted from, among the other eulogies. From other notices, even more severe, by quoting irony as praise, Fitzcribb contrived to cater fresh laurels for Grunter's overcharged brow.

Who can marvel that Grunter's head grew

dizzy? that the earth seemed too mean for this heir of immortality? For so strangely is the human mind constituted, that praise, whether deserved or not, and whether its source be pure or not, seldom fails to intoxicate the novice. Porter or sparkling hock, both have the same power on the Bacchanalian tyro.

Grunter knew that little of the work was his own; he knew that all these praises came from the hired pen of Fitzcribb, and yet he gloated over them. He was as proud as if the work had been all his, and as if the first sages in Europe had united to decree the laurel to him. Perhaps we should rather say, "as vain" than "as proud," since pride arises from the inward consciousness of something which, whether right or wrong, the mind glories in; and vanity, poor counterfeit, springs not from what we feel we are, but from what we believe ourselves to appear to be, in the eyes of others.

The lady is vain of conquests made by the means of artificial charms. What if the blush,

the golden tresses, the white teeth, and the form's roundness, are all *bought*, if they are *believed* real! The lady's vanity is gratified. The plagiarist is vain of the praise given to the borrowed passage. The fashionable is vain of the establishment, the show, the splendour, lent by the humble shopkeepers whom he despises, and can never hope to pay! the schoolboy of the holiday letter, composed and pencilled by the usher — the school-girl of the works half done by the teacher, and the drawings whose merits are all the master's; and so on through all classes—Grunter and his book over again.

CHAPTER XLVI.

The mighty master of the revel, Love,
In notes more soothing than his mother's dove,
Prompts the soft strain that melting virgins sing,
Or sportive trips around the frolic ring,
Coupling with radiant wreaths of lambent fire,
Fair fluttering Hope, and rapturous Desire;
Unnumbered damsels differing charms display,
Pensive with bliss, or in their pleasures gay;
And the wide prospect yields one touching sight
Of tender, yet diversified delight.

HAYLEY'S *Triumphs of Temper.*

The evening of Ellen's birthday came at last. Mr. Lindsay's splendid mansion was one blaze of light; the walls of all the principal rooms were hung with draperies of white and rose-coloured silk, fringed and looped up with silver. The floors, instead of being chalked in the ordinary manner, were elaborately ornamented with a newly-invented japanning of

silver and gold, the delicate and fairy pattern of which it seemed almost a pity to tread upon. Beautiful statues, rare and lovely shrubs, and a quantity of flowers, lent a classic grace and a poetic charm to all the costly decorations of wealth.

Every thing was arranged with a magnificent elegance, and a tasteful freshness, very rare in modern entertainments. Brilliant and abundant light, (the great secret of the superior splendour of Parisian festivals,) lent an air of fairy-land to the scene. It was bright as noon-day, but not that searching, mocking light; it was the brightness of illusion, not of reality. A magnificent banquet was to be served at one o'clock; but, in the mean time, several refreshment-rooms, cool, shady, with seats for the weary, and where the Frost King and the Fire King seemed to have lent their *chefs*; (so admirably was every thing iced that should have been iced, and so hot was every thing that was intended to be hot). How different to the cold tea, the melting jellies, and ices, which generally reward the patient

beau, who has been labouring for half an hour in a little crowded refreshment-room, to procure something, for a cross, impatient belle; who hears the next quadrille strike up in the ball-room, and who knows that her attendant has a partner, and that she has none.

Judgment, taste, and wealth, all had united to embellish this *fête* with all that could delight, and to exclude and to avoid every thing that could annoy. Mr. Lindsay had remarked, in his own quiet way, that when at a ball the ladies preponderate, the men (true to their nature, and regardless of a pleasure they are able to command) generally give themselves airs, and often decline dancing at all, but that, where they abound, the spirit of rivalry creeps in, and all are on the *qui vive* to be mated, and every *danseuse*, old and plain though she be, is eagerly sought, and had resolved that on this occasion there should be many more cavaliers than ladies.

The result, of course, was a most animated ball; for the women, not knowing the cause, were in high good-humour at being so sought

after; and the men, obliged to be *empressés*, or to be cut out, had no time to stand about, sneering, criticising, suppressing a yawn, and conveying to all who looked at them the *ennui* they at first pretend, and ere long actually feel.

"For once," Mr. Lindsay said, "I will have it my own way. I have often seen very pretty girls sitting, their hearts beating, and their eyes filling with tears, while a quadrille was forming; and a set of young puppies, whom I should have liked to have caned, lounging and laughing together; sure at the last moment, from the numbers of women present, that they could get a partner at once; or perhaps sinking into a seat, as if fatigued by the bare idea. I've seen the mother's looks growing ominously darker and darker, and I've wished that I could have divided myself into twenty young men, to thrash the idle coxcombs, and to dance with the poor girls. I'll have none of those scenes on Ellen's birthday. There shall not be a dancing spinster of fifty disengaged."

True to his good-humoured resolve, there were hosts of young lords and honourable misters, guardsmen, *attachés*, and young men reading for the bar, Oxonians, and Cantabs. Aware that they would see little of each other in the crowd they expected, the Lindsays and De Villeneuve had agreed to meet half an hour before the company arrived, for the sake of enjoying each other's society, minutely examining each other's dresses, walking through the rooms, and having the amusement together of watching the arrivals —a great entertainment at a fancy-ball.

The appointed place of rendezvous was

he had fastened them around the neck and arms of Ellen. "There, dearest, I could think of nothing else; at once dazzling and solid, they are an emblem of you."

"Except in being cold and cutting," said De Villeneuve, delighted and confirmed by this costly present in his idea that Ellen was her uncle's favourite.

Ellen seemed nor cold nor cutting; for she had thrown herself into her uncle's arms, and, spite of herself, a tear bright and priceless as the gems he offered, would fall.

Julian, as Ivanhoe, was all we dream Ivanhoe to be—interesting, graceful, noble, reserved, while his recent illness gave the touch of sadness the character requires.

Ellen had all the beauty of Rowena, and, to those who knew her, the charm of a warmer heart and a loftier character. The dress suited her admirably; it was closely copied from Sir Walter's description, and was much set off by Ellen's beautiful profusion of golden hair, which fell, like Rowena's, unbound upon her shoulders. The quiet

dignity of the part suited her well; and De Villeneuve—who made an admirable Bois Guilbert, except that he was too handsome—gazed on the fair Saxon with a glance as ardent as that which had compelled the original Rowena to drop her veil when, at the board of Cedric, the Templar owned himself vanquished, and paid the Prior his lost bet on the maiden's beauty.

Mrs. Lindsay came in, very smiling, coaxing, and bustling. She was dressed as a Chinese! At first she seemed very dazzling; but, on a closer inspection, much of her splendour was to be traced to gold and silver paper, which she had adroitly cut out into stars, crescents, and moons, and had stuck on white muslin and dyed silk. However, Mr. Lindsay was no connoisseur; to his eye her dress appeared most costly, and though he did not think the strained hair and Chinese head-dress very becoming, he felt sure the whole must have been extremely expensive.

Mrs. Lindsay, in spite of her assumed smiles, general coaxings, and universal praises,

was in reality in a very ill-humour: not only she thought, as she gazed at Augusta, and ran over in her mind all the titled beaux that were expected, that she ought, to use her own words, to become "my lady," but she had met with a signal failure in an attempt she had made to induce Ellen to consider the propriety of making a few conquests and a good match. She had hinted at a belief that Sir Peter admired her, and that a little encouragement would bring him to the point; and, to her horror and dismay, she had heard that she would consider an offer from a man her sister had rejected as an affront rather than a compliment, that she had no wish to marry at all, preferred a single life, and, in short, sheltered herself under all the unanswerable arguments which made Mrs. Lindsay decide that she was a total and obstinate fool—that she never had had an offer, and never would, and would inevitably be a forlorn and despised old maid.

Annie was very pretty as a Saxon maid of honour; and Miss Tibby, in her white satin

cap and feather, a sprinkling of powder on her front, her jacket trimmed with swansdown, and a "sma' basket-hoop," looked as quaint as any of the professed "characters."

The party had taken tea before Augusta appeared; but, when she did appear, all uttered an exclamation of surprise and admiration. Rebecca herself, at the lists of Ashby, could not have looked more beautiful.

The consciousness of her triumph lighted her dark eyes, and wreathed her scarlet lips with smiles. Her slightly aquiline nose, her long dark locks, "each, in its little spiral of twisted curls," the regal style of her beauty, the proud form which the Jewish maiden's garb, invested with the interest of royalty in bonds, and the exquisite complexion, set off by the gems and bright colours of her antique and richly-embroidered dress—all presented to the outward eye a bright incarnation of the poet's loveliest dream. But the impassioned, melancholy, musing mind, the warm, unworldly, and devoted heart of Judah's daughter—how were they contrasted by the frivolous and

coquettish fashionable, whose first love was a poor vanity, whose utmost ambition was to glitter the ball-room's queen, and whose highest aim was a good match!

No; in the calm and placid Ellen there was more, far more of the lofty nature of Rebecca! Sublime Rebecca! — visions of faultless loveliness glow through many a poet's page; we admire, and we forget; but thou standest alone in thy august and captive beauty, immortalised in every mind that has been brightened by thy image! How mighty the magic that could make thee, the scorned, the insulted daughter of Israel, the idol of a world, the empress of the mind! And yet not undisputed empress; for it is a strange thing that the two heroines of romance, most unlike in all outward appliances, but yet who call forth something of the same reverential affection, are the Rebecca of Ivanhoe and the Clarissa of Richardson. The one is the highest triumph of poetic, and the other of domestic pathos. Strikingly unlike to the casual observer, on a close investigation, we

trace the same unselfish tenderness, the same lofty purity of thought, the virtue that could dare death, but not disgrace; the sorrow that captivates sympathy, and the melancholy fate which makes interest eternal!

Julian, as he gazed at his beautiful cousin, felt very proud of the preference of a creature who looked so lofty and impassioned, and he was too much fascinated to remark that her chief object of attraction was a pier-glass, and that, after a protracted toilet, she was still engrossed by her turban, her feather, her ringlets, and her jewels.

"How do you like my dress, Miss Tibby?" asked Mrs. Lindsay.

"I canna mak you ony compliment on it, my dear; I dout na it's very expensive and costly, and a' that, wi' sae much gold and siller; but you look, for a' the warld, like ane o' the figures on my Chinese fan, or on the tea-caddie given me by Donald o' the brae."

"Indeed, my dear Miss Tibby, you have paid me a very high compliment. My object is to look like one of those figures."

"Then your ambition is gratified: but, as I said before, both you and your daughters, as weel as Annie there, were welcome to the pattern o' my straw hot, or scarlet jacket, or any thing else I had by me fit for a fancy-ball."

"Thank you, dearest Miss Tibby. Another time, perhaps, we may be obliged to you."

"I doot it, my dear! in these times, young folk are na much given to listen to their elders; it was na sae in my younger days."

Julian stood near Augusta, whispering a thousand lover-like nothings, and Augusta's eyes were downcast; but she was examining her embroidered slipper, in which her small foot looked to great advantage, and the graceful flow of her amber satin robe.

De Villeneuve was complimenting Ellen and Annie; Miss Tibby was bridling and settling her hoop; and Mrs. Lindsay was fastening on a gold paper star, which was falling from its sphere. Much discontented with the whole affair, her only consolation

was in reflecting how very little her own dress had cost, and how much she had actually pocketed out of the sum Mr. Lindsay had wished her to spend on it. She hated to see De Villeneuve near Ellen, and would not rest till she had been assured by one whose word no one ever doubted for a moment, namely, by Ellen herself, that he was merely a friend, and had no chance of ever becoming a lover.

The roll of many wheels, and the echo of thundering knocks, compelled the party to hasten to the ball-room. Ere long, the Square was full of carriages, and the rooms of quaint figures.

any doubt or discomfort, until the very moment when such a feeling renders their costume ridiculous. Here were Swiss and Italian peasants, evidently much ashamed of their short petticoats (why had they chosen them?). There were ladies of the olden time, their feet entangled in their trains, or their progress impeded by their hoops. There were cavaliers, to whom a sword seemed a sad incumbrance, and Highland chiefs, whose very knees blushed.

A few foreigners, among whom was De Villeneuve (and Julian, who had been used to these balls in Paris), alone seemed at ease. Here were brigands, with faint hearts, trying to strut and to look savage as they entered, but pale even through their rouge; there, a small, timid Charles the Twelfth, ready to shrink into his own jack-boots; a Cœur de Lion slunk behind the first door; a Charles the Second, a Buckingham, and a Rochester, who could not have concocted a repartee between them; a shuffling, awkward Louis Quatorze; a Henry the Eighth, who dared not

look a lady in the face; a very fat Ariel; an Aurora, who had numbered fifty summers; a thin, scraggy sultana, around whose waist the orthodox Cestus would have twined thrice. There were Greeks, with snub-noses and thick lips; a Virgin of the Sun, who had outlived three husbands; a Morning Star, who had set from Beauty's firmament thirty years before; a bold, rouged, *agaçante* La Vallière; and a young blushing girl, innocent alike of frailty and of history, decked out as "La belle Ferronière." There were, perhaps the most in character, coquettish nuns and ogling monks; there were Spanish troubadours, who could not sing a note; Spanish donnas, who could do nothing but look down and giggle; and jesters, who had not a word to say for themselves. Then there were the usual variety of beaux, strutting about in fancy uniforms; of flower-girls, ballad-singers, and gipsies.

The Fitzcribbs and Grunter had not yet made their appearance, excepting only "Swift," who, at a very short notice, had been called upon, through an unexpected defalcation, to

take the part of Wamba, in order to complete the characters in "Ivanhoe." He kept very close to Cedric the Saxon, and was very garrulous, forward, and flippant, if not very witty. When he could not think of a good joke, he came boldly forward with a bad one; but he did, at least, what none of the other jesters did—he laughed and made others laugh.

Mr. Jobb, through great interest with Miss Tibby, and great good-nature in Ellen, had got himself and Mrs. Jobb admitted. Mr. Jobb was attired as an English gentleman of the old school, and the fat, vulgar, round-faced Mrs. Jobb had chosen to be "the lovely, young Lavinia," with a quantity of wheat in her hair, and very short petticoats.

"An't please you, uncle Cedric," said the young Wamba, as they passed, "that is a good disguise."

"Which do you mean?"

"That of Jobb as a *gentleman*, uncle Cedric. Who would ever dream of the old Sangrado in that character?"

"I tuink his wife allows hersel great lati-

tude in her dress," said Miss Tibby, bridling.

"I wish, fair coz, she'd allow herself a little more *longitude*," replied the boy; and all around laughed.

Augusta was, beyond all comparison, the belle of the ball; and the universal admiration she excited, by adding to her animation and confidence, increased her charms.

Julian had felt sure of dancing the first set with her, and therefore he had neglected to invite her (a common error with a man who thinks himself secure of a woman's heart, and one which, *en passant* be it said, is dangerous; for, in the first place, no woman likes a man to seem too certain of her preference; and, in the next, she is always piqued if the favoured one appears less anxious and alert than those she has not distinguished, or than himself, before she smiled upon his suit.

Julian had been entrapped for some minutes into a conversation with Lady Jane Belville, who looked to great advantage as Mary Queen of Scots. Augusta, surrounded by adorers, elated to the highest pitch of vanity, and in-

dignant at not seeing Julian foremost among her worshippers, promptly accepted the hand of the Earl of Chester, a very handsome King John. And when Julian drew near to claim her, she said, with a taunting smile, "If you had cared about dancing with me, you would have secured me long ago — I am engaged now."

Julian had never been so much in love with Augusta as on that night; it was because he was so engrossed by her beauty, that he had forgotten the formality of engaging her. He did not love her the less for her self-appreciation and prompt revenge. Alas! alas! all the patient devotion and tender dependence women often lavish on those they love, only raise the lover into a tyrant, while a playful indifference and proud self-appreciation converts him into the slave!

Julian grew pale, and there were tears in his eyes; but he walked proudly away, and engaged Lady Jane. Lady Jane was very handsome, and with that sort of vivacity which in a ball-room passes for wit. Bnt, in spite of

himself, Julian could not seem engrossed by her; he found no words to parry her *persiflage*; his eyes would watch the beautiful Rebecca, coquetting with King John. His heart felt swollen, his throat seemed contracted. Poor Julian! he was jealous for the first time!

"Sir Knight," said Lady Jane, archly, "you give the fair Rowena too much cause for jealousy; it is evident Rebecca has not tended your sick bed in vain. Fie upon a Christian knight, who loves a Jewish maiden!"

"Loves! fair queen!" replied Julian, trying to rouse himself—"who ever looked on Mary of Scotland without learning to love her, and forget all other love?"

"But those whose eyes are riveted on another, who have not given themselves the trouble to look upon her, are not likely to learn those lessons."

"Perhaps such dread to learn the lesson of Love from so stern a teacher as Despair."

"But Hope," replied the lady, glancing tenderly at him, and almost imperceptibly pressing Ivanhoe's cold hand—"Hope, a very

pleasant fellow and a particular friend of mine, would accept you as a pupil, and complete you, as the writing-masters say, in six easy lessons."

Lady Jane was a young widow, but a finished coquette. She greatly admired Julian, and always flirted with him when she could. She affected to treat him as a boy, to whom she could say any thing; but she thought him man enough to be her husband, if she could ensnare him, particularly as *he* was so rich and *she* so much in debt.

"Beautiful queen!" he replied, of course returning the pressure of her hand, "I will try to engage him as my teacher, but I fear I have no capacity."

"Silly boy!" replied the lady, tapping him with her fan, "you are such a mischievous indolent truant, you are scarcely worth the pains I take with you. I won't trouble myself about you any more. Here for the last month I've been quite ill with anxiety on your account. Not only must you go squandering your time in attempting to snare a certain bright hum-

ming-bird, but, because another idle varlet joins in the chase, you must risk your silly life, and forthwith shoot, and be shot at!"

"Ah! you have only the popular version of that story, fair queen."

"And much trouble you have taken, sir knight, to let me have any other. Now, as the quadrille is over, I order you, on pain of our royal displeasure, to come to our court to-morrow at two P. M., and tell me the whole story of that affair. Then, if I am pleased with the version, I'll introduce you to my friend Hope, and, perhaps, attend at his first lesson myself."

Too sick at heart to find any reply to this challenge, but an humble assent, Julian led the lady to her seat, pressed her hand, and then hurried away into some deserted room, to hold commune for the first time with Jealousy, new and unwelcome guest.

Meanwhile the ball went gaily on; the quadrilles of Saxon and Jewish maidens were pronounced unequalled. Augusta, *fêted*, flattered, all-engrossed, did not notice Julian's

absence, but Ellen perceived it too soon. Ah, surely, it is self-love which is blind; true love is ever waking, ever watchful. The quadrille over, she went up to Augusta, and whispered an inquiry. Augusta looked round.

"He is gone!" said Ellen; "he has not been here for the last hour!"

Augusta's heart smote her; she felt rather uneasy:—"Seek him, Ellen," she said, "and tell him I forgive him."

"And that you will dance the next waltz with him?"

"Yes, after this quadrille. I cannot lose this quadrille."

Ellen heeded not the loss of a quadrille for herself. She hastened away on her errand of mercy. De Villeneuve rose to follow her; she refused his escort, and he returned to Annie, who was sitting silent and sad. But a few poetical rhapsodies and flaming compliments restored her gaiety. The beautiful Rowena passed through brilliant groups, whose admiration fell unheeded on her ear; she passed by many mirrors, without once glan-

cing at her reflected form. She heeded not the lustre of her jewels, or the folds of her drapery; her heart was full of Julian's sorrow, though that sorrow sprang from his love for another.

Poor Ellen! All was gaiety around, and this brilliant crowd was met to celebrate her birthday! As this recollection occurred to her, she felt a choking sensation in her throat, and a wild wish, (she, the calm and self-possessed) to throw herself on the ground, and weep. But Ellen seldom yielded to her emotions; and, pressing her hands upon her bosom, she resolved not to weep, and she wept not.

Yet Memory retraced her last birthday, with its careless joy, and boundless hope, and Reason asked what had made a desert of that smiling region—her young heart. Although alone, she blushed as Conscience whispered—"Love. Yes, hopeless, unrequited love!" She hurried on, as if to escape from that degrading conviction. Wreaths and chaplets of flowers, and silken draperies, and the word

"Ellen" formed in variegated lamps, met her view; and laughs, and music, and "light echoes of feet" stole on her ear. And Moore's wild and touching lament on his own birthday, the melancholy truth of which must have wakened the echoes of all hearts, seemed to set itself to the distant music, as she murmured:—

> "My birthday! what a different sound
> That word had in my youthful ears;
> And how, each time the day comes round,
> Less and less white its mark appears!
> When first our scanty years are told,
> It seems like pastime to grow old;
> And, as we count each shining link,
> That Time around us binds so fast,
> We little think
> How hard that chain will press at last!"

Poor Ellen! already these links were galling and heavy. She passed through all the lighted and decorated rooms; Julian was not to be found. She took up a small lamp, and glided down stairs. She opened the door of the library; she was about to retreat, for the room was wrapt in darkness, when the light of her lamp was reflected back, from the bright fancy armour Ivanhoe wore. She saw

him leaning against a window, apparently buried in sad thought.

The darkness in which she found him, and his complete abstraction, spoke to her kind heart of so much misery, that tears rose to her eyes. She put down her lamp, drew near him, gently took his hand, and said, "What ails you, Julian?"

Julian tried to speak calmly, but his voice betrayed him. Finding the effort vain, he turned round; the rays of the lamp fell on his face, which was so deadly pale, and his eyes so full of fierce fire, that Ellen uttered a cry.

"What is it? tell me, Julian."

"I have nothing to tell, Ellen; only I am miserable."

"Why?"

"You know, you must know how I love Augusta!"

Ellen's heart sank; she had suspected it, but he had never spoken to her before in this strain.

"She has slighted, insulted me; she hates, she despises me!"

"What have you done?"

"Nothing, Ellen, nothing, by Heaven!"

Ellen smiled; it was a faint smile, and it played over her pale Madonna face, like moonlight over that of some enshrined virgin.

"What have you left undone, then?"

"Nothing: I thought, of course, she would dance the first set with me, and, therefore, I did not formally ask her....."

"Why did you think it of course she would dance with you?"

"Why ... why ... because I thought she preferred dancing with me....."

"And, therefore, you took no trouble about her?"

"Oh, Ellen! how strangely you misconstrue! I felt sure she meant to dance with me."

"Then let this be a lesson to you, Julian, never to feel sure of any favour from her, till you have taken all proper trouble to secure it. Few women like such certainty, and Augusta least of all."

"Oh, but she has been so heartless, so cruel, so slighting!"

"She considers that *you* slighted *her*: however, I am come from her."

"From *her!* Ellen, dearest, did you say from her! I fancied it was only your own kind thought."

Ellen grew paler, but replied:—

"I come from *her;* she bids me say she forgives you, and she invites you for the next quadrille."

"Oh, what a darling girl! What a generous forgiving angel she is! How I love you, for your kind office, sweet sister Ellen!" and he threw his arms round her, and embraced her fondly. "Go, dear Ellen, tell her I will come directly. Bless her, thank her!"

Was this the exquisite, the indifferent, fault-finding Julian, of a few months past? He who had scarcely betrayed a preference through half a season? The same; but Love and Jealousy, (Love's prime minister) have made many such changes. They have made the timid brave, the flirt faithful, the dull bright, the bright dull, and the self-admiring coxcomb a self-forgetting worshipper; and,

thus unmasking Julian, the pretended worldling, they betrayed the man of feeling, and of soul!

Ellen looked at him; his cheeks were flushed with joy, his eyes moist with tears of rapture.

Oh, Love! great and only magician! One word had changed the wildest anguish to the most radiant joy.

"I am coming, dear Ellen; tell our darling I am coming;" and he rearranged his fine hair.

Ellen returned to the ball-room. "Oh, that she loved him more devoutly!" she sighed to herself.

In a few minutes, "Reconciliation," which, as the brilliant D'Israeli says, "is the feast of Love," atoned richly to Julian for his past anguish, and he led Augusta through the dance. He was so animated, so happy, and so very handsome, that she wondered how she could have quarrelled with him, particularly as she saw he was the object of all the brightest eyes, and she so smiling, fond, and winning, that he longed to be at Moss Grove; to be en-

gaged, married, fettered for ever! No matter what, so that she was his, all his! and for life!

Augusta had marvelled at the non-appearance of her devoted swain, Sir Peter Riskwell, whom she had not seen for a fortnight. She was joking with Julian about his absence, when the quadrille being over, Julian led her to a seat; and, while he fondly whispered to her, a very inharmonious sound caught her ear, and, looking round, she beheld, very much reduced in size, and whitened in hue, Sir Peter, disguised as an Arcadian shepherd, a love-sick swain, whose pipe was to translate the longing of his heart.

Poor Sir Peter! Thin and pale as Jobb had made him, he had persuaded himself that nothing could be more touching than this simple character! He had a large straw hat, tied with a green ribbon, and a nosegay of forget-me-not and cypress; a blue velvet jacket, with full white cambric sleeves, also tied with green ribbons, and white silk trowsers, pumps with diamond buckles, and a crook adorned with

flowers—these formed his *beau ideal* of a shepherd's garb. During his seclusion, he had been almost entirely engaged night and day with a master, learning to play a tune on the pipe:

"Shepherds, I have lost my love."

That was the object of his ambition. He could get through it tolerably in his own room; but we all know how much practice, and habit of performing, there must be to enable any one to shine in public. Poor Sir Peter had no ear; he was nervous, and had only begun a fortnight before.

The sounds he emitted were shrill and startling; every one laughed; he tried again, with no better success—the laugh was longer and louder. Ashamed, he thrust his pipe into his pocket, and, with a reproachful and melancholy glance at Augusta, the love-sick shepherd bowed, and glided away.

"Wamba," having overheard Mrs. Lindsay lamenting to Miss Tibby the hopeless devotion of Sir Peter to Augusta, slipped round, his cap-bells jangling as he went, and followed Sir Peter into an anteroom, where he began

vigilantly to practise the air with which he had just had so public a failure, with a view to another attempt.

Swift (Wamba) was rather an ugly, mischievous looking boy of fourteen, with very light, winking eyes, white eyelashes, sandy hair, and a face covered with freckles. His movements were a good deal like those of a person afflicted with St. Vitus's dance; but he was shrewd, (at heart) good-natured, and very quick—indeed all Fitzcribb's children had a sort of precocious literary propensity. Born and bred among books and manuscripts, rocked in the cradle by authors, and dandled by printer's devils (while awaiting a corrected proof), hearing nothing discussed but "copy," sheets, types, setting up, writing down, &c., they were born bond-slaves of the soil of Parnassus, and entered with great spirit into the literary hopes, successes, and wrongs of their parents.

As the warrior's child binds on his tin sword, or nurses a soldier-doll—as the sailor's little ones launch the mimic vessels — as the painter's hope delights in green and yellow

daubs — and as the gardener's sunburnt darlings revel in tiny gardens, so the poor author's less happy heirs began betimes the weary task of incipient authorship, and attempted to cut up those who had cut up "papa," or to lampoon those who had neglected "mamma."

"Gentle shepherd, have you indeed lost your love?" asked Swift, pertly, recognising a few lame notes of the air.

"What concern is that of yours, young upstart?" said Sir Peter, crossly.

"Simply that I would give you a piece of advice, shepherd."

"Advice! who ever listened to a fool's advice, good Wamba?"

"Why, you did, fair coz, when you listened to your own. We are all too ready to take fool's counsel; it is the sage whom none will heed. However, Wisdom, as we all know, once donned Folly's cap, and so he has again in my person! My counsel is, if you *have* lost your love, and seek to find her, throw by that screeching, groaning, howling pipe; instead of winning her back, it will

only scare her away. Besides, it prevents your stealing a march upon her, by giving her notice of your approach."

Sir Peter turned from him, and began to practise again, but in a low, murmuring manner.

"Faint heart never won fair lady," said the provoking Wamba, twitching hold of the shepherd's full cambric shirt-sleeves, tied with green ribbon.

"Boy, be off, or I shall forget myself, and knock you down."

"Ha, ha! poor shepherd! what, with your crook? why, my wooden sword would shiver it to atoms. No, no; you may say with Florian's shepherd, '*Pour me défendre je n'ai que ma houlette;*' but not '*C'est bien assez pour combattre un enfant.*'"

"You may spare me your gibberish; I understand no French."

"Do you understand French leave? Take my advice; depart, change your garb, doff the green ribbons—he who seems forsaken is sure to be so. Look at mighty Jove; come as a wild bull, come in the irresistible form of

all-subduing gold, come as a tyrant, and you will find slaves enough."

"I cannot do that; I cannot change my dress," said the woe-begone shepherd, beginning to feel the force of Wamba's argument.

"Well, if you cannot change the garb, alter the face, the manner. Be gay, bold, daring: take my advice, and we will, as the poet says, 'lay the shepherd's crook beside the sceptre.' Ah! I can interpret that glance." (Rebecca swept proudly by at that moment, followed by a train of admirers.) "Now go boldly up, act the wolf, and they will be sheep; act the sheep, they are wolves."

"Alas! I dare not."

"Then I have done with you. Sigh, ogle, whine, kneel, and all in vain; but, remember, if you wish to be *dear*, do not make yourself so *cheap*."

So saying, Wamba hurried off, and entered the ball-room in time to see a procession slowly moving towards the spot where the fair Rowena sat.

This procession consisted of Grunter and

the Fitzcribb family. Grunter was dressed in the flowing drapery of an ancient Greek, and made to look as much as possible like the portraits of Herodotus, his wig classically curled and bound by a band, on which was worked, in gold letters, "The Modern Herodotus;" his dashing leg, in pink tights and antique sandals, a scroll, and a stilus in his hand, and a lion's skin hung like a savage chief's across his shoulder (that was a poetical conceit of Mrs. Fitzcribb's), to prove that he felt himself a lion. He leaned on the arm of Mrs. Fitzcribb, who was arrayed as the Historic Muse. Fitzcribb, on his other side, represented Philosophy; but, as the attributes of Philosophy are not to be emblemed forth by ordinary signs, as few are agreed as to what constitutes philosophy, and it was necessary that Grunter should lean at once on History, and something that every one could see was meant for Philosophy, and as, although armed with scales and a telescope, he still seemed a doubtful character, a small transparency, with the word "Philosophy," in

Greek letters, was adroitly fixed on his head. Corinna followed, representing "Poesy," Sappho, "Fable," Milton was "Valour," Johnson, "Satire." Poesy carried, on an antique cushion, "The History of Philosophy, and the Philosophy of History," brilliantly bound: a laurel crown lay on the book. Fable, Truth, and Satire, waved small silken flags, on which were embroidered—

"Ebenezer Grunter,
The Modern Herodotus,
The Lion of the Day."

This absurd exhibition had been planned principally by the inflated Grunter and the blue-stocking Mrs. Fitzcribb. Fitzcribb had endeavoured to put a stop to it, and at first had refused to form part of it; but Grunter, being very earnest, and saying, "It'll do the book a great deal of good, for it will make it known in the world of fashion. As, of course, the Morning Post and Court Journal will describe the *fête*, do oblige me, dear Fitzcribb; it'll be nothing without you: and that odd twenty-five over the three hundred which

I have to receive from my publisher, for the last order of my work, is at your service; I'll advance it you, if you will oblige me."

Poor Fitzcribb said to himself, "Be it so! where so many make themselves fools for nothing, I may as well make myself one for the twenty-five pounds I have earned so well, and for which I am dunned so cruelly." "His poverty consented, not his will;" and for twenty-five pounds Fitzcribb became "Philosophy!"

While stalking along, leading Grunter, who, having laid by his spectacles, stumbled at every step, Fitzcribb thought of his absurd disguise, and the transparency lighting up his folly, a consolatory vision of a long-standing grocer's bill paid, of a new pair of shoes, gloves, and a hat, and of a well-supplied table for some weeks at least, with daily duns dismissed, and "the shock gone from the knocker, and the sting from the door-bell," he felt amply consoled, and said to himself, "Why should I shrink from the gaze of these fools? To their eyes I may seem the most absurd of

figures, but I feel that I am the only one here who has acted like a wise man, for I am the only one here whose object has not been as vain and idiotic as his appearance. How pleased I shall be to-morrow when that insolent Fig calls! I shall not care if the postman brings a dozen letters. I'll have a new pair of stockings, besides shoes. How delightfully I shall walk! And I'll have a bottle of port at dinner; I'll take Mrs. Fitzcribb and the children in a steamer to Greenwich, and we'll drink tea in the park. Benoni shall have a new kite, and Mrs. Fitzcribb the bonnet she admired so much."

How little did those who sneered at the procession, and particularly at Fitzcribb, deem how well "Philosophy" deserved his name! How impossible for them to conjecture—they who had never known a want—the sensible cause of a disguise that seemed so absurd, the incalculable comfort of an unexpected twenty-five pounds to a poor author, with a large family, or even to guess how much of worldly calculation there was in that head, although it did bear a transparency!

The procession reached Ellen's seat. The Modern Herodotus, the lion of the day, knelt before the fair Rowena — all crowded round. History humbly proffered the work: Poesy handed Ellen the wreath. Ellen blushingly placed it on Grunter's wig; and, not knowing what to do with the huge book, she said, "Rise, Modern Herodotus, lion of the day! may the wreath I have been more honoured than honouring in adjudging, conceal nor thorn nor cypress bud! May it never press heavy on your brows! may Fame keep it green through all ages! Maidens," she added, turning to the Saxon damsels, who were tit-

kneeling before her. He rose to his full and awkward height—a sort of belligerent triumph shot from his eyes. His wreath, somewhat too large for his head, slipped down over his brows, which were very shaggy and projecting.

"Finis coronat opus," he said, in a deep, sonorous voice; "I thank you, fair Rowena, for your gracious acceptance of my offering, and for the laurel, which, decreed by the world, you have so gracefully conferred. The author is not so dazzled by his success as to be unmindful of the man. The birthday of the fair Rowena calls for a wish: may you have many returns of this day, and may every return find you more thoroughly acquainted with, and more deeply read in, the 'History of Philosophy, and the Philosophy of History!' The theme is the noblest that beauty can ponder on—would that the execution were worthier!"

"Nay," replied Rowena, "that were impossible." And she looked round.

"Impossible!" echoed the quizzing spectators.

"The Modern Herodotus and his illustrious train will, I hope," added Rowena, "share in the dance, and then honour our poor banquet."

Grunter proudly bowed, offered his arm to Mrs. Fitzcribb — all then dispersed and mixed in the crowd; and Rowena, pitying the embarrassment of her maids of honour, encumbered with the huge book, caused it to be placed on a canopy, and the dance to continue.

"And wha' for has auld Grunter that wild baste's skin about him, as if it was na eno' to mak himsel a fule, but he must mak himself a baste too?" said Tibby, jealous of the fuss made with Grunter.

"That," said Cedric, gravely, "is to establish him the lion of the day."

"The ass in the lion's hide, uncle," said Wamba.

"I never, in a' my days, beheld sae great a fule."

"I'll bet you my coxcomb, coz, to your purse, with whatever's in it, I show you a greater."

"Na, my lod, not ain that I shall own is a greater."

"I bet you, coz, you shall own it a greater."

"Dune."

"Done;" and Wamba pulled out of his pocket a kitchen *grater*.

The laughing group around decided he had won his bet; and Miss Tibby, fumbling in a deep pocket, produced an old leathern purse, containing half-a-crown and some half-pence.

"Mr. Lindsay," said Tibby, "pay that boy half-a crown for me; he's the greatest plague I ever saw."

"Here's a *grater*," shouted Wamba, holding up his implement.

CHAPTER XLVII.

What joy at the ball, what delight have I found,
By all the gay circle encompassed around?—
• • • • • • • • •
In short, there is something in very fine women,
When they meet altogether, that's quite overcoming.
Anstey's Bath Guide.

The ball was extremely animated. Mr. Lindsay's wise precaution in securing an overplus of dancing men had all the effect he had anticipated. The old Aurora, the faded Morning Star, the full-blown La Vallière—in short, all those whom experience had taught to hope little in the way of partners, danced incessantly.

As vanity is the readiest of interpreters, so no one sought any other.

"I must look very young and lovely to-

night," said a scraggy old honourable miss, to herself; "I've not sat down once, and here I'm almost sure of the two next. Ah! this Turkish dress is very becoming. No wonder the women of the East are so celebrated. Oh! that I could wear it always! I should marry yet."

The young and pretty were all engaged many dances deep. There was triumph on every brow, and old Mr. Lindsay rubbed his hands to see an affected stripling lord actually leading out the lovely young Lavinia, the only lady not engaged. When Lord C—— and Count d'D——, and Captain M——, who were his models in every thing, seemed so eager to get partners, it must, he thought, be quite "the thing" to dance, and not at all "the thing" to sit down.

Julian, at his request, had presented him, saying, "Will the lovely young Lavinia permit me to introduce the renowned Rob Roy Mac Gregor?"

"I shall be most appy, sir," replied the lady, gaily taking firm hold of the young lord's

limp and unwilling arm. "'First come, first served,' as the proverb says;" and she squeezed herself and him into a place, alas! close to his model, Lord C——, and within ear-shot of another satirical exquisite. She then bobbed to a *vis-à-vis*. And the young fop had the annoyance of perceiving that himself and his partner were engrossing the sarcastic attention of the two autocrats he most dreaded; and their partners, two handsome but most ill-natured quizzes, who were suspected of writing for a very sarcastic paper, and one of whom had actually published a satirical novel, in which she had caricatured all who knew her, friends and foes. Whether they were to blame or not, none could tell; but in the next Sunday "Quiz," there was a very bitter paper called Lavinia and Palemon, in which his lordship cut a most contemptible and ridiculous figure.

"I ope you won't esteem me rude," said (Mrs. Jobb) Lavinia, playfully, "but ere no one can know who's who, as the saying is. I should be much obligated if you would tell

me your real name, sir; exchange is no robbery—mine's Jobb. Mr. Jobb, the celebrated medical man, whose name was published in all the papers — he as attended Mr. Lindsay, junior, and extracted the ball; that Mr. Jobb is my lord and master."

"r—r—r em, em r—r," was all his little lordship's reply.

"Perhaps he's rather hard of hearing, poor young man!" thought the lady. "It might be a case for Jobb—in our profession, sharp's the word. I beg your pardon, sir," she cried, considerably raising her voice, "but I took the liberty of asking your name, observing that exchange is no robbery — I am the *better* half," she added, playfully, for she thought herself a wit, "of the celebrated Mr. Jobb, surgeon, of Great Quebec Street. He has been very successful in cases of hardness of hearing; his 'aural paste' has done wonders."

The young lord saw his exquisite friends and their quizzing partners convulsed with laughter. He turned scarlet, and knew not

what to do. However, perceiving the lady about to repeat her question, he said, hurriedly, "My name, er-er-er, is Lord Weaklington. I am not hard of hearing, er-er-er;" then added, aside to his friend, "I wish to Heaven I were!"

Mrs. Jobb was for a moment awed by the discovery that she was dancing with a lord; but, perceiving that he looked disdainfully away, took no notice of her, addressed himself to the lady on his other side, and, in short, was "giving himself airs," to use her expression, she said to herself, "Lord or no lord, he's a little hop o' my thumb, as full of pride as an egg's full of meat. However, civility costs nothing. I'll be polite to him at first, and if he's rude to me, I'll give it him well."

Thus resolved, she began, perceiving that he did not set to her — that he scarcely touched her hand, and more than once confused the figure. "Your lordship is not an amateur dancer, I presume, my lord." His fair neighbour laughed.

"Do you imagine, er-er-er, I am a professional one, em-em-em?" sneered his lordship.

"Oh, dear no! I only meant you don't dance as if your heart were in it; in that, my lord, you're just like Jobb; he never sets, nor balances, nor *chassés* — in short, he takes it coolly, just as you do."

"Er r, hem, hem, er r r—"

"Don't you think it a charming ball, my lord? Every thing so genteel and tasty, and such very good company."

"Very mixed set—hem, em, er r," drawled her partner.

Mrs. Jobb was piqued: she saw glances and smiles pass between him and a scornful Circassian beside him.

"How do you mean mixed, my lord?"

"Oh, I mean, err r r—there are many—em em em—vulgar nobodies—er er r r—that one never sees anywhere—r r r r."

"Oh, is that all? — Now I call it mixed, because there are some young eadless fellers, giving themselves hairs, who'd be better behind a pinafore, with a fool's cap on, to my mind, my lord! . . ."

His lordship grew purple and silent.

"I have been at most elegant assemblies by the sea-side. There was a grand public fancy ball at Margate, most select. Were you ever at Margate, your lordship?"

"Margate? r r r—where's that? I never heard of the place—er r r."

"I don't know whether your hedication is considered completed, my lord, but, between you and I and the post, you can't know much of 'geography and the use of the globes,' as they say in advertisements. Why, my little Bob would tell you where Margate is."

Mrs. Jobb was fairly enraged, and "determined," as she said, "to give it him well."

"Oh, by George! I hope we're not going to have that confounded long new figure now."

"Then Hope must be your master, my lord!" with a playful twirl—"for I heard it called for."

His lordship did not know the figure, so he was obliged to be shoved here and pulled there, greatly to the amusement of his friends.

When it was done, "I declare I'm quite

'ot, my lord," said Mrs. Jobb, taking his arm.

Before he could get rid of her, supper was served; each lady went down stairs with her partner.

"You've got to beau me, my lord, as I danced the last set with your lordship." Mrs. Jobb began to fear she should be left behind; so she hurried him on, still clinging to his arm.

"Jobb, my dear," (to her husband, who was going down with Sappho Fitzcribb, the only person he could secure; and who, tricked out in flowers, shells, and feathers of birds, represented Fable) "sit near us—Lord Weaklington, Mr. Jobb. How do you get on, Sappher. I'm as 'ot as July. I 'ope you've enjoyed yourself. As for me, I never spent such an evening. What all this must have cost! You know my character, surely? Lavinier."

"The lovely young Lavinia," said Philosophy, hurrying by with the Morning Star on his arm.

"Once ad friends," said Mrs. Jobb, continuing the quotation, and offended at such a brief notice of her, with whom, in Great Quebec Street, he was often very glad to take tea and muffins, and jealous of his obsequious gallantry to one whom she pointed out to Lord Weaklington as a "half-starved skinflint of fashion, with a halfpenny 'ead and a farthing tail"—alluding to the diamond star and blonde veil on her forehead, and the somewhat faded blue gossamer of her train.

Lord Weaklington made some efforts to disengage his arm; he burned with indignation to find himself in such a set, and to see himself the butt of the quizzing of all his own cotorie, male and female. Mrs. Jobb only clung the tighter.

"Poor Weaklington!" said a young guardsman, dressed as De Bracy, "how he's victimised! If he were not such a confounded bore, it would be worth while to rescue him, and to cry aloud—'*De Bracy à la rescousse!*'"

"Don't dream of such a deed," replied a languid Joan of Arc. "He bores me to

death. If you do, I shall never get rid of him. He don't mind how he victimises one; let him be victimised in his turn — now do, dear De Bracy."

"What a love Mr. Grunter looks to-night!" said Mrs. Jobb, to her noble beau.

"He's quite a marble statute!—how classic, how antick, his 'ead is!—Erodotus! what a good hidea! The rod comes in so well, you know! Report says—I speak in confidence, my lordship—he was a husher once."

"There are moments," sighed Mrs. Fitzcribb, much elated by the devotion of "the lion of the day," and wrought to rhapsody by the huge laurel crown which almost covered his eyebrows, as she moved down stairs, leaning on Grunter's arm, "fragrant, fairy moments, moments when the spirit revels among 'the stars, which are the poetry of Heaven,' and the flowers, which are the poetry of earth —the triumph of a dear friend, long ambitious of the laurel, and publicly wearing it for the first time, forms a rich cluster of those starry moments—a very Pleiades of the soul! But

I am, perhaps, mystic! In my little ode in the 'Magazine of Fashion,' to-morrow—an ode, addressed to 'the Modern Herodotus'—you will see what I mean."

"I listen, like Pericles, to the voice of..." then recollecting that Aspasia was not a person to whom to compare Mrs. Fitzcribb, he corrected himself—"I mean, I fancy myself Numa, and you Madam Egeria."

"Ah, Egeria is for the grot, the forest, the woodland solitude, the silver fount."

"To the great mind, madam, as I have remarked in my work, 'The Philosophy of History and the History of Philosophy,' cities are crowded solitudes, and the historian and philosopher need an Egeria, and sigh for her in the midst of the hum and the tumult." This somewhat romantic flight had been suggested by Milton Fitzcribb.

"In future they shall call me Egeria. I will name you Numa. I shall no longer sign my sonnets in 'The Magazine of Fashion,' and the 'Boudoir of Beauty,' 'Thyrza' or 'Mirza,' but 'Egeria.'"

The splendid supper-tables, the brilliantly-lighted rooms, the number of attendants, so astonished Mrs. Jobb, that she had almost loosed her hold of Lord Weaklington's arm. A prompt movement of his reminded her in time, and she clung to it, again venting her astonishment and delight in the expressive words—

"Well, I never!!! Why, money must be like dirt to Mr. Lindsay!—And to think he's only mister, not a lord, not even a sir! Do look at the plate—do look at the chaney, my lord; to say nothing of the glass. Did you ever see such a supper?"

"I er er er—hem hem hem."

"We'd better take seats while we can get them, my lord," said the lady; and Lord Weaklington, he scarce knew how, found himself seated by the "lovely young Lavinia," who took soup twice, breaking bread into it each time, put her knife in her mouth, and, in short, did all the things most excruciating to him, besides talking incessantly, and compelling him to answer her.

It was, in truth, a very brilliant scene: the peculiarities and richness of most of the costumes; the variety of beauty, both male and female, so remarkable in any assembly of the higher orders in England; the mirth, if not the wit, which began to effervesce and sparkle with the champagne; the bright smiles, the silver laughs, the gems, the flowers, the feathers, the perfumes, the unrivalled banquet, the countless tapers in their exquisite candelabras, and the soft band, loud enough to enliven, but not to drown, conversation—all was pronounced by the most initiated, a triumph of taste and wealth.

De Villeneuve, as Brian de Bois Guilbert, had ill performed the part of the bold Templar, by the melancholy devotion with which he followed Rowena, or the frivolous flirtation he carried on with Annie, which was like a light pastoral between the acts of a solemn tragedy: he had succeeded in placing himself by the ladye of his love, and in contriving that the jealous and watchful Annie should sit at another table. Ivanhoe was blessed by

the side of Rebecca; Miss Tibby by an economical old Scotchman, Sir Fergus Macgregor, who had chosen to be Isaac of York; Wamba kept close to Cedric; Mrs. Fitzcribb to Grunter; Fitzcribb to the Morning Star; Sappho to Jobb, who, alert, daring, and aware that a Fitzcribb seldom sat down to a good table, proved a most active purveyor of dainties to the hungry and delighted child; while the lovely Corinna, as Carlo Dolce's Poesy, with her large hazel eyes, unbound auburn hair, her laurel wreath and starry robe, had completely captivated a *ci-devant* beau, an old nobleman, who thought himself a poet, but had never been able to get any one else to think so, and who was entranced to find in this fair young creature an authoress, one who had actually appeared in print, who had reviewed, in the "Boudoir of Beauty," his lordship's "Fugitive Follies," and most favourably, as Mrs. Mac Dactyl, the editress, had ordered a favourable review, because she wished to get his lordship to a little literary *fête*, and was besides flattered

at his sending a copy of his poems to the "Boudoir of Beauty," the only periodical which (*en passant*, be it said) had had the taste and feeling to notice the old lord's work.

Corinna, a worthy daughter of the house of Fitzcribb, was full of quotation, literary anecdote, and cant-author phrases. She knew much of the under-plots of literary history; knew what publishers had rejected Mr. So-and-So's book, and all it had gone through before it had struggled into print; how many copies of another's novel had gone off on subscription; what were new editions, and what had really been paid for a work.

Lord Madrigal was enchanted to be let into all these secrets, and to find how many whom he had envied for what he believed to be their success, were in reality groaning over a splendid failure.

"And so I owe to that fair hand the charming notice, in the 'Boudoir of Beauty,' of my 'Fugitive Follies.'"

"I plead guilty," said Corinna, with the condescension of a first-rate critic.

"And did the lovely Poesy really smile on the poor tribute of so humble a votary? May I ask whether you really thought the poems had any merit?"

"I thought there was great promise in them," replied Corinna, anxious at once to maintain her superiority, and to captivate a nobleman, for Corinna was fond of a title (poetesses generally are). "I own I considered them rather dashed off by genius than finished by industry. There was something very racy, muscular, and nervous in that 'Dying Address of Greenacre.' The idea that no daisies or daffodils would bloom upon Greenacre was very apposite; but, excuse me, you must take more pains.

'Mettez vous lentement, et sans perdre courage,
Vingt fois sur le metier remettez votre ouvrage,
Polissez le sans cesse, et le repolissez
Ajoutez quelquefois et souvent effacez.'"

"Ah, sweet Poesy! if I had you for a guide, I might indeed do something that would live! I have another set of 'Fugitive Follies' almost ready. If I might be per-

mitted to submit the manuscript to you—I had thought of getting them revised by young Dactyl, whose 'Essay on the Lyre' was so praised in the 'Critic.'"

"So puffed, you mean. Dactyl hasn't two ideas, nor young Tom Toad, who reviewed him, one.

'Un sot trouve toujours un plus sot qui l'admire.'

That's the secret of Tom Toad's praise of Dactyl. However, if you'll allow me after supper, I'll introduce you to papa—you know papa's works, of course. He saw the 'History of Philosophy and Philosophy of History' through the press. You can arrange with him. Perhaps, if you and papa come to terms, I may revise and point up your new poems."

"At any rate, I shall secure the pleasure of the society of beautiful Poesy. A literary circle is delightful to me; it is quite an atmosphere in which my soul expands."

"Very neat, indeed!" said Corinna. "Your metaphors are very good. I think them your *forte*."

Lord Madrigal's head was fast turning—so young, so beautiful, so literary, and so capable of appreciating and improving him! Alas! Corinna was sixteen, and Lord Madrigal sixty.

"The order of things is strangely reversed," said De Bois Guilbert, in a low, deep tone, to Rowena. "Wilfred of Ivanhoe has no eyes but for Rebecca, and De Bois Guilbert would peril his existence for one kind glance from Rowena."

"Perhaps," replied Rowena, affecting a gaiety she did not feel, "all *preux chevaliers* as they were, it might in time come to that—Ivanhoe of old, had he seen Rebecca often, before his doom was sealed, must have turned from the insipid Saxon to that divine creation; and as for De Bois Guilbert——."

"Oh, De Bois Guilbert! no, no! the heart that has truly loved never forgets."

"And who does love truly?"

"All do, sooner or later, and that love outlives the heart it breaks."

Rowena cast down her eyes. She felt

that her burning blush, as he gazed ardently upon her, betrayed that she owned the truth of his assertion. That blush misled him:—a Frenchman, a poet, a novelist, of the *école romantique*, and an idol of the women, it suddenly struck him that perhaps he had deceived himself; perhaps in the hidden shrine of Ellen's heart he was a god.

"Do not be offended, sweetest Ellen," he said, rapidly, and with flashing eyes, "*I* speak from experience. Do not turn away, do not look coldly; you are merciful, and I am most miserable. You, whose soft eyes fill with tears for a wretch in bodily want, you cannot spurn one pining in mental anguish, one whom *you* have reduced to utter hopelessness. You start. Ah, Ellen! did you not suspect this? I adore you! I cannot survive your indifference or your hate. But why do I anticipate them so madly?—in this cold world, where so few love aught but themselves, is this entire adoration, this constant worship of mine, so very poor an offering? Think, dearest, for so I will call you once,

my birth, my fortune, are not unworthy of you; our tastes agree in all things. Oh, Ellen; you know not what hoards of tenderness there are in the poet's love—you know not what depths of anguish in the poet's grief!"

"Alas!" said Ellen, pale, and her eyes full of tears, "that love deserves a rich return, and a disappointed heart can make none. Your confidence calls for mine. No matter when, or where, or whom I have loved—it was a vain, a disappointed love; but I cannot forget. I revere your genius, I value your friendship; your society is one of my chief solaces, *but I cannot love you.*"

For some time both were silent. De Villeneuve then, pressing unperceived Ellen's cold hand, said,—

"Let our mutual confidence of misery and pain be a secret between ourselves, and let us do what little we can for each other, for sympathy may bind the broken heart. Let me be your friend, your confidant, sweet Ellen; let me visit you in the dear, fresh country.

You are so young, Hope may spring up again in your warm heart, and I can endure on, till the old archer aims at me; may this be soon!"

Ellen pressed his burning hand, in sign that she acquiesced.

"She shall be mine, yet," murmured De Villeneuve to himself, as the party rose to return to the ball-room. "A heart full of pity and disappointed love cannot hold out long in the sweet solitude of the country. Rejected! yes, but that is the first step to acceptance in a case like this."

Sir Peter Riskwell had contrived at supper to be seated on Rebecca's other hand. Here her entire attention to Julian caused him the greatest tortures of jealousy. He tried to drown care in wine, and, reduced by medicine and abstinence, his head was soon somewhat giddy. When he saw the party about to quit the supper-table, he rose, and hastened on before, and, armed with his pipe and a new supply of courage, he took his place in a window-seat on the stairs behind a curtain, and as Rebecca passed with Julian, the last

pair of the gay train, he squeaked out with startling distinctness the air of "Shepherds, I have lost my love."

"What horrid discord, Julian!" said Rebecca. "Where can that poor wretch have hidden himself?"

She learnt but too soon; for a heavy fall made her turn, and she beheld Sir Peter, who, with his pipe, had fallen from the window-seat on the stairs. Already weak from abstinence, and giddy from wine, Rebecca's cruel remark was too much for Sir Peter. Rebecca shrieked, Jobb tore his arm from the Morning Star. He accompanied Sir Peter home, stayed with him till he was fast asleep, and thus earned more than enough to cover all the expenses of the evening.

Wild with gaiety, and flushed with wine, all soon joined in the dance again. Julian now danced with none but Rebecca; and flirtations, some of old standing, some the growth of that evening, went merrily on. The old lord kept close to Corinna, watching her while she danced (for he was too weak on his legs

to venture himself), carrying her fan, her reticule, and her scarf. Milton had captivated the over-blown La Vallière, who seemed, with her rouge, her vermilioned lips, and profuse tresses, a Hebe to his inexperienced eyes. Grunter was become a little too devoted to Mrs. Fitzcribb, and Fitzcribb had received some taps from the fan of "the Morning Star." Sappho, Johnson, and Wamba were fixtures in a refreshment-room, where they had filled their pockets with all sorts of *bonbons*, cakes, and preserves for Benoni at home. Miss Tibby had stolen off to bed, for she hated daylight after a ball. Lady Jane Belville (Mary Queen of Scots) had caught a very rich young aspirant to fashion, for whom she had long been spreading her net in vain. The affair was completed thus—

"What a confoundedly handsome fellow young Lindsay is!"

"Do you know him?"

"Yes; at least, I'm very intimate with some of his most intimate friends."

"He piques himself on his exclusiveness—I can't endure him."

"I believe he assumes a good deal."

"Oh! he don't attempt that with me: he persecutes me with his attentions — I can't tell how to get rid of him."

"He's generally very much admired by women. Don't you think him handsome?"

"I don't like dark men, and I have quite an antipathy to aquiline features; besides, he's too tall for me — too thin," and the lady glanced at the large head, light hair, and flat face of the short Dutch-built figure beside her, who had assumed the character of Athelstan of Coningsburg, and who was a very rich *roturier* of the name of Jackson.

"He seems very much in love with his cousin."

"Poor thing! I dare say she thinks his attentions are meant to please her."

"And are they not?"

"No. If I dared confide in you .... I could make you smile: they're adopted in the vain hope of piquing me."

"You astonish me!"

"What is there so astonishing in it?" asked the lady, suddenly raising and as suddenly dropping her fine eyes (even she was a little more unreserved after supper than before). "Come, for once I will be candid, and trust a man....It may be entirely affection for me on his part — perhaps a first passion; if so, I pity him—I speak in the strictest confidence — if it is, I cannot help it. I am romantic enough to resolve to marry for love. My first match was made by my parents; I was married from the nursery. In my short wedded life I suffered enough from incompatibility of temper to make me resolve in a second choice to be guided by my own heart. How strange you must think it that I....I of all people....so timid—I should tell you this; but some persons inspire so much confidence, a delicate chivalry of manner goes so far, and I....I have no....brother. Well, Julian Lindsay is much to be pitied, but I cannot love him. Then, too, though the Lindsays are rich, and, in a certain set, my

friends do hint that his connexions, not being on a par with mine —— in fact, they say he wishes his wife to be 'my lady'—*that* I should not heed if I loved him; I should be proud of my poor distinction, if it gratified the man of my choice."

The lady pressed rather harder than needful on the stout short arm of Athelstan of Coningsburg. He coloured, and wild visions, prompted by that gentle pressure, acting on a brain excited by champagne, danced before his lack-lustre eyes.

"May I have the honour of calling on you to-morrow?" he asked.

"Yes; come at two.....Oh! I forgot that Lindsay has been imploring me to be at home to him at two! He has something of great importance, poor fellow! to urge."

"I, too, have....I mean....in short.... I should wish to see you alone...."

"Mr. Lindsay!" said Lady Jane, arresting that gentleman, who was passing by with a glass of lemonade for Rebecca, "I cannot

receive you to-morrow—circumstances render it impossible—do not urge it."

Mr. Lindsay, much surprised, since it was the lady had entreated him to call, bowed coldly, and hurried on.

"How surprised and hurt he is! Poor fellow! you see he could not speak."

"And dare I hope, lovely Lady Jane, that, having so decidedly rejected him, you will admit me?"

"I have....sacrificed him to you!"

"May the devotion of my life repay the debt!"

"I have rejected him, but I cannot reject you! Alas! the weakness of a woman's heart!"

"Then may I come to-morrow, in the happy character of an accepted lover?"

"Yes. And now hand me to my carriage. Look at that window: I declare it is broad day! I must draw my veil over my face, I feel such tell-tale blushes on my cheek. How the rooms have thinned during this interesting conversation!—every one is going. Quick, I

see Lindsay hastening from an inner room. I am not equal to an encounter with him. Happy dreams!....Farewell."

In a month, *poor* Lady Jane Belville was the *rich* Lady Jane Jackson!

END OF VOL. II.

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THE

MATCHMAKER.

A NOVEL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"COUSIN GEOFFREY," AND "THE MARRYING MAN."

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

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1842.

THE MATCHMAKER.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

"It stood embosomed in a happy valley,
Crown'd by high woodlands, where the Druid oak
Stood, like Caractacus, in act to rally
His host with broad arms 'gainst the thunder stroke;
And from beneath his boughs were seen to sally
The dappled foresters; as day awoke,
The branching stag swept down with all his herd,
To quaff a brook which murmured like a bird."

BYRON.

Lindsay Hall was the perfection of an English gentleman's country-seat. It was a gothic building, very large, and of a rare and very dark-coloured brickwork. In former times it had been a favourite retreat of one of our kings, and many singular old legends were connected with many of its curious chambers.

It was a delightful mixture of interesting antiquity and modern elegance. There were so many chambers, and windings, and corridors, that you could easily lose yourself in the house, and it required a residence of some time to know it well.

When it came into Mr. Lindsay's hands, it was much out of repair; it had been possessed by several generations of his family, and it had been his earliest ambition, when, as a boy, he had spent a vacation with an old miserly cousin there, if ever he were rich, to purchase it of a relative who attached but little value to it, and to restore it to all its former beauty. The dream of his boyhood (strange to say) was realised, and Lindsay Hall was converted from a ruin, into one of the most beautiful abodes of a country so famous for her country-seats. But this had not been done by pulling down old arches, time-worn hall and towers, destroying quaint stone-work, moss-grown tracery, oak wainscotings, and painted, or fretted ceilings. Mr. Lindsay's great object had been to *restore*; this done—

and what cannot be done by English masons, builders, and decorators (and done to perfection too)—all he permitted himself was to introduce into the interior, and into the beautiful grounds, all the costly inventions of modern luxury, but taking care, as much as possible, to give an outward appearance in keeping with the gothic abode.

The chairs and the sofas were of the quaint shape of the olden time, when lounging was unknown, but luxurious as eider-down and spring and air cushions could make them. The carpets were of the patterns our industrious fore-mothers dreamt away their lives in working, but soft to the tread as the velvet pile of these days. The windows of stained glass were restored, and the sun came as brightly through them, upon the soft Grecian braids and long ringlets of Augusta and Ellen, as it had done of yore on the quaint Anna Boleyn head-gear of velvet and pearls, or King Charles's crops, or the powdered *toupées* of the beauties who had passed away. Perhaps, too, the scriptural subjects of the windows,

and the varied hues of the glass, as they were reflected on the fretted roofs or oaken wainscots, had had the same soft yet half mournful influence on the fancy of some fair, fond girl (now dust), which they had on that of the pensive Ellen.

While her mind took a sort of tone from the tints she gazed through, a feeling of desolation and a thought of cold and distant regions, where winter reigned for aye, and where no warm heart would welcome her, forced itself on her fancy if she viewed the landscape around through the blue or green panes; and warm visions of love and summer, and kind hearts, and ripening suns, made her heart glad, if she gazed on it through the red, the yellow, or the orange-tinted glass. Then the clear, common, white glass, introduced here and there, caused another change — there she beheld the country as it really was, partaking a little of the cold dreariness of the one, a little of the warm glow of the other; and then she returned to the latter, for, though aware of the deception, we like to be deceived. Who

does not cherish some sweet illusion? who does not find "the cold reality too real?"

It was strange and yet pleasing to see modern beauties looking out of the gothic, ivy-wreathed windows; to hear modern airs waking the echoes of the old roofs; modern servants, in their gay liveries, lounging in the old hall; and modern equipages gliding beneath the avenues of old oaks, and depositing their gay cargoes at the antique entrance. The grounds were very extensive, and there was a park, with majestic trees, which had seen many generations of men flourish and fade, some flinging their branches aloft, as if wooing the sun, some feathering gracefully down to the green velvet of the sod. There were beautiful deer, with large, loving eyes and towering antlers; there were several rare kinds of goats and sheep placed there to embellish Nature and enjoy life; there were pet sheep, and Capricorn, the sturdy old Cashmere buck, whom Mr. Lindsay had brought from abroad, and whose chief delight was to run after him, and do his best to knock him down.

A small but diamond-like river flowed through the estate; there were terraces, and a rookery, and a quaint old parterre, surrounded by box and yew trees of immense size, clipped into the shape of birds and beasts. As in old times, this parterre was formally divided into beds, cut into circles, crescents, triangles, ovals, rhomboids, and parallelograms; and each bed contained only flowers of the same hue and name. In the warm weather, a royal-looking macaw clothed in the brightest crimson, and purple, and gold, rivalled the tints of the flowers; and Screech, if he could not compete with him in plumage, tried to outdo him in noise.

This old parterre was a favourite haunt of Ellen's. There were honeysuckle and jasmine bowers all around it for the summer, and laurel and holly ones for the winter—for even in winter this spot was bright and warm.

To this lovely place, then, came our party, from the bustle of London, to spend the Easter vacation, which began towards the

middle of April. The season was very forward, the weather very warm; the spring flowers, dearest because they brave so much, and gently struggle with winter, and ever conquer him, were in all their fragrant and modest glory. Julian and Augusta scarcely regretted London, as they roamed, hand in hand, through the park, as he rowed her on the river, or as they cantered over the beautiful country, now every where bursting into bloom.

Then there were Easter rejoicings. Mr. Lindsay was much beloved by the poor round about him, and sheep and oxen were roasted, and ale broached, and clothing given away, and a grand ball in the barn; and in all this Ellen took an active part, and tried to counteract the influence of her mother, who hated to see things "given away."

Miss Tibby was pleased to find herself in the country again, although it wasn't like the country in her younger days. "The Hall was na like the Grange, the trees were na gude Scotch pines, nor the flowers bluebells

and heather; the sun did na shine sae brightly, nor was the air sae pure and bracing; but, for a' that, it was better than toun;" and Miss Tibby, who was a great lady with the curate's wife, Mrs. Smiler, used to walk every day through the park, and go and sit an hour or twa' at the Curacy, talking of the late visit to "toun, and of auld times," and never considering that poor Mrs. Smiler, with six children and a husband, and only one servant and one hundred a year, could ill spare to wile away two good morning hours in gossip with Miss Tibby.

Mr. Grunter was now fairly reposing upon his laurels. He kept up a close correspondence with Fitzcribb, and took in every kind of review and magazine, in hopes of more notices of his book; at any rate, it was advertised in all of them. Mr. Grunter made a slight attempt at renewing his lessons to Annie, but Annie having contrived twice to lose herself in the park, in order to avoid a task now more than ever irksome to her, he made a formal complaint to Mr. Lindsay, and gave

up the point; and Annie, after having been summoned, scolded, and made to cry, was left in peace — if it were peace to roam away to weep over a recollection of one loved being, to recal every word, look, and tone, and to try to build a Future out of the fragments of the Past.

She had loved Alphonse De Villeneuve, with the wild aimless love of a very young and very inexperienced girl. She had formed no plan, she had never calculated how it was to terminate, or that it must terminate at all. Love threw its golden mist over the landscape of life, and she sought not to look beyond it.

In older or more experienced hearts love seems only a guide to Hymen's temple, and the thought of love and marriage are very properly simultaneous, with the cautious daughters of cautious mammas. There is the virtue of Innocence, and the virtue of Experience. The former loves, and thinks of nothing beyond the all-sufficient delight of loving — young Eden of the heart! — the Eden before sin had glided beneath the dewy flowers;

and this Love is pure, pure as Eve, bending over her first mirror, and enamoured of her own loveliness. To such, Love, in its first pure worship, the thought of houses and settlements, and wedlock, never comes; and yet this first offering of the heart is pure as the first snowdrop that heralds in the spring. In her early and almost child-like ignorance, the young girl loves him, who never hints at marriage, but what is extreme innocence in the dawn of life, would cease to be so when the rosy veil is withdrawn, and she looks at life, knowing what life is.

As yet Annie was guiltless of such bitter knowledge. De Villeneuve had half promised to contrive to write to her, and on that hope (languidly dropped by him, to quiet her dangerous anxiety) her poor heart had anchored, and her time was spent in the feverish expectation, and the wearing disappointment. Then, too, the secrecy she had vowed preyed upon her in her solitude. She roamed about to while away the time after the post had come in, (in vain for her!) and while roaming she

would fancy that perhaps during her absence a letter might come by some private channel, arrive in her absence, and De Villeneuve's secret be betrayed. Then, wild with fear, she would rush back to the house, to weep over her causeless alarm.

Another time she would feel sure he would come; some dream (false prophet) would tantalize her with an assurance that he would come; and she would dress with all the care of a fond girl, and sit down to watch, (weariest of weary tasks!); then every distant sound of wheels or horses' feet would make her temples throb, her colour change, her heart beat, and the large tears would fill her eyes, and she would wish to die!

Oh, vain and guilty men of the cold world! for the brief amusement of your callous hearts and empty heads, what long, long anguish do you doom to your poor victims!

There was some similarity in the fate of Ellen and Annie, both disappointed in the brightest of hopes, both bankrupts in the richest of treasures — the heart's first Love. But Ellen was strong in principle, and Annie,

alas, only so in impulse. Annie hoped, and wept, and watched, and would not yield, would not believe she could have loved in vain. Ellen wiped away some natural tears, she prayed for strength, and it was given; she rent her thoughts from Julian, to force them into the channels of duty, charity, and other affections. Ellen was calm, meek, and, if possible, more sweetly kind to all around her; Annie grew fitful, peevish, and idle.

Mr. Lindsay's country neighbours flocked to visit him. There were long morning visits to be paid and received, and long drives to be taken to tedious dinner-parties, or similar entertainments to be given at the Hall.

Ellen forced herself to bear her part in these fatiguing ceremonies with quiet cheerfulness, and redoubled her meek and affectionate attentions to her uncle and all his household.

Julian and Augusta were engrossed by each other, Annie by herself, Miss Tibby by the Past, Mr. Grunter by his literary fame, Mrs. Lindsay by turning her "holiday," as she

called any time spent away from home, to account. That is, as at the Rectory household, arrangements chiefly engrossed her; away from it, she turned, mended, and remade all her old things, and knitted new stockings for herself and the rector.

Quite satisfied now that Augusta's destiny was decided, she sensibly dwelt only on the real and great advantages of the match. She resolved, with regard to Ellen, to leave it to Time, and the pride and sense which she knew she possessed, to cure the wound she had concealed from others, but, as the French song says, "*On ne trompe ni les yeux ni le cœur d'une mère.*" Augusta, settled, she meant to commence her manœuvres for making Ellen Lady Riskwell, and she had already begun to turn over in her own mind a match between Annie and Mr. Grunter! Then, too, her last accounts from Eugenia, (her daughter in India) were, that her husband, the Judge, was in wretched health; the matchmaker already anticipated her widowhood, and began to think who, among her many London acquaintances, would suit the widow.

Mr. Grunter had resumed his evening readings, but Rollin was cast aside, and the History of Philosophy, and the Philosophy of History, pompously substituted.

The reading of this august work, by its author, was a fearful penance to the listeners. His eyes, which seemed at once to be able to read and to watch his hearers, gleamed like those of a lion at bay, at the slightest noise, whisper, or disturbance. Mr. Lindsay seemed to share his old usher's view, of the solemn importance of the task, and set an example of the most rigid stillness of deportment, and the most unvarying attention, proclaimed by nods and expressions of assent and admiration, not always in the right places. The ladies were requested not to work, and Grunter introduced a system of questioning after the lecture was over.

"Ye'll na question me, if you please," said Miss Tibby. "It's na that I dinna remember it a'; I kenned it a' weel eno' in my younger days, but I'm mair used to be the professor, than the pupil."

Mr. Lindsay and Ellen were the only ones who submitted with a good grace. He, to set a good example, and to show his reverence for Grunter's work, racked his brain to remember, often, alas! in vain; for the brain at sixty-five is neither wax to receive, nor marble to retain.

Ellen, to oblige her uncle, and as part of the mental discipline to which she had resolved to subject her mind and heart, gave all her attention, and answered in a manner which drew forth the most elaborate praise from Grunter, both of his pupil and himself. Julian and Augusta often replied at random; Annie cried when questioned; and Mrs. Lindsay, remarking that you couldn't put an old head on young shoulders, proved at the same time that one cannot put a young head on old ones; for, with all her anxiety to conciliate and to set a good example to the young folk, she could not take in one new idea, follow out one argument, or acquire one new fact. She, therefore, wisely pretended to be rather hard of hearing; while Mr. Smiler, the curate, who

at first had attended these readings, in the hope of making a friend of the pompous and successful author, and of persuading him to use his interest with some London publishers, to induce them to purchase a set of sermons he had written, and would have sold for *any* sum of ready money, however small, was obliged to withdraw when the "Question" was introduced; for, as he never could abstract his mind from his six children and his one hundred a-year, and the present difficulties and future horrors of his situation, so nothing remained on his mind, after the reading, but the conviction that, if such a work as that had succeeded, and made Grunter a name and a fortune, his own sermons would perhaps, in the end, raise him to a bishopric, and, in the mean time, procure him a capital living.

Julian had heard from De Villeneuve several times; but as in all his communications he spoke of Zelie as his sister, so they were strictly private, and all Annie could glean was, that he was well, and at Hastings.

There he had been obliged to accompany

Zelie, whose exertions in London had brought on an inflammation of the chest. Of course, this circumstance was unknown to all but Julian. Ellen began to wish for the society of her enlightened and eloquent friend, and to figure to herself his lonely anguish, roaming by the wild sea-shore, with no companion but disappointed Love; and Annie, romantically convinced that some mystery prevented his owning himself her lover, feared he might fling himself from a rock in his despair, and wept and moaned in private, and sat sullen and dispirited in company.

The time was now come for the return of Mrs. Lindsay and her daughters to Moss Grove Rectory. In a week or two Mr. Lindsay was to visit them there — there, too, it was tacitly understood Julian was to make his proposals in form. Mrs. Lindsay, very anxious to conciliate all, before quitting the field, insisted on her dear Miss Tibby, her charming Annie, and her distinguished friend Mr. Grunter, accompanying her beloved brother-in-law.

"The change will do you all so much good. I cannot promise you such accommodations as at the Hall. But there is plenty of room. Mr. Grunter shall have a study with a southern aspect; and it will be quite a treat to Gregory to meet with so great a scholar. Now do come, if it is only for a week, my dear sir. The hills and the heath will remind my dearest Miss Tibby of the 'land o' cakes and brither Scots,' and sweet Annie will roam about the wild country till she is as blooming as ever."

As Miss Tibby had no wish to be left "alane wi' the auld stiff-necked fule Grunter," nor Grunter to be a lion only for Miss Tibby, the invitation was graciously accepted. As for Annie, she was passive — to the disappointed heart all places are alike. Mrs. Lindsay was even more than commonly affectionate and endearing before leaving her rich brother-in-law alone with his dependents. She nursed Fatima and her fat daughters; she called Screech a darling and a love; the vicious Cashmere buck a noble-spirited beauty;

and actually traced out a distant but certain relationship between herself and Mr. Grunter, who, on the mother's side, was a Gubbs.

Augusta departed gaily, taking a coquettish delight in the anxious sorrow this brief separation caused Julian. She delighted to teaze him with accounts of the splendid *château* Sir Peter Riskwell had bought near Moss Grove, on purpose, as he had said, to breathe the same air with her; she affected to long to see him again, to bewail her cruelty, and to pity his fate; and then she playfully reminded Julian, that "out of sight was out of mind," and, turning away to wipe a few natural tears, bade him come soon, for "perhaps she might miss him."

Possibly this farewell had more effect on Julian than sobs, and vows, and paroxysms of anguish would have had. When they were gone, he sought his father, and, while tears filled his eyes, and his pale cheeks betrayed his sufferings, he told him that he had manfully kept his word, and had not formally proposed, but that, now the time of trial was

over, and as soon as possible, he must accompany him to Moss Grove, to claim the hand of his adored and adorable Augusta.

Mr. Lindsay insisted on a fortnight's delay, for a visit to town, to arrange some important affairs; and consented, at the end of that time, to all his son required, provided that *en attendant* he did not pledge himself in any way.

To while away the fortnight, which he knew would seem forty years, Julian set off for Hastings, to visit his friend De Villeneuve and poor Zelie.

CHAPTER XLIX.

"Adieu, poor luckless maiden! imbibe the oil and wine which the compassion of a stranger, as he pauseth on his way, now pours into thy wounds—the being who has twice bruised thee can only bind them up for ever."

STERNE.

Zelie, the Queen of Song, sat alone at the foot of one of the giant rocks of Hastings. On one of her wan and almost transparent hands rested her fine head, while with the other she gathered up shells and seaweed, on which she gazed intently through large tears, but saw not what she gazed upon.

The searching morning sun revealed the ravages her late fatigues and latent disease had made so rapidly in one who had seemed, at her *début*, to deserve as well the title of Queen of Beauty as that of Queen of Song;

true, the scene, the dress, the lights, and the excitement had lent their magic, and raised her to a public rank in loveliness to which she could scarcely in private be allowed a claim; but, yet, had Fate but granted her peace, repose, and a satisfied heart, she would have been of a rare and intellectual order of beauty.... As it was, she was a wreck—there was no tinge of colour on her hollow cheek, or her beautiful lips; dark circles surrounded her eyes; and her form, so queen-like a few weeks before, seemed shrunk and drooping.

Few people can think at once intently and happily—alas! to how many is deep thought, deep anguish?—and, therefore, there is generally much melancholy in the face of earnest thought; there was something more than melancholy in poor Zelie's—there was a fierce mental struggle. She suddenly clasped her hands, half raised herself with an air of pride and firm resolve.

A tinge of colour dawned on her cheek—she murmured, "I will leave him; he shall be happy; I can die! Ah, but then he would

mourn me so! for ever!—yes, for ever." At that thought her anguish found vent in a passionate burst of tears.

She sat rocking herself to and fro, as though the movement of the body could lull the tortured mind. When looking up, she recognised the small bonnet, the large parasol, and nankeen pelisse of Mrs. Chester, who came out in search of her. She rose, and, appearing not to have perceived her, hastened away in an opposite direction.

Mrs. Chester was one of a very numerous class of people, who always appear to be in a great bustle about others, but never in reality put themselves the least out of the way.

When she saw Zelie hastening away, she called and made several signs, but never attempted to quicken her pace. "She's not quite right in her head, that girl," she said, to herself; "there's some deficiency, certainly. However, there's none in the purse, so it don't matter to me; and I'm more comfortable, better boarded, lodged, and treated, than I ever was in any other situation. Besides, the girl's

equivocal position prevents her giving herself airs. Though she pays, I'm the patroness; that's pleasant when one has been so long the toady. I'm not expected to spend all my tiny salary in dress, and in these three months I've had more presents than in three years elsewhere. True, I have my suspicions; but, as long as no one else has them, they matter not. Here I can save all my silks and satins."

And Mrs. Chester looked complacently at a whole suit of nankeen, in which she was attired—bonnet, pelisse, boots, bag, and parasol—a piece Zelie had bought out of charity of a failing linendraper, and which Mrs. Chester had obliged her by accepting.

A pretty little red velvet reticule, worked in gold, caught the watchful blue eye of Mrs. Chester. It lay on the sands in the spot where Zelie had been sitting. Mrs. Chester picked it up, and glided behind a rock to examine its contents. A letter!—she read it ....Money!—she counted it....A portrait!—she examined it: and then she honestly put up the bags and went, quite at her ease, in search of Zelie, to restore it.

There was something of joy in Zelie's wild eyes, when, listlessly entering the drawing-room on her return from her ramble, she recognised Julian Lindsay. He had ever been kind to her—he had risked his life for her—he always treated her with a respect which she valued the more, because she felt an inward, ever-haunting doubt of her claim to it.

She was in that state of depression, self-abandonment, and almost self-contempt, when the gentle hand of kindness unlocks those springs of grief no tyranny or harshness could have forced open. Julian and De Villeneuve were together in earnest conversation when she entered. On recognising Julian, she uttered a faint cry of joy, and rushed forward to welcome him; but, when gazing at her altered face and form with sorrowful surprise, he said, grasping her burning hand, "Oh! how very ill you must have been!" the contrast of his tearful glance, and the cold gaze of one she loved too well, struck her.

She murmured, "Bless you! thank you!

how kind you are!" and, bursting into tears, she rushed out of the room.....

"You see, Julian, my dear fellow," said Alphonse, affectionately pressing his hand, "you see all the evil you have so unintentionally done.....Is it not so, my dearest friend?.....and, should you fail to win your lovely cousin, who — I speak with the privileged sincerity of friendship—would hesitate between you and a wealthier suitor (even Riskwell), will you not, should she jilt you, return to our little home, and see what your presence can do towards binding the broken heart of one who, with all her rare and immortal gifts, has the heart of the meekest and most loving of women, and that heart, I fear, all yours?"

"Oh! but being all she is, she cannot, does not, love one who has not tried to win her." And Julian's colour rose; for the triumph, though useless, was too great not to find its way to man's vain heart.

"Nay, Julian, you know woman's nature too well to build an argument on such a false

foundation; perhaps, just because you never tried to win her, she has resolved to win you. No woman values an easy conquest; they are all generals at heart. But they do value what they have been long in winning. I fear my Zelie is something like Rousseau's Julie —'*Le premier soupir de son cœur fera le destin de sa vie*,' however. She has told me nothing; you have seen her.....Judge for yourself, and if you do not succeed with your cousin, if she trifles, if she rejects; because even a wealthier may offer — remember one who, I believe, would follow you in beggary through the world."

"Ah! you wrong Augusta!"

"Who can wrong a coquette?"

"She is no coquette."

"*Cela reste à prouver!*"

"At any rate, oblige me by abstaining from censures which I will not listen to from any one. And now I hear Zelie singing in her boudoir—let us join her."

"If Augusta should be sporting with my feelings, if she should be that vile thing, a

coquette," thought Julian, as Zelie's rich voice and mournful strain woke strange echoes in his heart, "I will try to repay the devoted love of that sweet girl. But it cannot be. Augusta does love me—it is folly, treason, to doubt it. Alphonse, with all his romance, is so suspicious, so worldly, about women!"

CHAPTER L.

Yet see how all around them wait,
The ministers of human fate,
And black misfortune's baleful train;
Ah! shew them where in ambush stand,
To seize their prey, the murth'rous band—
All tell them they are men.

GRAY.

All was hope and joy at Moss Grove Rectory on the morning of the day fixed for the arrival of Mr. Lindsay, Julian, Miss Tibby, Annie—and last, not least (in his own opinion) the lion of the day, Ebenezer Grunter.

The Rev. Dr. Lindsay, disturbed by the universal bustle and excitement, was about to shut himself up in a remote chamber, where he might pursue his studies in peace, till his

brother's arrival. Mrs. Lindsay was finishing off a soft cushion for Fatima, and superintending the cleaning a perch for Screech. Augusta's heart was in a wild flutter; and her cheek rivalled the roses, through whose petals the sun shone, as they looked in at the window to bid the breakfast party good morrow; jasmine and honeysuckles were peeping in also, and Ellen was gathering a sweet bouquet for her uncle's room.

"Now, my dear," said Mrs. Lindsay, "put down your books, and do attend to me."

"I am attending," answered old Lindsay, looking up for a moment, while running his finger down the index of the work he was reading.

"Really, my love, on so very important a day I think you might lay aside those fusty old books."

Old Lindsay laid down his book.

"What have you to say, my dear?"

"Why, I want to converse a little with you."

"About what?"

"About.....la! why, about many things; about your brother's arrival *and*—"

"I am prepared for that."

"Prepared! in what way?"

Old Lindsay had taken up his book again.

"How tiresome you are, my dearest love! I want to tell you that I have found out a relationship between old Grunter and myself. His mother was a Gubbs. I think it likely to strengthen my influence with him, and, through him, with your brother. I mean to receive him and treat him as a relation. Now, as he is a scholar, and here only for a short time, you must give him up your study; he requires the morning sun."

"Why cannot he share it with me, Nelly? It will put me out sadly to be driven from my accustomed haunt. There is room, and for two."

"No, no, two of a trade can never agree; besides, *entre nous*, I am sure you would dispute with him on classical and literary subjects."

"The clash of opinions, Nelly, elicits the sparks of truth."

"Of anger and ill-will, rather. No, no, quite in confidence, my love," and Mrs. Lindsay drew near her husband, and whispered as if she dreaded that the flowers might report her words. "I don't believe he's any more of a scholar than I am; he's a smatterer, a pretender, a literary coxcomb, my love; and, therefore, he'll require the study and all the books to give himself a learned look!"

"Well, well," groaned Dr. Lindsay, "do as you like; only, wherever I am, let me be quiet."

At this moment a servant brought in a letter. Mrs. Lindsay recognised the hand of her brother-in-law. Augusta and Ellen drew near.

"I hope it's no excuse, now every thing is so comfortably ready," said Mrs. Lindsay.

"And I," said old Lindsay, "should not be sorry if it were, for it's little comfort to receive those to whom our very best must seem worse than the worst they get at home; besides, that Grunter, if he were a scholar,

I'd welcome him with open arms, but, a pretender, a quack, how can I help exposing him?"

As he spoke, Mrs. Lindsay, who never paid any real attention to what he said, opened the letter. As she ran her eye over the first lines, the colour forsook her cheeks, her eyes distended, her lips parted; she uttered a faint cry, and dropped the paper.

"What is it?" exclaimed all at once. "What has happened?"

"Is Julian ill?" faltered Ellen.

"Ill! worse than ill, worse than dead!" screamed Mrs. Lindsay. "Your brother, Gregory, is a ruined man! He has speculated away his immense fortune!"

"Thank Heaven, that is all!" said old Lindsay.

"All!—how can you be such a fool? All! —what could be worse? He is ruined, he is a pauper, we must maintain him, they are all coming here, and now what is to be done?" And Mrs. Lindsay began to cry.

"Done!" exclaimed Dr. Lindsay, his eyes

flashing, and roused from his habitual and meek abstraction—"done, woman! I am ashamed to hear my wife ask such a question at such an hour. Done! why all shall be done to surpass, in the hour of his adversity, the affection and devotion which would have been lavished on him in that of his success. Providence, in clouding his prospects, gives us the rare and unexpected privilege of comforting him, of repaying some of the great debts we owe him—of proving what all you women most vehemently have professed! Where is this letter? read it, my Ellen. Those tears, I know they fall not for the loss of the uncle's wealth, but for anxiety lest that loss affect his peace. Dry them, my child; and you, Augusta, control this violent emotion, and listen."

"Dear Sister,

"How can I reveal the distressing intelligence of my total ruin—how can I own that the maddest of speculations has ended in the entire ruin of a princely fortune! However, it was of my own earning, and there-

fore I owe excuses to none. I know that by my brother's fireside the *poor* Hugh will be as welcome as the *rich* Mr. Lindsay. As for Julian, he is young, learned, and I hope, energetic; he has now the same prospects with which I began life—poor boy! I hope he may be as fortunate and less rash! It is a pity that, instead of a prompt and happy union, the attachment between him and Augusta must end, I fear, in a protracted engagement.

"I cannot enter into the painful details of a rash adventure, which must appear insane to those who do not know how much mercantile speculation resembles gambling. If I can save enough to live in strict economy abroad, it is well; if not, as I have no learning, I can be a butler; for that my venerable yet hale appearance may fit me. What am I to do with Grunter, Miss Tibby, Annie, Screech, Fatima, and her family, and poor old Capricorn? In the first instance, I shall come, as I originally intended, to you, with all those dear, and now unhappy charges.

"The blow will fall heavily on Julian, but

Youth, Love, and Hope will save him from despair. Expect us all early in the evening, and spare me all allusions, all inquiries, and, above all, all reproaches. With love as true as ever, your affectionate brother,

"HUGH LINDSAY."

"I think, as you have made out a relationship with Grunter, you might for the present adopt him as a member of the family," said the Reverend Gregory, with a lurking smile. "Miss Tibby, too, is a very pleasant, conversable person, and one you were always very fond of; if you could receive her, I must do what I can for Annie."

"*I* receive that vile, rude, old horror, Grunter," sobbed Mrs. Lindsay; "and that boasting, old bore, Miss Tibby! I'd rather be in a workhouse!"

"Why, my dear, if Grunter *is* a relation, we ought to adopt *him*; and as to——."

"Adopt *him*! I'd as soon adopt the devil, Mr. Lindsay."

"I am sorry to hear a clergyman's wife speak so profanely. Did you not tell me he

was, without doubt, a Gubbs on your mother's side?"

"Oh, I may have fancied something of the kind when——."

"When it suited your purpose, madam; now that it suits it not, you must pay the penalty of your own deceit. Mrs. Lindsay, I command you, and you, my children, I need not command, to make your uncle, and all his former dependents, ten times more welcome than you had been disposed to do, when he needed nc attentions of ours; for me, I feel his distress arouse all the old love of boyhood, when we shared together our poverty, or our unexpected shilling. Yes, the old time is busy at my heart, and I feel I love him now as I knew not I loved him, when he was cradled by wealth and luxury. All his dependents are welcome here; see that all feel they are so." So saying, old Dr. Lindsay walked away. Mrs. Lindsay remained a short time sobbing and wringing her hands; and then she said,—

"I'll make the house too hot to hold them.

I have a set of paupers quartered on me, eating me out of house and home! *I* be bored with Grunter, and that odious, Scotch torment; stunned by Screech, whom I always loathed; butted by Capricorn, and stifled by that over-gorged Fatima, and her detestable tribe! I may be civil to your uncle, but as to all that gang, they shall see they've got the wrong sow by the ear."

Ellen looked up amazed. Passion generally brings out innate coarseness, and awakens dormant vulgarity. On her guard, Mrs. Lindsay never betrayed herself; but it is only the real lady who has nothing to betray.

CHAPTER LI.

Dear Sensibility! source inexhausted of all that's precious in our joys, or costly in our sorrows! Thou chainest thy martyr down upon his bed of straw, and it is thou who liftest him up to Heaven! Eternal Fountain of our feelings! it is here I trace thee, and this is thy divinity which stirs within me. Not that in some sad and sickening moments, my soul shrinks back upon herself, and startles at destruction. Mere pomp of words! but that I feel some generous joys and generous cares beyond myself."

STERNE.

The sisters were alone: Ellen was very pale, and now and then tears filled her eyes, and her frame trembled as she thought what poverty would be to one so old and so accustomed to wealth as her uncle; but she went on arranging the bouquet she had been making for him, heedless of the large tears that fell among the flowers.

Augusta was flushed, agitated, and sobbing;

but to one who can read tears aright, there was more of anger than of grief, in hers. She sate pulling some flowers to pieces.

"What a very strange thing this is!" she said, at length.

"Strange! oh, it is a most heart-rending thing, sister! my poor dear uncle!.....Julian....."

"Yes, of course one is very sorry for them, for Julian particularly; but my uncle, I must say, I think he deserves more blame than pity....at his age...."

"To be dependent on those so ready to forget the past, and adopt the worldling's creed, with whom 'success is virtue, and misfortune blame.'"

"Oh, that's all very well for you, Ellen; you are not situated as I am. Your hopes are not destroyed by this, your affections were not engaged, nor your fate entangled...."

"Sister, I love you well enough to feel my hopes in some degree disappointed if yours are blighted, and my affections wounded by the blow that affects yours. My fate is surely

in some degree entangled, as you call it, with that of the friend of my youth; but this I must say, if I loved Julian, and were loved by him—if I were his chosen, the one with whom he had intended to share his wealth — her whom he had selected from a world at his feet—I could be reconciled to the loss which would prove to him what a true heart he had gained. Hope is not blighted; this moment is the dawn of Hope. The star of this sudden darkness! Talk not of wounded affections! It is now that they should be strong to conquer the world; and as to a fate 'entangled with his,' oh! be rather proud to say your destinies are entwined for ever!"

"That's all very fine! but what are we to live on? I hate long engagements, and will never fetter myself with one; one loses the best years of one's life, and, after all, they hardly ever come to any thing, but mutual dislike. I cannot say I think Julian behaved well, in not proposing long ago. If he had done so, and we had married, my settlement at least would have been saved."

"But it was only last night you told me you adored him, and meant to accept him at once."

"Yes, but I never thought he had been eager enough about it; only, when there's plenty of money, one can do with less love. I'm like mamma: I have an innate horror of poverty; I cannot love a poor man — how distressing!" and she began to cry. "He used to look so elegant driving his beautiful greys. His dress was always so exquisite! I so liked his yacht, too! and no one looked so well on horseback. What a love that blood mare was! and now, or, at least, ere long, he must walk in all weathers, shabbily dressed, in thick boots, carrying a cotton umbrella—an usher, or a clerk, perhaps....and be cut by every one."

"By *every* one! by *no one* whom he cares for, or who cares for him. Augusta, dear, dear Augusta! listen not to the evil spirit tempting you to forsake; listen to the good angel, urging you to cling to and to comfort him. Sister!" and Ellen sank on her knees

by Augusta's side, and, hiding her tearful face in her lap, sobbed, "Sister, this blow will not overwhelm him, unless you forsake him. He loves — he cares for nothing but you! Promise you will be to him all love can make a woman, when Misery would claim him she loves."

"Make no such promise, my dear," said Mrs. Lindsay, who had entered unperceived. "Ellen, I'm surprised at you; do you want to see your sister a beggar? This looks like it. Augusta, come with me, my own love. You know I never thought Julian behaved properly; he neglected you often most pointedly."

"Sister!" sobbed Ellen, "all his hope is in you."

"Come away, Augusta. Hark! there are wheels — Sir Peter's carriage, I declare! what a noble equipage it is! Go and arrange your hair, love. How devoted that poor man has ever been! I shall invite him to dinner to-day."

"Oh, not to-day, mamma," said Ellen, slowly rising. "It will seem so unkind."

"Quite the reverse; it will take off the awkwardness of the meeting. Come, Augusta!"

"Alas for Julian!" said Ellen, when they were gone, again sinking upon her knees; "poor Julian! now thou hast only thine unloved Ellen, for thine idol has already forsaken thee! Forgive me, Father, if I find a selfish joy in the thought of being his comforter. I have not yielded to it; I have knelt to her—I have implored her not to forsake — I am not guilty.....unless this involuntary comfort, at an hour like this, be a sort of guilt."

CHAPTER LII.

"And trust me, when to gratify a private appetite, it is once resolved upon, that an innocent and helpless creature shall be sacrificed, it is an easy matter to pick up sticks enough from any thicket where it has strayed, to make a fire to offer it up with."

STERNE.

"I shall not have the house turned topsy-turvy for that old Grunter," said Mrs. Lindsay to Ellen, who was quietly making some arrangements for the old usher's comfort; "your uncle, of course, is entitled to all we can do for him, though he has made such a fool of himself. But Grunter, a boasting, conceited, impertinent old oaf, ... He shall not have the study, Ellen, so it is of no use."

"But he always says he cannot write in a room which has not the morning sun on it."

"If he never writes again, so much the better for himself and the public."

"Mamma," said Ellen, and she clasped her hands, and her beautiful eyes filled with tears, "do not make any difference in your manner to Mr. Grunter. Oh, pray do not! My poor uncle will feel it more than if it were to himself."

"Oh, no, of course not, Miss Ellen. Of course it is to be expected that I shall play the toady for an indefinite time, too, to that odious old bear, to Miss Tibby and Screech, and those pursy, over-gorged, abominable dogs, suffer myself to be bitten by Screech, and knocked down by Capricorn. No, Ellen, when I'm knocked down, it must be to higher bidders than any of that set are likely to prove now."

"Mamma, you are joking!"

"Joking, girl! It's no joke to me to lose...."

"Lose what, mamma? the loss is all my uncle's."

"No, it is not. I lose what I have been

for years labouring to realize; I lose all my expectations, and, losing them, I cannot keep my temper. I'm out of all patience, when I think of it. Such a fortune! such a match as Julian was for Augusta! and now..... I hope I shall be able to be civil to your uncle, but I feel as if I could beat him. I must go and have a good cry; and to think of his bringing all that gang of dependents! I shall never be able to bear it, so do your best to get them quietly away, and *you* must see to every thing, for I am quite upset by this dreadful and unexpected blow."

Left to herself, Ellen, the best of housewives, made every arrangement for the comfort of her uncle and his guests. Without any bustle or parade, every thing was done; and Ellen gave up her own little boudoir, in which from childhood she had been accustomed to enjoy the morning sun shining through the honeysuckle—gave it up with its graceful comforts and maiden purity — no longer to be the shrine of a saint, but the den of a bear, the delicate carpet to be trodden by

Grunter's huge feet, the spotless furniture to be inked by the bungling blotting author, the whole place to be desecrated! But then her uncle would feel a slight to Grunter, and Ellen resigned her retreat with a sense almost of pleasure.

Augusta was in her dressing-room; for a few moments she was alone. Bad as people are, they would be worse still if they were never alone. Conscience would then have no chance: the loud clamours of vanity and pride, and the opinion of others, would drown the still small voice. Augusta, fresh from the worldly counsels of her vain mother, and the boundless admiration of her wealthy adorer—Augusta, who had been positively flirting with Sir Peter, as she drove with him and her mother in his superb carriage through the sweet country; who had felt elated at the deep reverential bows of all who passed them; who had conceived herself the mistress of that fine equipage, and of all thereunto belonging; who had thought of Julian and poverty almost with disgust, as some of the dim recol-

lections of early childhood (embittered by penury) came back upon her memory — Augusta, now alone, wondered to feel Remorse, a new and dreadful guest, awake in her vain bosom. She wondered, when shutting out all around her, with her trembling hands clasped firmly over her eyes, that she saw, in fancy, the pale but beautiful features of Julian, the encouraged, the all but accepted lover, saw the tears fill the eyes that had so loved to look on her: she started up, afraid of her own now terrible struggles.

It was a bright and sunny afternoon; the air, as she leaned out of the window, (panting for breath) was sultry — she looked from her lattice. Was he who once took our Saviour to the mountain's top to tempt, was he, the invisible Spirit of Evil, at hand? Her eyes, in wandering over the beautiful distance, saw the graceful turrets and many windows, (glowing in the sunshine) of the palace-like abode of Sir Peter Riskwell. Far and wide spread the undulating and velvet sod of the park; the patri-

archal trees, the deer, the cattle, all spoke of wealth and luxury. And that splendid place Sir Peter had purchased, because it was within view of Moss Grove Rectory. And there, within a stone's throw of the garden-gate of her home, stood a small ungainly house, square, whitewashed, mean, a playground before it, a kitchen-garden behind it; a blue board elevated on a post announced, "Preparatory Seminary for Young Gentlemen." That was the home of a couple, who a few years before had married for love!

The girl had been very beautiful, and was of good birth. She had refused wealthy offers—she was in love—she married a young collegian, who had nothing ..... At first he was all tenderness, but "Poverty came in at the door, and Love flew out at the window." The wife soon lost her beauty, and the husband his temper. Their friends, to keep them from starvation, set them up in a school, and got them a few pupils.

As Augusta gazed, she saw the meagre form of the wife, clad in a poor cotton gown, and

her once dainty hands were hanging out clothes on a line, just as the now dogged-looking husband, in a pepper-and-salt dressing-gown, led a file of little boys out into the road.

"The reality of a love-match," said Augusta to herself, as she watched poor Mrs. Evelyn fasten on the line a number of small articles, evidently belonging to the boys, beheld her wipe away some natural tears, and recalled the gay and well-dressed beauty she had once been.

"It is a lesson for me," said Augusta. "It were selfish to entail on him such a fate, such a home....No, I will be firm—my choice is made." So saying, she repaired to her glass, washed away the tears from her burning cheeks, and called for Ruth.

Ruth, knowing that "Mr. Julian" was expected, had laid out ready for Augusta's toilet a dress of the pure white he so loved, and was preparing to braid Augusta's hair in the fashion he preferred.—"I shall wear pink this even-

ing," said Augusta, blushing even before Ruth, "and dress my hair in ringlets."

Pink and ringlets! — that was Sir Peter's taste!.... Alas! alas!....

CHAPTER LIII.

"But Ellen boldly stepp'd between,
And dropp'd at once the tartan screen;
So from his morning cloud appears
The sun of May through summer tears."

The Lady of the Lake.

A refreshing summer-shower had fallen; the dust was laid, the birds were singing gaily, and all Nature seemed revived, when a large travelling-carriage, drawn by post-horses, stopped at the foot of a hill, within two miles of Moss Grove Rectory, and Mr. Lindsay and old Grunter descended from the interior, while Julian sprang from the box.

"Annie and mysel will just remain where we are," said Miss Tibby, "we're no that heavy to inconvenience the horses. Will ye not tak your book, Mr. Grunter...." (but

Grunter heard her not). "I'm sure that's heavy enough to tire fifty horses," she added, pushing aside the History of Philosophy and the Philosophy of History.

Annie, lost in a reverie, made no reply.

"I am very glad to spare the poor horses such a pull as this," said old Lindsay, leaning on his son's arm. "Come, Julian, my boy, be not downcast, you have youth and the world before you."

"A barren prospect," said Julian, with a sigh.

"Not so," said his father; "with your talents, your strength, your faith in the woman you love...."

"True, father, I am most selfish to give one sigh to my own fate. I have, indeed, full confidence in the unworldly devotion of my dear Augusta; but it is hard to have nothing to offer but oneself — still, to my own fate I am reconciled. I doubt not that I can carve my way—become the architect of my own fortunes...."

"Can ye?" said Grunter — "Did you ever try?"

"No, I have had no occasion."

"Then, take my word for it, you'll fail. Look at me—with all my advantages, I've only just achieved what you think to do at once—I've actually only just made a name!"

"I shall never attempt the sort of distinction you have obtained," said Julian, with a quiet smile; "still, I may do something, as you, dear father, say. With love, and youth, and strength, and hope, to buoy him up, a man must be weak indeed to sink beneath the first blow of fortune....but you....but you...." and the tears would force themselves down his cheeks. "Ah! will all I can do prevent your feeling this dreadful change?"

At this moment Screech, who was in the large cage on the roof of the carriage, and Fatima, who was looking out of a window, set up their shrillest notes of recognition, and the next moment a young girl rose from a bank, on which she had been seated, screened by a large tree, and, rushing forward, threw herself into the arms of old Mr. Lindsay.

"Ellen, my own darling!" he said, looking

fondly into her tearful eyes, "this is kind indeed! Why, she never came thus far to welcome her *rich* uncle."

"My *poor* uncle is a thousand times dearer to me!" sobbed Ellen.

Old Mr. Lindsay's remark was just: fond as Ellen had always been of him, till this occasion, she had never, in her watch for him, exceeded the limits of her father's premises. There was something in her eagerness to greet him, in the long and lonely ramble she had taken to do so, and in the fervour of her tearful and clinging embraces, which spoke volumes to her uncle's heart.

sudden *reflected* poverty, that it was the best way of keeping up her importance. Annie was sad, and Ellen, clasping her uncle's hands, and repressing her tears, did all her heavy heart could suggest to cheer him, and marvelled that the ruin of his fortunes, at his advanced age, had not stolen the calm from his brow, nor the benevolent smile from his lip.

CHAPTER LIV.

"Light they disperse, and with them go
The summer friend, the flatt'ring foe! . ."
GRAY.

It was not in her first reception of her brother-in-law and his family, that the total change in Mrs. Lindsay's feelings became apparent.

She welcomed him with professions of delight and pride, which long habit brought to her lips, as words of course. She was perhaps a little less entranced than usual with Mr. Grunter, Miss Tibby, and Annie; and Julian was not embraced with rapture; while Fatima, and Screech, instead of being "exquisite loves," were only noticed as "poor dears." She did not express any very great ecstacy

when she heard that Capricorn would arrive by a waggon in a day or two; but, still, there was nothing to find fault with in her manner. Gregory Lindsay seemed awakened to the things of this world by his brother's misfortunes, and was all affectionate solicitude and eager attention. Ellen thought she could never do enough to welcome the party, and Augusta had not yet appeared.

All were assembled in the drawing-room, awaiting the announcement of dinner, when she entered. Old Gregory, in an earnest conference with his brother, was imploring him to make the Rectory his home, and to share all he possessed. Mrs. Lindsay, while pretending to listen to Miss Tibby's long stories, was trying to catch the conversation between her husband and his brother, in order, when alone with the former, to lecture him, if requisite. Annie was sitting, *thinking*, as she called it. Grunter was mechanically mending all the pens in an inkstand on the table; Ellen was playing some of Julian's favourite airs, while he stood on the rug with Sir Peter Riskwell;

both—though there was no fire—with their backs to the grate, in true English fashion. Fatima and her daughters were asleep after their journey: and Screech, unseen by any one, had descended from his perch, and was most industriously nibbling the leg of a rosewood chair.

Never had the contrast between Julian Lindsay and Sir Peter Riskwell been so striking as at that moment. The country air had effaced the effect of Jobb's reducing medicines; he was red and round as ever, but hope twinkled in his small, grey eyes; self-sufficiency appeared in every movement, and his toilet was as gaudy as wealth and bad taste could make it.

With Julian's altered fortunes, all appearance of coxcombry seemed to have left him; he was plainly dressed, pale, thoughtful, and with a proud and resolute air, not usual to him. When first he beheld Augusta, and noticed that, instead of his favourite braids and white garb, she was arrayed in a colour he disliked, and her hair dressed in a style he

disapproved of, Ellen remarked that his colour rose, his eyes flashed, and his lip curled. But, when approaching her uncle, the sight of him recalled his ruin, her assumed manner forsook her, and she burst into tears; Julian hastened towards her; and, in those irrepressible evidences of her sympathy, forgot that they could not outweigh, (unintentional as they were), the preconcerted proofs which her dress gave, of a wish to *seem*, at least, indifferent to his opinion.

Nature triumphed for a time: and it was while Augusta still wept, that dinner was announced. Julian drew her arm within his; and Sir Peter Riskwell, looking very belligerent, handed Ellen down stairs.

CHAPTER LV.

"A change came o'er the spirit of my dream."
BYRON.

The dinner passed off gloomily enough. How could it be otherwise, when every one's thoughts were engrossed by a subject to which all dreaded to allude?

Grunter ventured on a few boasts about his book: but some remarks from Dr. Lindsay, betraying a real knowledge of the subject, of which, (author as he was) he had but a smattering, warned him not to venture out of his depth. Miss Tibby sat in dignified silence. Mr. Lindsay, "the ruined man," alone was cheerful; Augusta was silent and sad, in spite of sundry looks of reproof from her mother, who

saw that every movement and shade of expression was closely watched by Sir Peter and Julian. Ellen did her best to cheer every one, but all felt it a relief when Mrs. Lindsay gave the signal, and the ladies retired.

Ellen tried to amuse Miss Tibby and Annie; while Mrs. Lindsay, perceiving that Augusta was roaming alone in the garden, joined her there.

"You are very imprudent, my love," said the mother. "If you seem so distressed, of course Sir Peter will fancy you love your cousin, and then he will not renew his proposals."

"What shall I do? Oh! mamma, how can I forsake him at such a moment?"

"Forsake! say, rather, how can you cling to a drowning wretch, thereby ensuring his ruin and your own!—you can only encumber, you cannot assist him. Do you see the Evelyn's 'preparatory school?'—look;" and Mrs. Lindsay held aside a bough.

Augusta shuddered and said, "I have seen it."

"It is a better home than you will have, if you marry Julian," said the mother.

"But why must I marry at all?"

"Why—why? If you do not marry, do you know what you will be?"

"Yes; a single woman."

"Exactly; in other words, a poor, dependent, despicable, and despised old maid. The ruin of your uncle will not only affect all our prospects, but I doubt not the maintaining all his vile dependents and viler pets will fall upon us. With our poor income, offend Sir Peter, and you can have no other chance. There is no match in this place, and all seasons at London or elsewhere are over now. Will you, for the sake of a man who has certainly slighted you, degenerate into a Mrs. Evelyn, or a poor old maid? How beautiful Sir Peter's park looks in the distance! Ah! here he comes. I shall leave you for the present, my love; your choice lies between a town mansion, a beautiful park, elegant equipages, a title, and a doating husband, or a long and odious engagement, ending perhaps in a preparatory school, like

the Evelyn's, kept by you and a surly husband; for the poor and disappointed are always surly, or, if you prefer it, confirmed and poverty-struck celibacy at Moss Grove Rectory. When we are gone to our long home, you can live at the grocer's, and take in needlework. I am sure I shan't be here long, for it will break my heart to see it, with such prospects as you have had too.

"I should not care so much about it, if I had not centred all my hopes and pride in you. I have done my best for you all; but, somehow, that best has been any thing but satisfactory to my heart. Your sister in India seems ill and unhappy; yet, what a match that was! Poor Lydia—look there—gleams her marble monument through the yew-trees—Cold, lonely abode of that warm-hearted social being! Let me, then, see one of my children satisfactorily married. Let there be one good match made in the family. I cannot think why all turns out so ill." Strange that it never occurred to the mother how much better it would be, if people were matched by their

own hearts, and not by the manœuvres of a regular matchmaker; but, as with a gamester, the more she lost, the more eager was she to win.

"Mamma," said Augusta, seizing her mother's arm, "do not leave me now! There is great truth in what you say—and, to-morrow ... to-morrow ... I will dismiss Julian, I will accept Sir Peter—but do not leave me alone one moment, to-night, with either of them; in mercy, do not."

"You promise, to-morrow, to accept Sir Peter?"

"I do—to-night I am so ill and agitated, I shall retire. Come with me, my mother! and do you excuse me to all."

The matchmaker fondly embraced the consenting daughter, led her to the house, and then, carelessly taking Sir Peter's arm, led him away, and, during a stroll, contrived to let him know that she had ascertained that, were he to renew his proposals, her Augusta would not decline them; that Julian Lindsay was arrived to propose for her; and that, at

the last moment, she had found out that she did not like him, and hinted that her affections were evidently Sir Peter's.

She mentioned the failure of some large mercantile houses with which Mr. Lindsay was connected, but took care not to avow that his immense fortune was seriously impaired, much less totally ruined, by them. And Sir Peter felt elated beyond measure, and took his leave, trying to look down on Julian; which, however, he could not achieve, till he had mounted his phaeton.

CHAPTER LVI.

"And when the sun begins to fling
His flaring beams, me, goddess bring
To arched walks of twilight groves,
And shadows brown that sylvan loves,
Of pine or monumental oak,
Where the rude axe, with heaved stroke,
Was never heard the nymphs to daunt,
Or fright them from their hallowed haunt."

MILTON.

"I will not judge her harshly," he said to himself, as he roamed into the garden to seek her. "I will not condemn her unheard." But his walk was a vain one; he only met Ellen, who came with her voice of comfort and looks of affection; and what were they to him?

The breakfast party assembled, and yet Augusta came not: a headache was pleaded for her by Mrs. Lindsay; and Julian tried to hope that her indisposition arose rather from anxiety for him than from care for herself.

Ellen, too, she was not well. Ellen had not slept; her cheeks were wan, her eyelids swollen, and her lips white; but yet, though her feverish hand trembled, she was there to smile, to soothe, to comfort, more fondly attentive, more delicately devoted than ever. Mrs. Lindsay had, perhaps unconsciously to herself, assumed a somewhat condescending air. None but the truly thorough-bred can find themselves conferring, where they have

been wont to receive favours, without a change of manner.

To Grunter's great surprise, she now implied some doubts of that relationship she had before so clearly made out. She was a degree less coaxing and patient with Miss Tibby, and even threw out some hints before Annie of the necessity of young people's applying to something, and not "mooning" and idling the whole day long.

Mr. Lindsay took no apparent notice of this, and yet the slightest change of manner was remarked by him; and a close observer would have seen a very quiet smile play about his lips, and occasionally his colour rise at some faint indication of altered feeling, or his eyes moisten at each new and devoted proof of Ellen's attachment, or of his brother's unworldly affection.

Urged by Mrs. Lindsay, and unable to bear his own feelings of painful suspense, Julian agreed to take a long ride with his

father and Ellen; and, when they had set out, Mrs. Lindsay proceeded to her daughter's room; she entered unperceived: there knelt the passionate and proud Augusta, her face hidden in her hands, her frame convulsed with sobs.

The matchmaker saw that a moment of deep feeling was no time for worldly counsel. She noiselessly quitted the apartment; yet the daughter's evident struggles, while they affected the heart, did not shake the resolution of the mother.

"Better a few romantic tears now," she said, "with friends and sunny prospects to dry them, than long regrets through years of poverty, reproaches of an embittered husband, and laments of ill-provided children."

It was while she was discussing in her own mind this disagreeable subject, difficulty making her, as it always does the vulgar, cross and vindictive, that Mr. Grunter, hearing her pass, opened the door of the little

boudoir which Ellen had yielded to him as a study, and begged for a few minutes' conversation with one hitherto so affable and obsequious, that a request of his was scarcely made ere it was cordially granted.

He began by expressing a wish to make out more clearly, if possible, the exact degree of relationship between them, as he was writing to a Mr. Gubbs, his first cousin, and wished to mention it.

"Do not trouble yourself to do that," said Mrs. Lindsay; "I believe there is some mistake."

"Oh, no, I fancy not. I do not mind the trouble, madam, and I am as anxious to prove it as yourself. I will show you the pedigree as I make it out, if you will step in."

"I am afraid it is all a mistake."

"Oh, never fear! Pray, come in."

She entered the room sulkily enough, and exclaiming,—

"Dear me! how close, Mr. Grunter! and

what a musty smell those old books and papers have!"

Mr. Grunter was very obtuse. Accustomed to her urbanity, he did not at once perceive the change, but, fancying she meant, as usual, some apologies for accommodations so unworthy of "The Lion of the day," he replied,—

"Never mind, my dear madam; in time I shall get used to the size of the room. It is confined, certainly, but still——."

"I cannot bear this close smell," said Mrs. Lindsay, her ill-humour increased by his allusion to a lengthened stay. "Nothing I hate like the smell of old books and papers."

"Of course," said Grunter, pompously, "women cannot be expected to like it. But to us it is a smell dearer than that of frankincense and myrrh, madam: it is redolent of the Past; it recals——."

"I hope it can be got rid of," said Mrs. Lindsay, opening the window.

"Oh, never mind it!—as I said, custom will reconcile you to it."

At this moment the wind blew one of the papers of the Gubbs' pedigree off the table. Grunter, in stooping to pick up his treasure, knocked down the inkstand, and the ink fell, not merely on the pretty mosaic wood table, but trickled down on the bright and delicate carpet.

"Oh, how tiresome! how distressing!" said Mrs. Lindsay, making a protracted noise with her tongue, a kind of clicking, expressive of dismay, such as nurses make when a naughty child breaks his cup, or his doll's nose.

"Oh! never mind it, madam! these trifles never affect *us*," said Grunter, who, while Mrs. Lindsay violently pulled the bell, actually extended his huge foot, and, as if he had been in his boarded and sanded school-room of yore, with this ungain machine began to iron the black fluid into the roses and lotuses beneath.

"What are you doing?" shrieked Mrs. Lindsay, quite off her guard, purple with passion. "Mr. Grunter, how dare you spoil other people's things in that manner?"

Mr. Grunter looked up, thunderstruck, aghast; had the canary singing before him been suddenly transformed into a turkey-cock, he would not have been more ineffably surprised and astounded.

However, he was rather of a disposition to yield with the tyrant, and to tyrannize with the yielding; so, while the colour slowly forsook his large face, and his very wig quivered, he said:—

"I beg your pardon, madam, if I have done any harm; but I thought it best to dry it as soon as possible."

"Dry it! what, by spreading it all over the room?" said Mrs. Lindsay, who now perceived that some of the ink had fallen on the blue merinos curtain, and some on the cushion

of an ottoman close by — look there; look what you have done!"

Grunter followed the direction of her eye; on the ottoman lay his pedigree—at least, that sheet of it which the wind had blown away, and which had caused all this commotion. "I can easily write it out again, madam," he said, "if you think it illegible; but I can shew you the link between your branch of the Gubbs' family and mine in a minute;" and, seizing the paper, his immense inky finger and thumb came in contact with the light blue ottoman, and left another stain.

"I do not wish to see it; it is all a mistake. I deny any such relationship, and while you *are* here, Mr. Grunter, I would thank you to be a little more careful. If my daughter Ellen chooses to have her room destroyed in this manner, I do not. I shall complain to my brother-in-law."

"Madam," said Grunter, roused at length, "I have made every possible apology for a

mere accident, and now I too shall state this affair, and the way in which you have rebuked me, to Mr. Lindsay."

"Pray do. I assure you, I care as little —" one may guess what anger prompted, but a moment's reflection condemned—"as little .....as any such report deserves;" so saying, she flounced away.....

"Ha, ha!" said Grunter to himself, a light slowly breaking in on his obtuse brain, "this is owing to what Mr. Lindsay has told her of his ruin—silly enough to tell her, and against my advice — she doesn't care now for him, or even for me! Be it so! he might have kept his own counsel, and have fared well here. I will walk forth to meet him, and to tell my story. The time may come yet when she will rue this day."

So saying, he again violently and vindictively rubbed his foot in the pool of ink, and then left the room in the care of a housemaid, who entered at that moment with soap, scrubbing-brush, and pail.

"Misfortunes," as Manzoni observes, and as we must all have perceived, "love a crowd." When Mrs. Lindsay, flushed, trembling, and irate, entered the drawing-room, an object met her view, which rekindled her wrath, and fanned it into a far fiercer flame than before. A scrunching sound having attracted her attention, she looked in the direction whence it came, and there beheld Screech, the cockatoo, who, deprived of his habitual perch (which, by the bye, was obliged to be renewed every month), had been most industriously exercising his beak on two rosewood chairs and part of the wainscoting. The carpet was literally strewed with the proofs of his ill-directed energy. In an uncontrollable passion she darted at the bird, and knocked him down from a corner of the chair on which he had perched, and whence, coquettishly and (as she thought) mockingly, putting his head on one side, and glancing at her with his round, black eye, in his softest tone he said, "Cockatoo...."

An instant convinced Mrs. Lindsay of her error; for Screech's vengeance (like Mazaroni's) "was sweeping as it was sure." With extended wings, and with his plume of yellow feathers rearing itself perpendicularly above his black and eagle beak — which, opening, showed a round and jetty tongue— he flew at his assailant, who screamed and yelled, and vainly tried to ward him off. Protecting her face with a cushion she caught up, she, for a moment, paused to take breath; when, to her unspeakable horror, she found Screech had dug his dreadful beak into her foot.

Visions of lock-jaw flitted before her mind —she kicked and roared in terror and in torture, but Screech was firm. The noise roused Fatima and her daughters from an adjoining room. They came — but, alas! only to Screech's aid! Luckily for Mrs. Lindsay, they were toothless, for they flew at her with all the warmth of injured and avenging friend-

ship. At this moment a shadow darkened the French window, and Mrs. Lindsay loudly screamed "Murder!" and "Help!"

In vain—it was the incensed Grunter only, who, glad to see her in the power of the avengers, appeared not to hear her, and hastened on. Frantic with rage and pain, the cockatoo still clinging to his victim, Mrs. Lindsay forced open the French window, and darted into the gardens. In running, she fortunately shook off Screech—who, however, followed her with the resolute speed of a but half-finished vengeance. She limped along as fast as her wounded and bleeding foot would allow; and so eagerly, that, in running, he frequently pitched upon his beak. Screech waddled after her.

She had traversed the gardens thus, followed at a distance by the fat and whelping spaniels, and Screech gaining upon her at each moment, when, at the entrance of the meadow, a new and more terrible foe, roused

by the commotion, broke from a tree, to which he was tied, and, rearing himself on his hind legs, making a butting movement with his head, and uttering a strange, outlandish noise, came towards her, looking, to her excited fancy, like the foul fiend himself let loose to torment her.

Her new assailant was no less a person than Capricorn, the cashmere buck—arrived that morning, and full of what, as she afterwards said, was "fun to him and death to her!" After rearing several times, and butting the air, as if for practice, he rushed after her; she fled, spite of her wounded foot, with miraculous speed; in vain, in vain: he gained upon her, he has reached her, he rears—she feels his fore-feet on her shrinking shoulders, she dares not look round—the next moment came a sharp butt from his horns, and she is prostrate on the grass. Too noble to persecute a prostrate foe, he repairs to peel the bark off of some valuable young trees, and

leaves her to the affections of the spaniels and cockatoo, who have at length waddled up.

It was just as they reached her that her cries and groans attracted the attention of Miss Tibby and Annie, who were roaming in the meadow. Loudly calling the gardener, they valiantly hastened towards her. Capricorn, however, no sooner saw them than he darted towards them—loudly screamed Miss Tibby, who always hated him, "Awa', awa', yer the vary Deil himsel'—I ken ye weel!" He hastened towards her—upset Annie, who tried to protect her old aunt—Miss Tibby valiantly and in desperation caught him by the horns.

Now, indeed, was the scene an animated one. Miss Tibby's old-fashioned turban and front came off, and her white hair stood on end—for a minute or two she kept her hold of Capricorn's horns, and then she was suddenly flung close beside the groaning and shrieking Mrs. Lindsay. The gardener and

his boy, now coming up, Capricorn was secured. Annie, unhurt, drew near with her aunt's turban and front, and removed Screech from a hold he had just got on Mrs. Lindsay's ear. Now there was a breathing space.

Both Mrs. Lindsay and Miss Tibby were more frightened than hurt; the latter slowly rose, exclaiming: — "A weel, a weel, Annie, where's my cop, lassie? it's weel it's na waur. How do ye find yersel', Mistress Lindsay?"

"Find myself!" exclaimed Mrs. Lindsay, rising, purple with passion, "I find myself half murdered, madam. Mr. Lindsay can do as he pleases, but I will no longer have my very life endangered by these pests of my brother-in-law's. I am sure I have endured enough, perhaps that fiend of a bird may cause me a lock jaw. My brother-in-law is welcome here in this his hour of ruin; but to expect me to put up with all his encumbrances, is too much."

"If it's me you mean, ma'am, you'll na

lang be troubled wi' me," said Tibby, in indignant wrath. "I've shared my kinsmon's prosperity, and I'll share his adversity, but na under your roof, madam. Once acquent wi' this insult to Annie and mysel', he'll na trouble ye lang, I'm thinking. Come, Annie, we're here too lang, lassie. Incumbrances, indeed! incumbrances to a Miss Gubbs that was!"

Mrs. Lindsay, fearing the result of Miss Tibby's wrath, called after her in vain. The indignant spinster would not hear, and, reaching her own room, shut herself up there with Annie, to await Mr. Lindsay's return, that she might report the "awfu' insult she had received fra Mistress Lindsay," and urge his prompt removal.

CHAPTER LVII.

"To thy false lover hie!
Laugh o'er thy perjury,
Then in thy bosom try
What peace is there!"

BURNS.

Mrs. Lindsay was far from comfortable in her own mind, after her violent encounters with all her brother's pets and *protégés*. Certainly she had had great provocation, but Conscience whispered that before the receipt of the letter announcing his ruin, no carelessness or awkwardness of Grunter's, no injuries inflicted by the cockatoo on her furniture or herself, and no attacks of Capricorn's or the spaniels', would have provoked her to use a harsh word to Miss Tibby, or to Annie.

She dreaded not merely the contempt of her brother-in-law, but the resentment of her husband. She at heart wished to be rid of Mr. Lindsay, Julian, and all his train; but the habit of conciliating and courting them all, made her feel strangely uneasy, at the recollection of the sudden and violent manner in which she had thrown off a yoke, till then so gladly worn!

Poor matchmaker! not only herself, but all her plans, had been suddenly upset. "However, how lucky that Augusta was not formally pledged to her ruined cousin! that there had been no actual offer, no positive engagement. People might think what they pleased, but no one had a right to say any thing. Of course, poor Julian was very much to be pitied, but he really had not behaved well. If he had married Augusta some months ago, some part of the fortune would, of course, have been settled on her, and he would not now be a beggar!..... No; on the whole he was

very much to blame; it was a sad affair, but the sooner it was over, and Augusta engaged to Sir Peter, the better for all parties. There was no engagement, that was very lucky; Augusta had owned there was no positive engagement."

And this was the woman who for some weeks had rejoiced in the idea that it was quite a settled thing, and made all the mothers and daughters of her acquaintance writhe as she enumerated Julian's advantages. Augusta was standing at her window gasping for air, when Sir Peter drove up in his four-in-hand. The matchmaker hastened to her daughter's room.

"Where are you, my darling?" she said, "remember your promise; look at those beautiful greys, my child! Dear me! if there isn't poor Mrs. Evelyn, actually at the wash-tub!..... Oh, what a dreadful thing poverty is!... It would break my heart to see you in such a state as that ....., but, after all, no

one can tell. I am not sure Sir Peter is to be had now. The paper this morning talks of him for the second daughter of Lord Dartmoor, the great beauty. Of course she would jump at such a match; who would not? He told me she was a very fine girl."

"When did he say that?" asked Augusta, anxiously, the prize she had spurned before becoming valuable the moment it seemed beyond her reach.

"Oh, yesterday. I thought he was going to ask my opinion about proposing to her. I am sure he was, but I deterred him by telling him in confidence that I thought you meant to refuse Julian."

"Do I not look very ill, mamma, wretchedly pale?"

"You do, indeed, my love; but come into my dressing-room; for once a touch of art may be forgiven!"

When Augusta entered the drawing-room, brilliantly beautiful, her colour was not all

that was artificial about her; she assumed a gaiety and an indifference to Julian, and even a playful tenderness for Riskwell; she joked him about Lord Dartmoor's daughter; she played the jealous lady to perfection; she brought him to her feet, and had just accepted his renewed offer, and a splendid ring, when the equestrian party returned.

"Excuse me, now," she said, as she saw Julian's distant form, "I have much to do; my poor relatives require consolation. Farewell for the present."

"Farewell, beloved one! Nay, one kiss."

Augusta shuddered; but her accepted lover's lips touched her cheek. She felt a strange sickening sense of degradation and disgust, and, darting out of the French windows on to the lawn, she rushed into the shrubberies, as if she could hide away from herself.

It was agreed between Augusta, her mother, and Sir Peter, that the engagement

should remain a secret to every one else, until the departure of the Lindsays, or, at least, of Julian. He, seeing Augusta's white drapery fluttering among the dark trees of the shrubbery, naturally supposed she was gone there in the hopes that he would follow her, and, with a lighter heart than he had known for some days, he prepared to do so.

But Augusta was pursued, not merely by Julian, but by a sort of terror at the irrevocable step she had taken, a sense of sickening shame for her meanness and deceit,

> "And all the deep and shuddering chill
> That follows fast the deeds of ill."

At that moment she dreaded to see Julian. She hid herself for some minutes (when she heard his well-known and still loved voice) in a sort of summer-house; and, when she fancied he had returned to the house, she hastened through the shrubbery, crossed a meadow, and darted into an adjoining wood. Here, yielding to her violent and long-sup-

pressed feelings, and the horror excited by the sudden sparkle of her ring, her betrothing ring, as a sunbeam piercing the trees fell upon it, she threw herself on the ground, and wept bitterly.

It was at this moment that Julian, who had sought her in the wood, suddenly perceived her; his footsteps were unheeded on the soft and velvet-like grass, and, before she knew he was near, he was at her feet.

At those feet another had knelt a few minutes before, and as Augusta remembered this, and felt Julian's arm around her waist, she, for a moment, felt herself sunk beneath those wretches, whose necessities induce them to tolerate from more than one those caresses which are so valueless and degrading, if not exclusive.

"You weep: you are miserable, my own beloved one!" said Julian, wildly embracing her, "and you would fain hide your anguish lest you should increase mine. May Heaven reward you! my chosen, my true one!"

"Leave me! leave me, Julian! This must not be; it is wicked, it is sinful!" And she tore herself from his embrace.

"Why so, sweet love? It is true, this sad revolution in my father's affairs may delay, but it cannot prevent our union. We shall be rich only in love, Augusta. I need no other wealth, my darling! Oh, it will be pride and joy to me to toil for you! I have health, energies—rusted by self-indulgence, perhaps, but not destroyed; talents neglected, but which love shall revive. I fear nothing, I care for nothing, now that I see that you love me still. I have a thousand plans, a thousand hopes. Idol of my heart! true, constant, generous one! you know not half the tenderness the wealth of love called forth by my father's ruin and your sublime constancy! No dangers can daunt, no distress overwhelm, no disappointments deter me. I will not pass my time now, even in the beguiling comfort of your presence. I go to struggle with men,

but I cannot fail, your love has made me so strong. I shall soon come back to ask you to bless a cottage-home."

During this impassioned outpouring of the young lover's heart, Augusta at first had gazed on his graceful form, and the animated beauty of his perfect face, and contrasted it with the plebeian figure and snub features of her "affianced lover." As he proceeded, she hid her face in his hands, and wept violently.

Her tears were all of tender regret and self-reproach, until the words "cottage-home" reminded her of the real state of affairs. Then came back upon her mind the Evelyns' "cottage-home." Poverty, not in its graceful and poetical, but in its real and disgusting form—the sneers of others, the humiliation of her own ambitious heart, her mother's disappointment — yes, in that brief moment passed before her mind even the wretched repast, the miserable toilet, the gloom, the discomfort, and the hopelessness of a poor

man's wife—no station, no rank, no carriage, on foot in all weathers. Alas! for a cottage-home!"

"Julian," she said, in a firm tone, "for your sake, as well as mine, all must be at an end between us. I love you, or rather I have loved you too sincerely, selfishly to cling to you when my doing so must drag you into the fathomless abysses of poverty, and prevent your ever rising again. Had I wealth, it should be yours; but, as it is, our engagement is ruin to both, and must be broken off. Reared in luxury, Julian, you have no experience of what poverty is. I have early recollections. Julian, let us part friends—all must end in that word!"

Julian started to his feet; he stood, pale, with clenched hands; and tears, he would have given his life to check, fast filling his eyes.

He asked, in a voice of suppressed emotion, "Did you ever love me, Augusta?"

"How can you ask so cruel a question?"

said Augusta. "Perhaps if I had loved you less, I should be more ready to encourage you to your ruin."

"You loved me, and you desert me at such an hour as this! You are the first to teach me the dark moral and the cruel lesson of life. You leave me to struggle alone!—you withdraw (while all darkens around me) the lamp of Hope, held by the atoning angel of life—First Love! Be it so; farewell *for ever!* But weep not, kneel not, mourn not now, and keep for a wealthy hand, for one which can fill yours with treasures, that treacherous one I have so loved to call mine (she had sunk on her knees and offered her hand). Away, woman! you never loved me! Augusta, you are a hypocrite, that worst, that most accursed of hypocrites — a coquette!

"Other hypocrites smile, and fawn, and lie, and fondle, to win our wealth, our influence, our favour; but a coquette—she is a blacker hypocrite still, for she dissembles and

sells her soul to win what is more than gold, more than life—the first love of a noble, trusting heart. With her detected treachery, away sweet confidence in what seems fair and true—away dear power of loving and of believing! Of this odious race you are the worst specimen, Augusta; for you are an *interested* coquette! Enough! cling not to me! kneel not to me! Henceforth we are strangers. I go into a cold, false world, to struggle with an unrelenting fate; but that world has nothing so cold, so false, so hollow, as her I have worn in my heart of hearts!—away, I say! How dare you extend to me a hand—on which glares the ring of another! Is not that ring the gift of him whom, in my prosperous hour, you rejected?—whom I have seen you scorn, heard you ridicule? You answer not, base, most base! But no, you are too mean for my curse.

"Grovel on, yea, even in wealth—in the wealth you have purchased at the price of

all self-respect, at the price of the peace of a ruined man, who cared not what Fate seized, if she spared him you—grovel on in conscious infamy, woman of the vain head and marble heart! but, were I lying a beggar in a loathsome lazar-house, and were you the throned Queen of the universe, I should look, perhaps I may say, I *shall* look from my bed of straw to your palace-home, and feel that I am not all degraded, all a beggar, while I have escaped the contamination of a union with one so false, so base. Be happy! in other words, be *rich!* And so, farewell!"

His voice ceased; Augusta remained on the ground, her face buried in her hands; at length she looked up—he was gone.

The Rejected walked proudly from that fatal spot, deserted by her he loved, Ruin before him, Want tracking his footsteps, yet he looked confidently up to the intensely blue sky, and felt, as he gazed, that there was a God in the heavens above, watching over the

wanderer of earth. The Rejecter—affianced to the rich man—she whom a few days would see possessed of all the goods this world can give its children—she watched till he was out of sight, and then she rose, her eyes dropping the vain tears of shame and unavailing regret, her form bowed, her head sunk on her bosom—and so she stole back, glided stealthily into the house, and threw herself, humbled to the dust, on the floor of her own room.

CHAPTER LVIII.

"Oh! thou art the cause of this anguish, my mother!"
HAYNES BAYLY.

When Julian quitted Augusta, he felt too excited, too restless, to return to the Rectory; he wanted to be alone, to arrange his thoughts, to muse over his solitary fate.

He must leave, and that promptly, the Rose-garden of Epicurus; he must quit the Eden of the heart, to toil in the wilderness, and make the barren land fruitful—more desolate than our first father, for he is alone; no weeping Eve beguiles his lonely way. Alas! alas! in the first moment of astonishment and indignation, he had found some solace in the

violent outpouring of his wrath; but that bitter satisfaction soon passed away — and a void, a deep sadness, and a sickening sense of loneliness, weighed upon his heart.

The wrench had been so sudden, every fibre bled. He knew not, till he lost her, how dear she had been to him, how entire had been his faith; and this hollow worldling he had known.....he could scarce remember the time when he knew her not! Whom could he trust, when *she* proved false? whom could he believe, when *she* had so deceived him?

He wandered on, he knew not, he cared not, whither. Wander where he would, he could meet nought like this — he had known the worst!.....He determined that very night to repair to London: he could not remain in *her* house; he could not be a burthen on his ruined father. No; he would rather toil to support him. Yes; he had a duty yet to bind him to life....and *she* — *she* was not worth one thought, one tear!..... No, that was

true; yet twilight found him thinking of the False one still; and on his cheeks, livid with passion, were the traces of the bitter tears of slighted love.

Meanwhile, an animated scene had been going on at the Rectory. Grunter, Miss Tibby, and Annie, had preferred their several complaints in the presence of Mr. Lindsay, the Reverend Gregory, and his offending wife.

"Kinsmon," said Miss Tibby, as if conferring a great favour, "I've shared your wealth, and I'll nae shrink fra sharing your poverty. But Mistress Lindsay has reproached Annie and mysel with being incumbrances on her, and that I canna and I wunna be sae ony langer."

"Mrs. Lindsay," said the Reverend Gregory, addressing his wife, his usually mild eyes flashing fire, "what is this?—have you dared, under my roof, to insult the friends of my brother, in his hour of sorrow? speak, for, by

Heaven, if you have, the same roof covers us no longer! I would not dwell with one so basely ungrateful—no, not....."

"You haven't heard both sides," sobbed Mrs. Lindsay. "You're always so ready to side against me!"

"Let me hear what you can urge in your defence," said her husband.

Mrs. Lindsay told her story so meekly, and so exaggerating the wounds and evils she had received, that Mr. Lindsay said:—

"Brother, urge this no further. Your wife regrets her hasty expressions, and Miss Tibby and Annie will, I am sure, forgive."

"I think, sir," said Grunter, "it is I who am the injured party; it is I who have been abused, reviled, and insulted, by Mrs. Lindsay....."

"You! what you, in whom she recognizes a near relation?"

"No longer now, sir; now that my fortunes fall with the ruin of yours."

"What have you to say to this?" asked Gregory, sternly.

"I will make any apology," sobbed Mrs. Lindsay; "I am sure I meant nothing. I was always of a quick temper — too ready to speak my mind."

"I never knew that before," said Mr. Lindsay.

"Nor I," growled Grunter.

"Nor I," echoed Miss Tibby and Annie.

At this moment a note was brought to Mr. Lindsay; he read it, and turned pale.

"Julian has left us suddenly," he said; "he is gone to London." He looked sternly at the Matchmaker, who trembled. "I wish to speak with Augusta; let her be summoned."

Some minutes elapsed, and then Augusta came, pale, her eyes red and downcast, and her head bowed upon her breast.

"Augusta," he said, "Julian is gone!"

Augusta uttered a faint shriek; her lips grew white, and she sank on a chair.

"Why? where?....." she murmured.

"Why!" said old Lindsay, sternly, "you perhaps can tell better than I can. Where, it can little matter to *you* to know; *you* have rejected him."

"Oh! no, no! she did not, she could not!" cried Ellen. "Speak, Augusta; you have not done it! he is not gone."

But Augusta spoke not; she cast an appealing glance at her mother; but the Matchmaker looked another way; she did not wish to be implicated in this, too.

"Yes, he is gone," said old Lindsay: "you have rejected him, because he was ruined. You have sent him with a broken heart to battle with a cruel world. Be it so! You have strewn his pillow with thorns, but God grant some gentle hand may pluck them away yet! In your own heart, I believe, you will find

an undying one planted there by remorse. Brother, for all your kindness, I bless and thank you; but I must go hence now, and I return no more. In one hour, as a ruined man, I have learnt what years of prosperity could never have taught me. Come, then, all ye insulted ones, who will share my beggary; let us depart at once. I go to live in a foreign land, on the scantiest pittance, but I go, no longer deceived. Ellen, my weeping darling, farewell!"

"No! no!" shrieked Ellen, darting forward, and kneeling before him. "No farewell! — no farewell to me! Where *you* go *I* will follow you. I will be no burthen, no expense to you. I have some savings of your bounty, some gifts of your benevolence. I will be no burthen to you; but I will serve you, tend you, toil for—ay, if needful, beg, for you. But you shall not go forth into a foreign land, the very language of which you know not,

without me. It was in a great measure owing to your generosity, beloved uncle, that I was enabled to acquire those languages, and shall I not employ in your service some part of the good you have conferred? Do you think me heartless, base, ungrateful? Oh, do not so wrong me!.....I will not rise till you say that you consent."

"Ah, Ellen! my matchless child, you know not what you ask. Can you bear the pilgrimage of Poverty? Can you put up with a temper soured by reverses? Can you forego, in the very dawn of your beauty, all opportunity of conquest, all hopes of admiration, to follow me and my poor friends, in a wretched journey to a remote region?"

"I can, I will! I shall be with you, uncle, happier, far happier by your side in a dungeon, than without you on the throne of the world. Father, mother, plead for me!"

The Reverend Gregory came forward. "Bro-

ther," he said, "take her, and with her my blessing, and let her true heart and earnest love redeem this family in your opinion from the odious charge of black ingratitude you must prefer against it. I will accompany you to town. I little thought ever to see London again; but even I may be of some service. Be quick, then, my Ellen."

Mr. Lindsay raised Ellen, and clasped her to his heart; he wrung his brother's hand. "Fear not for her," he said; "I can yet collect enough from the wreck of my fortune to save her and all of us from want."

"But, brother, my purse is yours. Let me, in this the hour of your distress, repay some part of the great debt of obligation you have heaped on me and mine."

Mrs. Lindsay gave her husband a warning look, and, perceiving he heeded it not, under pretence of seeking for her handkerchief, contrived to tread on his foot, and press his arm, but in vain. He looked angrily up, and then

reurged the offer, which, however, Mr. Lindsay declined.

"God will bless her, angel as she is, I'm sure," said Augusta. "I would have offered to go with you, uncle, but that, in travelling, every additional person is an additional expense, and nothing one could do could atone for that."

"No," said Mrs. Lindsay, who did not at all like to lose Ellen; "I am sure even Ellen will be much in your way."

"Silence, woman!" said the Reverend Gregory. "Ellen goes with her uncle."

"And you, dear friends," asked Mr. Lindsay, turning to Miss Tibby, Annie, and Grunter—"are you disposed to follow me in this sad exile?"

"I shared your prosperity," said Miss Tibby, heroically coming forward, "and I wunna desert you in your adversity."

Poor old thing! she seemed to think that she was doing him a great service by clinging

to him, forgetful that dependents make the poor poorer!

"I shall help Ellen to work, to toil, to beg for you," sobbed Annie.

"*Will* help Ellen to work, to toil, to beg ....." growled Grunter.

"Will....." sobbed Annie.

"And," said Grunter, rising, and putting his best leg foremost, "I will follow you all over the world. Yes, sir, I will follow you .....as the accusative follows the verb."

"Farewell, then, Mrs. Lindsay," said the Ruined Man, extending his hand, as he saw that she was moved to tears—"Farewell! as you are Ellen's mother, I will say, sister. Yet I blame you not that, since our downfall, you have discovered we are valueless and full of defects. It requires a keener eye than yours to detect the fine painting, when no golden frame encases it; yet, one day, you will own we were, spite of our present state, *originals* indeed."

Mrs. Lindsay had nothing to say; so she only wept, as did Augusta.

In two hours, the large travelling-carriage was at the door: the spaniels barked, the cockatoo screeched. Augusta and her mother wept (for Ellen was very dear even to their worldly hearts). Ellen's tears fell silently; she would not for worlds her uncle should have seen them. The Reverend Gregory donned his clerical great-coat and broad-brimmed hat. He had not been to London for twenty years! Away rolled the heavily-laden carriage.

Mrs. Lindsay and Augusta waved their hands and handkerchiefs, till the carriage was out of sight; and then old Lindsay put his arm round Ellen, and, straining her to him, said, "May God bless and reward you, Ellen!"

"Suppose we invite Sir Peter to tea?" said Mrs. Lindsay, to Augusta, when they were alone. "Come, there's no use in fretting! all is for the best. You must fix the day, you know — 'safe bind, safe find.' Poor Ellen!

she must be an old maid, for there's no one abroad can marry her, I'm sure! Well, it's no fault of mine. What, crying still! how silly you are, Augusta!...."

"I am miserable," said Augusta. "Poor Julian!"

"Pshaw about Julian! He'd be poorer still with a crying wife and starving children! you ought to rejoice! You'll thank me, some day, my dear, for not letting you please your eye and plague your heart. There, don't spoil your looks! Go and dress. Here comes Sir Peter: how well he drives! Wait till you can be miserable in a coach and four. There, get ready—come, there's much to be done—it won't do to let him slip now. I'll amuse him while you dress—let him see no trace of tears! I cannot think what your uncle had a long *tête-à-tête* with him about. Ah, well! it doesn't much matter; he's gone now. I wish I could have kept my temper; but how could I see all those horrors eating me out

of house and home? By the by, Capricorn (old demon) is to go back to Lindsay Park to-morrow — I declare I feel quite myself again."

Not so Augusta. Did she ever feel herself again? Oh! pitiless Matchmaker, what have you done?.....

CHAPTER LIX.

"Happy, if full of days—but happier far
If ere we yet discern life's evening star.
Sick of the service of a world that feeds
Its patient drudges with dry chaff and weeds,
We can escape from custom's idiot sway,
To serve the sovereign we were born to obey."
COWPER.

The journey, though performed with four post-horses, was long, and but for Ellen would have been tedious. But Ellen possessed the rare art (an art, by the by, of all others, to be cultivated in woman) of cheering and enlivening others, even when there was nothing to animate or excite herself.

In large circles she was often silent; frequently at dinner-parties, the repartee her wit suggested, her modest reserve and good

taste suppressed. She was a quick and humorous observer, had a rare insight into character, (for one so young) and read with a calm, and, therefore, unsuspected glance, the hidden motive, and the secret aim : she told an anecdote or a story with an arch and irresistible *naïveté*, and had a power of imitation, which, in one less truly and nobly amiable, would have made a confirmed mimic.

After the first sorrow of parting with her mother and sister was over, she devoted all the varied powers of her rich mind to the amusement of her uncle, whose ruin sate so lightly on his philosophical spirit, that he laughed as heartily as he had ever done when his wealth was boundless as his benevolence.

The Reverend Gregory, although professedly there, to keep his brother company, to counsel, and to assist, was soon, with a scholar's absent habit of mind, lost in learned reverie; and Grunter, the sham sage, not choosing to be outdone in so learned a charac-

teristic, cast up his eyes, folded his arms, occasionally muttered to himself a Latin quotation, generally, (we blush to own it) not drawn from any deeper or more abstruse source than that Eton Latin grammar, by which so many years of his former life had been engrossed; and appeared quite deaf to all ordinary remarks, and blind to all common-place occurrences.

The Reverend Gregory had soon fathomed the shallow brain of the old usher, but respect for his brother, and a great dislike of giving pain, (even to a pretender) made him scrupulously conceal his opinion of Grunter's inferiority. It could only have been gathered from his resolution in avoiding all classical discussions with him, (in which, in truth, Grunter was very ready to assist him) and a something of overstrained modesty in the way in which he said occasionally, "We readers, and you writers;" implying, perhaps, that Mr. Grunter, though a writer, had not been

much of a reader. But Mr. Grunter saw not this, (though Ellen did); he bowed with great pomp, and adopted the distinction only with the amendment of "we Philosophical and Historical writers, and you general readers," &c.

Annie was rejoiced at going to London, for it is, of all places, that where one has the best chance of meeting any body and every body; and who could tell how soon she might behold her heart's idol, her Alphonse De Villeneuve?

Annie, too, had a kind heart — a warm, grateful, Scotch heart. And, in order to please Mr. Lindsay, and console him under his altered circumstances, she had actually armed herself with her long-neglected Latin grammar, which she now conned as vehemently as a schoolboy while his mate is chastized. Her deference to Mr. Grunter was very gratifying, not only to his patron, but to that august egotist himself; and it was only after long ponderings with herself that she ventured on either *shall* or *will*, and then, alas!

generally Reflection, as it so often does with us all, had served her worse than Chance.

Miss Tibby was pleased to think her influence had had so great and instantaneous an effect in removing the whole party; and so she talked and laughed, and told her best stories. The weather was beautiful; the country, in all the luxury of the summer prime; the hedges were full of woodbine, wild roses, and bindweed. And often the carriage was stopped for Ellen and Annie to gather the bright flowers which, like the joys we covet, and turn from the straight path to win, are so bright till we grasp them, and then seem so paltry, and fade so soon!....

The fields of corn already ripening, looked like Lilliputian armies with their golden spears; the cherry-orchards displayed their countless rubies, glistening among the dark green leaves. The neat cottages and trim gardens spoke of temporal comfort; and the old Church and venerable Parsonage of eternal peace;—the

very donkeys, with their shaggy young by their side, munching the prickly thistle, contented and calm the while, like those step-children of fortune, to whom prickly cares, dull inaction, and wearing disappointment, are become so habitual, that they receive them as their due and daily food, and scarcely look for aught beyond; or, perhaps, more like Grunter, feeding on the ironical praise of some pungent review, and relishing it as truly as the poor donkey its favourite thistle; the ragged and sunburnt children sleeping among the hay (whose fragrance filled the air); the ceaseless song of the birds, the sunny sound of the bee's small horn, the arrowy flight of that winged gem, the dragonfly — all proclaimed the flush and prime of that season — no where, when beautiful, so variedly beautiful, as in merrie England.

As the weather was hot, and the party large, two were always on the box, and they took it by turns. To avoid fatigue they slept,

and stopped to take their meals on the road; and the commencement of the Ruined one's exile became a delightful excursion, which all wished prolonged. It was pleasant to travel thus at fresh and fragrant morning; pleasant at sunny noon, pleasant in the cool and dewy eve; but it must end, as all pleasant things must, and happily all torturing and wearing ones, too. The intervals between town and town became shorter and shorter; brick-fields and enclosed ground let out on building leases, and half-finished houses, grew thicker and thicker. Dust and smoke began to darken the air; instead of fragrant hedges and green fields, were squalid beings and their wretched homes. Soon carriages of every kind, private and public, filled the road: the shops grew large and handsome; the people gayer and better dressed. And they beheld London black in the distance, as if mourning for all the sin and sorrow she is doomed to shelter.

"We go not now, my Ellen, to St. James's

Square," said old Lindsay, fondly putting his arm round her waist: "we must go to some obscure lodging, where I can remain unmolested, till I have arranged all for my departure, saved from this wreck enough for the necessaries of life, and decided on the place of our final destination. I must see Julian, too; perhaps he will go with us into exile."

Ellen had raised her uncle's hand to her lips; he felt a tear fall upon it, but he perceived that, at his last words, she trembled violently.

"I think," he said, "that for to-night we had better go to some cheap family hotel in the neighbourhood of Covent Garden; Julian has desired me to address him at one of them. If we can make an economical arrangement, perhaps we may as well stay there till we sail."

"Economical!" ah, how Ellen's heart sickened to hear *him*, so long accustomed to wealth as to an element, talking of economy,

in that cheerful voice, in his old age, too; the generous, of thousands, now doomed to calculate, to bargain, to dread, the expenditure of a pound more or less!"

How she rejoiced in the thought that she was with him!—that he was not alone in his altered destiny! — that he had beside him what no wealth could purchase — the loyal, the devoted heart of one who would die to serve him!

The Reverend Gregory, now fairly in London — London, which he had not seen for twenty years, and now saw to great advantage (for, like most of her daughters, London is a candlelight beauty), lighted with that essence of light, brilliant, dazzling gas—the Reverend Gregory, all sage and scholar as he was, gazed with the delight of a schoolboy on the animated, bright, and bustling streets, so contrasted with the only night-scenes he had been used to — scenes never illumined by aught brighter than the calm stars, the silver

moon, the rushlight in a cottage-window, the lantern with which the gardener preceded him to some sick or dying parishioner, or the small lamp that lights that insect beau, the glow-worm, to a rendezvous with his ladye-love, in her harebell bower.

His exclamations of delight excited some contempt in Grunter's mind; for Grunter (ponderous oaf!) had no sense of the humorous. To him there was nothing interesting in Gregory Lindsay's surprise; his admiration of the throngs of "fair women and brave men;" his exclamations, his inquiries, and his child-like belief that all things were what they professed and seemed to be.

Pompously explaining the names of the streets and the buildings, Grunter pointed out his club, saying, "That is the *rendezvous* of men of literary eminence. *We* authors find it convenient to have a place where we can meet, to discuss deep and important subjects."

"I should like to belong to it, of all things," said the Reverend Gregory. "Is it select?"

"*I* should not be a member, were it not," replied Grunter, who was aware it had never been known to reject any one. "One ought to have done something to entitle one . . . however, I think *my* influence might secure your admission."

Gregory Lindsay smiled.—A select club, where Grunter had influence!—He was not new enough to believe that—there was something shrewd in him, after all!

Wearied with a long day's journey, yet sorry it was over, our party alighted at the hotel, Covent Garden. Mr. Lindsay wrote a note to his son, who, however, did not appear that evening. Ellen presided at the tea-table, which she enlivened by a hundred playful remarks on the quaint furniture, the old-fashioned room, and tea-service, the odd waiter, and antediluvian chamber-maid. But all was new. Covent Garden was like ano-

ther world to the inhabitants of St. James's Square.

Grunter imitated Dr. Johnson in drinking countless cups of tea. Ellen's arm ached with pouring it out of a very heavy and unmanageable teapot; and Annie was half dead with cutting his bread and butter with a knife blunt as himself.

But mirth and good humour prevailed. Ellen was like a perpetual sunbeam; — there could be no gloom where Ellen smiled. At length the protracted repast was over, and the pilgrims repaired, with many misgivings, to their respective beds.

CHAPTER LX.

O, how much more doth Beauty beauteous seem,
By that sweet ornament that truth doth give;
The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem,
For that sweet odour which doth in it live.
Shakespeare's Sonnets.

None of the party could boast of a particularly good night, but all of course forbore to allude to the cause of disturbance each had secretly to complain of. Grunter, alone, who appeared bearing dreadful marks of recent encounters with nameless foes, his eyes nearly closed by the swelling of the lids — Grunter, alone, ventured to declare that, during their stay in town, he must find himself another abode. To this no one particularly objected, and, as he was not inclined to incur any ex-

pense, he resolved to ask his friend, Fitzcribb, to receive him for a day or two.

None much liked the neighbourhood Mr. Lindsay had chosen, but all but Grunter had too much tact and delicacy to make any positive complaint. Yet, when after long sleeplessness, caused partly by noises from without, partly by horrors from within, the dawn saw slumber weigh the weary lids of the pilgrims, all were roused by the sudden uproar and excitement of the arrival of the whole vegetable and many of the animal world in Covent Garden Market. Peace and sleep were then no more; and, after many vain efforts, all rose and proceeded to the breakfast-room. Miss Tibby was silent and mysterious about the night she had passed, and only observed—

"London is vastly inferior to Edinbro,' kinsmon, in the comfort of its hotels. My rest has nae been a'thegither what I could wish; for a' that, I mak nae complaint, it is na my custom, and was na in my younger

days. I've met wi' some disturbances which shall be nameless."

Annie was sleepy and silent; the Reverend Gregory but half awake; Mr. Lindsay, all urbane, inquiring about every one; and Ellen alone entirely taken up with him, his health, his rest, quite careless of her own accommodation, resolute in shaking off all indications of her wretched and sleepless night, cheerfully pointing out all that could interest in the varied groups to be seen from the windows, praising the luxuriant cart-loads of fruit, vegetables, and flowers, and trying to conceal the fact that, instead of the fragrant odours that might have been expected, a very strong and odious smell of cabbage-leaves and old stalks found its way into the room, the bad, being, as in all things, so much the stronger and more intrusive of the two powers struggling for admission.

Mr. Lindsay watched with tender interest Ellen's cheerful and endearing endurance of

all these minor trials: they are, after all, the real tests of a generous, a patient, and self-sacrificing nature. We can all rouse ourselves for great disasters: there is a self-applause, which sustains us in an heroic combat with a grand misfortune; but the hero who rushes to battle, who leads a forlorn hope, or braves a death-wound, fearless and collected the while, may be roused to wrath and irritation by the repeated attacks of that light infantry of the air, a swarm of gnats. A monotonous street-organ, or a ceaseless bagpipe, may drive him half frantic, or the intrusion of a villanous odour upset his equanimity.

Breakfast over, Grunter set out to visit the Fitzcribbs, taking the Reverend Gregory with him, as the latter wished to be directed to some cheap book-stalls. Mr. Lindsay remained within, expecting his son, and beguiling the time with a newspaper; and Annie, Miss Tibby, and Ellen retired to their rooms to prepare for a walk.

Annie had followed Ellen into her chamber, and was arranging her hair before the glass, looking at the same time occasionally from the windows, when suddenly a faint scream escaped her. Ellen, in alarm, looked at her; she saw her colour vary from white to crimson; the comb fell from her nerveless hand, and she shrieked, "There he is!—there he is!" and then, sinking on a chair, burst into tears.

Ellen, surprised and alarmed, looked in the same direction, and beheld Julian! Her own heart stood still, her own colour came and went, and it was some moments before she perceived that by his side was Alphonse de Villeneuve! However, she had no doubt that Annie's emotion arose from the sight of Julian.

Full of her own predilection, and prepossession, it never occurred to her for a moment to suppose that any other could interest when Julian was by. Her own feelings did not

prevent her taking a deep and earnest interest in poor Annie, and, with a woman's rapidity of thought, she in a moment conceived and discarded a suspicion that Julian had wished to excite the interest and win the affection of this young and impressionable creature. No thought of Alphonse occurred to her.

Deeply sympathizing with poor Annie in her own kind heart, and not having a hope to hold out to her, she wisely and delicately appeared to attribute her emotion to the natural sorrow of seeing Julian under his altered circumstances. Betrayed and discarded by the woman he loved, poor, hopeless, and on foot; he, once the admired, the courted, the wealthy, who was wont, from the gallant steed or elegant equipage, to look so joyously up to Augusta's window; his garb the *beau ideal* of gaiety and elegance, his eyes, so full of hope and life, his black hair waving, his shining jetty moustachio, contrasting with his red lips and dazzling teeth; his whole person an

incarnation of Youth, Beauty, Elegance, Wealth, and Hope! Tears, large tears, slowly filled Ellen's eyes.

There is something inexpressibly affecting in a total change in the dress, air, and demeanour of one we love, when we know that alteration arises from some dreadful change of circumstances, some withering sorrow of the heart, or, as in Julian's case, from both. Ellen's rapid glance sufficed to show her that Julian's costly elegance of attire was changed for the plainest and most unassuming of garbs; her heart swelled as she fancied that, perhaps, for the sake of getting some employment, he had been obliged to change the fashionable into the respectable. Often had Ellen teased Julian about his long hair, and still more about his moustachios, which her correct taste told her were, however becoming, quite unjustifiable in any but a military man; often had she begged him to remove them; often had she quizzed him for his vanity in persisting

in wearing them; often had she earnestly wished to convince him of the folly and impropriety of an appendage which, but for the costly elegance of all his appointments, would have given him even a scampish appearance. And now they were gone, and she could have bewailed their loss. Gone, too, were the flowing locks: pale, his hat pulled over his brows, so quietly dressed, and with a step and manner so subdued, no eye but that of love would have recognised him.

He formed a strange contrast with De Villeneuve, who was more *outré*, more elaborately elegant than ever, and whose vehement action, rapid articulation, and eager foreign manner, made Julian's mournful reserve the more apparent.

Ellen wiped away her tears, and nerved herself for the meeting; and Annie, who was of an age when all are unconscious votaries of Hope, rushed to her own room, to choose a more becoming dress; smoothed and plaited

her profuse auburn hair, and arrayed herself to meet De Villeneuve in a new white robe, whose rose-coloured ribbons matched her burning cheeks, and were the livery all her feelings might be said to wear, now that *he* was come.

CHAPTER LXI

"Adversity may mark a brave man's face,
But in his bosom she shall never come
To make his heart her vassal."

Anthony and Cleopatra.

Ellen found Julian in earnest conversation with his father, and De Villeneuve standing apart in the recess of a window, as if anxious to hear nothing, but in reality gathering in every word uttered on either side with his large, pliant, French ear.

Julian was calm, pale, and resolute; on his fine features was the dignity of a recent triumph over Passion and Despair; to Ellen, in the palmiest days of his wealth and beauty, never had he seemed, as now, an object wor-

thy of reverence as well as love. She felt not only that she was in what Sterne so beautifully calls "the venerable presence of Misery," but in that of an august fortitude, and a touching tenderness, which turned from all selfish sorrow, to dwell on that of all, whose fate was involved in the blow which had ruined his peace.

The calm and unimpassioned Ellen (as people usually called her—"wise judges are we of each other") grew deadly pale with intense emotion; her voice failed her, her knees trembled, and, had she yielded to the impulse of her feelings, she would have knelt, weeping, at the feet of that ruined and blighted man, the rejected, the jilted lover of her sister. De Villeneuve perceived that, all-engrossed by her cousin, Ellen was not even aware of his presence; and his eyes flashed, and he ground his teeth, and his heart breathed a few curses, as he looked at that young pair, as Satan might have looked at the first lovers. But he calmed

himself by adjusting his moustachios with an almost ferocious energy, passing his hands convulsively through his long hair, and taking repeated pinches of snuff from his elegant box.

A flush of pleasure, or, at least, of emotion, crossed Julian's pale features, as Ellen hastened towards him; he caught her to his breast in an earnest and involuntary embrace, as he said, "Heaven bless you, beloved, beautiful, Ellen, that you have not forsaken my poor father in an hour like this! And are you really, really going to share his exile, to doom yourself to a penurious solitude for an indefinite period, and to renounce all the bright destinies that await so much excellence and beauty?"

"There is no destiny to me so bright as the cheering his solitude, Julian."

"There can be no destiny so bright as that of a solitude cheered by Miss Ellen Lindsay," said De Villeneuve, approaching. "I must

introduce myself," he added, "else I see I shall be quite overlooked."

Some general conversation now ensued, uninterrupted till Annie entered. She looked so blushingly pretty, and so enchanted at the sight of Alphonse, that, his self-love requiring some balm after Ellen's indifference, he contrived, while the others talked together, to draw her into conversation, in the course of which, they somehow migrated to the farthest window. In the mean time, old Mr. Lindsay asked his son what his plans were, and whether he would accompany them abroad.

"No," said Julian—"no; I have much to do, much to combat. I must make myself a destiny, I must carve my own fortunes, for your sake, as well as mine, father, with a steady hand. I wish, indeed, I could join you, but

"'Shame on the coward thought that e'er betrayed
The noon of manhood to a myrtle shade!'

Do not ask me of the details of my plans; suffice it that their object is to support myself and to aid you. I have parted with all vain appendages that were entirely my own, and, after keeping enough for my present need, I can offer you two hundred pounds. It seems little, dear father, considering the expensive baubles I once boasted; but buying and selling are two things. It may aid you in the outset of your pilgrimage, till I can do more for you. And now tell me where you are going, and what you mean to do."

As he spoke, he put the notes into his father's hands. The father hesitated; the son insisted.

"I am strong and resolute, sir," he said—"I am not the ignorant and idle fool that I have seemed. I shall be able, with God's assistance, to help you more efficiently, and, perhaps, in time to visit you in your exile. Where are you going?"

"A great way off, my dear boy. A ready-

furnished villa, with servants, &c., has been offered to me by an English gentleman, at a cheap rate, in a remote village, or rather town, of Switzerland, called Winterthur."

"Winterthur! a very chilling name," said the young man. At this moment Mr. Grunter returned. "I never heard of Winterthur before," continued Julian. "What sort of place is it?"

Grunter glided out of the room.

"I believe it is a pretty place, cheap, and retired," said old Lindsay—"a good place for a family like mine; rather dull for Ellen and Annie; but they will get used to it. Young flowers bear transplanting better than old trees. But I dare say we shall do very well there."

At this moment Grunter entered.

"How far is it from Zurich?" asked Julian.

"Of what place are you speaking?" said Grunter.

"Of Winterthur," replied Julian.

"Of Winterthur?" said Grunter, appearing for a moment to ponder. "Oh! Winterthur is, if I remember, a small town, Protestant canton of Zurich; population about two thousand, chiefly mercantile; watered by the Teuse; articles of commerce are cotton, pine timber, wine, hides; good cattle-market; fine library, and, in the church of St. Lawrence, a noble and unique organ."

It is not necessary to say that Grunter, during his exit, had consulted a pocket gazetteer he carried in his portmanteau. Mr. Lindsay looked pleased and awed at his old usher's correct geographical knowledge, and Julian and Ellen repressed a smile at the *ruse* they detected.

Grunter, after deliberately mending all the old pens, stiff with congealed ink, in the large standish of black wood, having nothing more to say on the subject, went out on pretence of seeking Gregory Lindsay. Old Mr. Lindsay

then announced his intention — having, as he said, arranged his affairs as well as he could— of setting off the next day for the Rhine, *via* Rotterdam; and Julian agreed, in consequence, to stay and dine with his father for the last time, for none knew how long a period.

De Villeneuve contrived to be included in this invitation; for although all, except Annie, would have preferred his absence, there was a benevolence of politeness in old Mr. Lindsay, which made it almost impossible to him to exclude even an intruder. And now he joined the group, basking in Ellen's sunny smiles; and Miss Tibby, with whom the French count was a great favourite, came in. Julian forced himself to seem cheerful, and to talk of the future with hope; and the exquisite sweetness of Ellen's voice, the charms of her face, and the grace of her figure, struck him forcibly, for the first time, as he saw her seated, like a duteous daughter, at his ruined father's feet, or hovering about him like a ministering angel.

But that lovely girl recalled the false one, so long deemed lovelier still. His heart seemed like a ruined temple. Time must do its effacing, yet restoring, work, ere another idol could be placed in its deserted shrine. Still the idea had been admitted — admitted only to be rejected; yet admitted still, like a ray of sunshine, into the wretch's dungeon: the darkness closed in as before, but the light had been there, and the captive knew where he was, and what surrounded him.

It was a strange day, that spent by the ruined family, on the eve of their exile. Mr. Lindsay went out alone for a time to get passports, and to arrange with his lawyers all his melancholy affairs. Miss Tibby proceeded to various shops, to lay in bargains, having no idea of any thing worth buying in foreign parts. De Villeneuve was resolved to revel to the last in the, to him, inexpressible charm of Ellen's conversation, which, however, was addressed chiefly to Julian, while Annie sat

at a distance, watching him with admiring love. It was a curious thing, that, on the wretched morning of the day of Julian's final rejection by Augusta, he had received a letter from his clear-sighted friend, urging him, if refused by the coquettish damsel, to come at once to him and Zelie. It more than hinted at the hopeless but passionate love for him (Julian), which was bringing that gifted and beautiful being to an early grave, and ended with the earnest but not very delicate appeal of a brother on behalf of a broken-hearted sister. Julian was not a selfish character, and, even in his own bitter and sudden disappointment, he, nothing doubting, pitied the kindred woes of poor Zelie.

On the day of his arrival in London, after the disagreeable task of arranging his affairs, and parting with sundry valuables, unwilling to be seen and recognized by those who knew not of his father's ruin, he proceeded to a remote foreign hotel, where he had sometimes

dined with De Villeneuve, there to take his solitary repast.

The first person he saw on entering the coffee-room was De Villeneuve himself, who had left Zelie at Hastings, and proceeded to London on some private business of his own. He welcomed Julian with apparent rapture; heard the tale of his rejection with well-assumed sympathy, and was adroitly leading the way to Zelie's unhappy state, when Julian suddenly exclaimed —

"Alphonse, if I could love again, what would it avail? Heaven grant you may be wrong, and that your gifted and lovely sister has not fixed her young affections on a broken-hearted and a ruined man!"

"Ruined! that is a strong term to use, Julian; say disappointed, rather."

"No, Alphonse — ruined! ruined in fortune! But lucky that that ruin has revealed to me of what base clay was the woman I so worshipped! I am an altered man, Alphonse.

My heart seems well-nigh broken, but my spirit is strong. I will not give a false, worldly coquette, the triumph of dying for her. I have a father; immense and unfortunate speculations have ruined him. I may have to toil for his support, as I certainly shall for my own; for I have talents, energy, and the world, before me. But that is a poor prospect for any woman who loves me."

The first expression of Alphonse's peculiar face was horror; the next, bitter disappointment and blank dismay. However, he forced himself to express the deepest sympathy, and won from Julian all the details of the whole affair; the projects and intentions of his family, as far as he knew them, and his own melancholy prospects of penurious toil.

Many of De Villeneuve's questions, Julian (who, from delicacy towards his father, had asked no details of his losses) was unable to answer. Nothing could exceed the almost angry surprise of the Frenchman, which ended

in a burst of tears, the secret of which might be found in the failure of some hopes of his own, rather perhaps than in Julian's ruin. However, he embraced him, on parting, with a vehemence in which rage was probably more concerned than affection; but Julian, deceived by his tears and his hugs, believed him to be that truest of friends, the friend of the Ruined.

De Villeneuve joined him the next morning at breakfast, to learn, if possible, more particulars; and came with the joyful intelligence that a letter from Zelie had undeceived him, and that her admired friend Julian was not the object of her love.

CHAPTER LXII.

"Had I a cave on some wild distant shore,
Where the winds howl to the waves' dashing roar —
There would I weep my woes,
There seek my lost repose,
Till grief my eyes should close,
Ne'er to wake more."

BURNS.

A bitter smile passed over Julian's face, while De Villeneuve, with great apparent exultation, announced his discovery.

"I suspect," he said, "that there are few women whose love would survive the total ruin of one's fortunes."

"Ah! my dearest friend, that would make no difference to Zelie. In fact, she does not know it; it was all my mistake — a mistake

engendered by my great and blinding anxiety to call my bosom friend a brother — we so easily believe what we devoutly wish; but is it not fortunate I was wrong? Your broken fortunes, Zelie, had she loved you, would have exerted herself to the utmost to bind; but she would have had little courage, I fear, to attempt the hopeless task of binding a broken heart, and of rebuilding your ruined hopes."

"It is better as it is," said Julian.

"I am so grieved, so deeply grieved, friend of my heart, that in your distress I have no power to assist or to comfort! Ah! friendship has its pleasures, but it has its tortures, too, and this is one. Alas! at this moment I am quite destitute! In the rash hope of assisting my friend, I yesterday ventured my all—at least, the little all which remained to me of Zelie's benefit; and she is now ill and in need, while I am too destitute to assist her, and, what, on my honour, grieves me more, to aid you."

"Nay," said Julian, "speak not of it! I have sold all my useless baubles, large and small; and after devoting two hundred pounds to my poor father's use, and reserving enough to equip myself during my approaching battle with Fate, I can yet gladly assist you and poor Zelie."

And Julian put a bank-note into De Villeneuve's hand. The latter drew out his handkerchief, and sobbing, said, "I would not accept it, if I did not hope to make it instrumental in serving you. Julian, your ruin weighs like a curse upon my spirit. In my own blighted hopes and shattered fortunes (even when most desolate, and desponding myself), I could still feel comfort and take pride in your happier destiny. What is to be done? Your honoured father seems to have told you little, nothing indeed, but that he is ruined. Shall I, my beloved friend, much as my delicate nature shrinks from the task, endeavour to ascertain the particulars of this terrible downfall?"

"Not for worlds," said Julian, "not for worlds would I seek from others those details my father has chosen to withhold. I thank you, Alphonse; I feel your generous offer, but I cannot avail myself of it, and would not for worlds."

"Alas! who can tell what plans and hopes might be suggested, if the whole state of affairs were known!"

"My father, Alphonse, is a far more experienced and better man of business than either of us. If nothing suggests itself to him, be sure nothing can be done."

"Still——."

"Still, if it could, I would not steal into the confidence he has not freely granted me."

"There is nothing in the papers about it, Julian. He is not publicly a bankrupt."

"Oh no, thank Heaven! all his speculations were private. But let us drop the subject."

"One word: my prophetic affection for you

told me Augusta was heartless, but Ellen..... has Ellen any fortune? Ellen is of a devoted nature, I am sure. Now, is not Ellen attached to you?"

"No, and if she were, I would not take advantage of her affection to reduce her to beggary. She is a noble, generous creature, but I have done with love.—'Man delights not me, nor woman either.'"

"Ah, that will not last. Has she the needful? Forgive the officious interest of friendship."

"No; she has little or nothing. All her expectations dissolve with my father's fortunes. Now, come with me to call on them."

The conversation we have just recorded took place before Julian and De Villeneuve repaired to the hotel in Covent Garden, where the family had taken refuge. The day they spent there was one of mournful pleasure, although occasionally disturbed and diversified

by the plans and arrangements necessary, on the eve of a prolonged departure from one's native land.

In these, De Villeneuve was all readiness to assist, officious to please, and eager to oblige. The French lion, the exalted sentimentalist, and the romantic poet, was enchanted at being allowed to go to the neighbouring shops to purchase any trifles which Miss Tibby, Ellen, or Annie fancied they might need. Patiently and zealously did he assist in making up parcels, writing notes and directions, and arranging a future correspondence with the family. Screech and the spaniels—for they were of the emigrating party—they too came in for a share of his forethought; and Miss Tibby was so delighted with some preventions against sea-sickness with which he provided her, that she declared he "jist remembered her o' Donald o' the brae, when she was packing up to gang fra' the Grange to Edinbro'."

Mr. Grunter had not been very well received at the Fitzcribbs, so he was obliged to return to his old quarters. When the inconsiderate egotist requested to be accommodated with a bed (a bed in the small lodgings of that numerous family !), he heard that Mrs. Fitzcribb had just presented Mr. Fitzcribb with a pledge which was to eclipse the whole family, and be named "Shakespeare." To provide for this young grandee, poor Fitzcribb had to toil night and day; he had no time for Grunter.

Mrs. Fitzcribb, of course, did not appear. Poor Corinna had left her wretched home, to live as companion and amanuensis with a blue stocking of rank; Milton was become sub-usher in a school; and all the rest were too much engrossed with the new baby, and the jealous, fretful Benoni, to pay much attention to Mr. Grunter, particularly when he revealed that he came to ask favours, not to confer them.

In fact, Mr. Fitzcribb was not at heart very much pleased with the conduct of the "Man" whom he, to use his own expression, had "made." He thought he had behaved rather shabbily about the profits of "The Philosophy of History and the History of Philosophy;" and he was not a little jealous of the idol he himself had raised: for, alas! no work, professedly his own, had had a tithe of the success which Grunter's had realised. After a brief conversation, he excused himself for continuing an article he was obliged to complete by a certain time, would not enter into any conversation on the merits of Grunter's work, or the probability of a second edition; and ere long saw, to his great delight, the Lion, after a few low growls, take his leave.

Grunter shuddered, and accelerated his pace, as he saw Mr. Jobb driving up to his own door. At the recollection of his lancet, the blood forsook Grunter's cheeks, and his knees knocked together; and certainly, had

he been within arm's reach of his *ci-devant* patient, the practitioner would have considered himself justified in laying violent hands upon him, in carrying him into his surgery, and commencing operations.

On his return, Grunter found the Reverend Gregory still spell-bound at the bookstall; he had already purchased a pile of old classics, on whose worm-eaten covers were pasted broad white papers, with the proud name of the book and its author, and the humble price 1*s*. Grunter, not at all inclined to assist in bearing the burden of so much knowledge, and having already perceived that Gregory was no adept at crossings—indeed he had narrowly escaped being run over—proposed the calling a cab. Gregory, still lost in an old classic, nodded to Grunter, Grunter to a cabman, the cabman to a waterman, and in two minutes Grunter, Gregory, and the old books were deposited in a cab, which departed, followed by the curses of the water-

man, to whom Grunter had churlishly refused a penny. Gregory would have bestowed one; but, when recalled to the actual world, he found, after a long fumbling in all his pockets, that he had spent all his loose coin at the bookstall; and, while standing there, had been relieved, by some light-fingered passenger, of his pocket-book, snuff-box, and handkerchief!

For a few minutes, his dismay was very great, for the pocket-book contained some bank-notes he had intended to force on his brother's acceptance; or, if that were impossible, to entrust to Ellen, for the use of the family, in case of need. Added to his own distress was the *matrimonial* fear of what Mrs. Lindsay would say, she having resigned these notes to him with a very bad grace, with an assertion that she was quite sure "his brother had plenty of money left," and her favourite remark, that "charity begins at home."

Grunter's distress equalled, nay, perhaps surpassed, the Rector's, for of the lost sum he

felt that he would certainly have had a share; and now, means must be raised among them to send poor Gregory back in safety to his own Moss Grove, for London was no place for the simple, absent, and unsuspecting old parson.

Mr. Lindsay heard the distressing narrative with great philosophy, and, to Grunter's dismay, borrowed of him enough to transmit his brother in safety to his home.

Night found Julian and De Villeneuve still at the Covent Garden hotel, and the former almost marvelled at the feeling of sudden and intense regret with which he now contemplated the departure of the beautiful and devoted Ellen. Even De Villeneuve, spite of her altered fortunes, felt an ardent wish to follow her into exile, and found no comfort but in the hope that the eloquent and impassioned letters he meant to write, under the sanction of Friendship, might, in her remote solitude, awaken an interest in her heart, and, then, as he was of a school which has no faith

in woman's virtue, when opposed to woman's love, if she was indeed penniless, and he accompanied Julian in a visit to her cold and dreary retreat, who could tell what the Platonic lover might become, "*car après tout*," he said to himself, "*ce n'est qu'une femme.*"

In the mean time, he was far from inclined to yield his place in the devoted heart of the pretty Annie. He had had, during this parting day, several long conferences with her, the result of which will be revealed ere long.

Midnight still found our party assembled, all but Miss Tibby, who had retired at last, and Mr. Grunter, who had resolved, to every one's dismay, to pass the night on the sofa, from which already issued a sound between the grunt of a pig and the braying of an ass, but which Mr. Lindsay observed was the lion's roar, or rather snore.

When twelve o'clock struck, Mr. Lindsay insisted that all should retire, and Julian and De Villeneuve secured beds in the same hotel with the rest of the family.

Morning came, clouded and rainy, as if Nature sympathised with the poor exiles. Screech, for whom a new travelling-cage had been purchased by De Villeneuve, was awake betimes. It was long before any efforts could get him into his new abode, and before he was housed he had severely bitten two waiters, who, of course, required ample compensation. Fatima and her daughters, unused to such early hours, were cross and snarling. Miss Tibby, at the last moment, "did na jist like the thoughts o' that great monster, the say, a-tossing for ever aboot, and ready, at a moment's warning, jist to swallow them all up." Grunter was in a wretched humour, for the sofa had not proved more propitious than the bed. Poor Gregory, who now seemed, for the first time, actually alive to the reality of his brother's and Ellen's exile, wept like a child.

De Villeneuve was pale, solemn, dressed in black, and eloquently tragic. He asserted

that he had not slept, and produced a poem, on which he said he had spent his night, addressed "*Aux Exilés.*" Julian felt very desolate; Annie and Ellen could not choose but weep; and no one was calm or smiling but "the ruined man" himself.

Before they set off, Ellen had received a letter from her mother, half fond, half angry —now lamenting her departure, now scolding her for her folly; now pointing out that her exile was for an indefinite time, and her perpetual spinstership inevitable; now ordering her, on pain of a mother's malediction, never to encourage any foreigner, or any idea of the ruined Julian, but, to make the best of so bad a business, to improve her health, her beauty, and her accomplishments in the mountainous seclusion she was hastening to; and as soon as ever Augusta was settled, and could invite her to stay with her, to find some plausible excuse for leaving so remote and hopeless a retreat.

"There are some things," she said, in conclusion, "which I must impress upon your mind. I am pressed for time now, but I will write more at length when I hear of your arrival at your odious place of destination. The chief things are, you must have your very long hair carefully cut, as change of climate often injures this great natural ornament, which, with you, is of such rare beauty. Again, you must beware of all the odious sour wines of the Continent, as they ruin the complexion, and destroy the teeth. You must make a point of riding and cold bathing. Perfect yourself in French, German, and Italian conversation, but do not pore over books and grammars. To speak these languages well is a brilliant accomplishment (very likely as foreigners are unluckily received in good society), to captivate and dazzle; but I see no good in writing these tongues; there are models enough for notes of invitation, etcetera; and I am sure no Englishman would like you

the better for corresponding or being able to correspond with foreigners.

"I am sadly disappointed in you, Ellen: but, if you turn this seclusion to good account, as you are still so young, it may not affect your destiny, after all. Beware of catholics. I fear you are imaginative and impressionable. It would break my heart to hear of your turning papist. There are very few good catholic matches in England, to say nothing of the disgrace of going from light into darkness. Keep this letter by you, and, remember, it is written in confidence. Let me hear directly you have safely passed the water.

"Augusta joins me in best love to you and your uncle, and I am ever your anxious, affectionate, and unhappy mother,

"PETRONEL LINDSAY.

"Moss Grove Rectory.

"Take care not to get tanned, wear a green veil, and provide yourself with Kalydor and Macassar Oil. I hope you have your Bible and Prayer Book."

Two damp and dirty hackney-coaches conveyed our travellers to the Custom House. Julian and De Villeneuve saw them on board the old Dutch-built Batavier. Gregory could scarcely tear himself from the embrace of Ellen and his brother. Julian promised to see his uncle safe into the stage-coach that was to convey him to Moss Grove. De Villeneuve claimed the foreign privilege of embracing Miss Tibby, Ellen, and Annie. Sobs, and farewells, and promises of writing were drowned in the excited screams of Screech (whose yellow crest was perpendicular with anger and surprise), and the yells and barks of the spaniels.

In the midst of all this uproar, the bell rang, the deck was cleared, the rain fell, so did the tears of the exiles. They watched the boat that bore away Gregory, Julian, and De Villeneuve—they waved their handkerchiefs, till distance shrouded them from their view; and then Ellen drew near her uncle,

and, taking his hand, whispered, "Thank Heaven, I am with you, dearest uncle! Go where you will, it shall be my earnest and dearest wish and endeavour to make exile seem like home."

CHAPTER LXIII.

"And has that fickle heart been caught
By baubles such as those around you?
This chain of gold—is this the one
In which your newer love has bound you?

Go, queen it in the lighted hall—
Be there the gayest and the brightest;
Soon worlds were little to recal
What now in vanity thou slightest.

L. E. L.

The Lindsays had scarcely been gone a month, when Augusta gave her hand to Sir Peter Riskwell. The Matchmaker was in a fever of hurry and anxiety until the ceremony had been actually performed; for Augusta had many relenting misgivings. She changed colour whenever Julian's name was alluded to; her buoyant spirit forsook her, and a feeling (the most destructive of all others

to peace of mind), a feeling of self-contempt, preyed upon her heart. Perceiving this, or rather perceiving the effect, and considering the cause to be a weak, and, in her opinion, a disgraceful attachment to a ruined man, the mother, alarmed, when she remembered that Julian was still in England, eagerly hurried on the marriage.

Dazzled by the large allowance Sir Peter proposed to make, it escaped Mrs. Lindsay that the intended settlement was not even alluded to. True, as Augusta had now no prospect of any fortune of her own, the Matchmaker, had she perceived it, would have feared to insist; for Sir Peter was not so urgent as he had been; he was grown somewhat gloomy, and, during the month that succeeded the departure of Ellen, he only paid an occasional hurried visit to Moss Grove.

However, the Reverend Gregory was a child in all these matters. Sir Peter's presents were many and costly; there was little

in the way of a *trousseau* required in addition to the splendid ornaments, rich satins, laces, velvets, and cashmeres, he lavished. He wished the wedding to be private; two young country friends of Augusta's officiated as bridemaids.

Augusta, spite of all her finery, was pale and trembling; but her mother was elate and busy. It was strange that that wedding did not recal the daughter pining in India, or the young bride sleeping in the very churchyard through which the bridal-party passed. But the mother saw the Brussel's veil, the satin robe, the splendid carriage, the outriders, the white cockades, the wondering and envious village-crowd. She greeted her daughter as Lady Riskwell; she saw her drive away with her enamoured husband — what could the Matchmaker wish for?

The Rev. Gregory returned to his study, and the mother whispered to herself as, after the departure of her guests, she locked up the

wedding-cake, "Thank Heaven! she *is* my lady, and *has* married to her carriage, and now I'll go and write Ellen an account of it all. Perhaps it may rouse her to make a good match too....."

CHAPTER LXIV.

"See, winter comes to rule the varied year,
Sullen and sad, with all his rising train,
Vapours, and clouds, and storms. Be these my theme!
These that exalt the soul to solemn thought
And heavenly musing—welcome, kindred glooms!
Congenial horrors, hail!"

THOMSON'S *Seasons*.

The summer ripened into autumn, and the autumn withered into winter, and still our exiles dwelt in the little Swiss villa to which they had repaired when first Mr. Lindsay announced his ruin.

Ellen had redeemed her pledge. Her love, her fond care, her cheering smiles, had made a home, although around them rose the dark pine forests, and the Alps gleamed in the dis-

tance; although strange faces met their view, and a foreign language fell upon their ears; yet Ellen, by the magic of her woman's nature, made it all seem like Home.

True, there were comforts to be found in this little villa (which had long been inhabited by an English family), comforts not common among the Swiss—carpets, curtains, and here and there an open chimney, where they could burn the fragrant piles of crackling fir — a great luxury that, to those yet uninured to those huge earthenware monuments to a departed fire, known by the name of German stoves, which heat the head without warming the feet, and convey, to the unaccustomed, a sense of oppression, and even of suffocation.

English engravings covered the walls, English books filled the cases, and English ornaments and knick-knacks covered the tables; and it was a curious contrast when the fire blazed merrily, and the party sat by the hearth, Mr.

Grunter reading "The History of Philosophy, and the Philosophy of History" aloud; Ellen, seated by her uncle's side, plying her ready needle in his service; Fatima and her fat daughters at her feet; and Screech cracking his Swiss seed, while Miss Tibby prepared the tea. It was curious to look from an interior, so completely English, on the distant mountains and waving forests, the hills covered with vines, and the white cottages gleaming on the bright green sod—all without so thoroughly, so indisputably foreign.

Annie, at her own earnest request, had been left (to complete her education) at a convent near Cologne; the lady abbess and her nuns having promised not to interfere with her religious opinions, and to allow her the free use of her bible and prayer-book. None could understand why she, generally so indifferent to the progress of her education, had been so earnest to obtain this permission, but

so it was; and she wrote frequently, and seemed happy.

The inhabitants of Winterthur were generally moral, quiet, well-disposed people, but shut up (as the untravelled generally are, particularly if they lie out of the way of travellers and tourists) in a narrow circle of prejudices and habits. They were unaccustomed to strangers, and they disliked them. Customs — their own old hereditary customs — were their idols, and they dreaded any innovation. As their grandmothers had done, so they wished to do. Their manners resembled those of the old puritans, but unhappily the noble faith and pure creed which made puritanism venerable was not universal there. The Evil Spirit will glide in where Improvement cannot find its way; and, among these simple haunts, hermetically sealed against modern fashions, an odious and destructive spirit of free-thinking and an uninvestigating Deism was beginning to poison the only real fountain

of peace, and to undermine the only solid basis of happiness.

Already the fine old church, where an earnest and simple preacher, who for zeal and energetic piety might have passed for Luther himself, delivered, extempore, the purest doctrine, was forsaken by many of the young, and a fashionable chapel echoed to the dulcet voice of a modish preacher, whose watchwords were Reason and Philosophy, not "Mercy and Faith!"

It was while our exiles dwelt among them that some of these "philosophers," as they called themselves, endeavoured to fill the theological chair at Zurich with a man who had written a work denying the divinity of our Saviour. It was a grand struggle, and one which History will record to the eternal credit of the Swiss peasantry and their poor but earnest pastors.

They rose as one man: the wild, half-clad, ill-fed sons of the district called Oberland,

headed by their clergy, and in number many thousands, walked quietly to Zurich, and meekly, but earnestly insisted that a man who was to instruct their teachers, and their children's teachers, should not be one who could with subtle argument and hope-destroying eloquence rob beings so destitute of all earthly goods, of the wealth that made them richer than the wealthiest — their faith in a Saviour's love and a Father's mercy.

And they gained their point! A revolution, but a bloodless revolution it was! To their glory be it spoken, they committed no excess; they had power, and they did not use it. They obtained redress without resorting to destruction — great and beautiful model for all after-time! and the Socinian was removed from the professorship, and an orthodox divine elected in his place. And then they quietly returned to their poor homes, and nations might learn a lesson of those good pastors and their faithful flocks.

Our exiles were much interested in this sublime struggle. Though averse to foreigners, there was a spirit of hospitality among the people of Winterthur; they had called on the Lindsays, and, among the *many*, our exiles found a *few* of those rare spirits and benevolent hearts which would redeem, not merely a town, but a race.

The languages were much cultivated among them, and many spoke English well; all conversed tolerably in French and Italian, and German (certainly not of the purest) was their native language. Mr. Grunter, who was orthodoxy embodied, argued with more violence than skill against the Socinian professor, and Ellen's gentle voice supported with resistless, though quiet persuasion, his noisy and often abusive arguments.

In Winterthur there was no general society, that is to say, the men and women very seldom associated at all. Their parties were all formed of people of the same sex and age

(whatever their birth or station), in short, of those, whether men or women, who had frequented the public school, to which all are compelled by law to go from infancy to the age of fourteen. Thus the women of the same ages met to knit, drink tea, and talk scandal; the men of the same standing, to smoke, talk politics, and drink the sour wine of the country.

Thus the men generally (for there were some noble exceptions) wanted the polish women alone can give, and the women wanted that energy of thought and strength of mind acquired only by communion with men.

But to the pretty retreat of the exiles, the Villa, hidden by trees and shrubs, and within a few minutes' walk of the town, the more intellectual of the inhabitants of Winterthur soon repaired, sure of a warm welcome. Ere long the wives and daughters of the leading people claimed kindred there, and had their

claim allowed; and, though scandalmongers shook their heads over their tea-tables, and prophecied that no good could come of new fashions, yet some good did come. The women saw in Ellen a woman, young, modest, and domestic as themselves, who could be at once the best of housewives and the most intellectual of companions; and some, whose minds had long soared above the domestic drudgery to which all Swiss ladies are doomed, took courage, and read, and reflected, and began seriously to fit themselves to embellish the homes in which they had hitherto merely plodded and drudged.

It was a very quiet and uneventful life for a young and admired beauty like Ellen, yet she was happy, happy even to rapture, in the peace and joy she diffused around her. As the winter advanced, the cold became intense, but, though very delicate, she never murmured. Augusta's marriage had grieved her, because

she felt that it would distress Julian; but else, no thought, no dream of wealth, or a good match for herself ever crossed her mind. She had devoted herself to one cause, her uncle's happiness, and he seemed happy!

De Villeneuve often wrote letters full of deep sentiment and passionate eloquence; and welcome, oh, how welcome! let those say who have dwelt six hundred miles from that magic spot we call our home! And Julian wrote, but less frequently, but he was struggling with Fate; he was toiling to maintain himself, and to assist them. He spoke of Augusta's marriage with perfect calm, and his letters were become cheerful, and sometimes even merry.

Augusta wrote seldom, and with little but details of fashionable acquaintance, fine parties, and new modes. Annie's letters were short and unsatisfactory; but she pleaded her engrossing pursuits, and thus quieted the

ready apprehensions of all who loved her; and things were in this state when the snows began to melt away, and Spring to dawn on the desolate earth.

CHAPTER LXV.

"I dream of Love, enduring faith, a heart
Mingled with mine—a deathless heritage,
Which I can take unsullied to the stars,
When the Great Father calls his children home,
And, in the midst of this Elysian dream,
Lo, Gold! the demon Gold! . ."

The Sea Captain.

The London season had commenced, and La Zelie was to re-appear as prima donna. The *beau monde* was in a fever of expectation to see her again; and she, wan and wasted, vainly tried to rouse her spirit, and summon up strength and courage for the many-headed monster she had to face.

Mrs. Chester was still her chaperon; no change had taken place in her; she was of the

unfeeling, and, therefore, the unchangeable school; she had a set of looks, speeches, attitudes, and occupations — whatever happened, she continued these; no events swept her along with them. She smiled, canted, chatted, and knitted, come what would; but Zelie was accustomed to her, and she would have dreaded strange eyes, however kind, more than those round, light orbs, which were like blue stones, so cold and soulless; for, to their expression, or, rather, want of expression, she was used.

She was lying listlessly on a sofa, placed near the window, watching the sunset. The house was in the Regent's Park; the prospect was so complete and ornamental, that it was like some remembered and highly-finished scene of a play. The windows of the white and gracefully formed villas were gleaming redly with the reflected sunset. The grass and shrubs were green with the youth of the year, and over the blue, still waters the white swans sailed,

like proud and happy thoughts over a pure, young mind. The sunset was fantastically rich and varied; it seemed as if a city of the clouds was on fire, or, rather, had been on fire, and was smouldering away; tints of crimson and orange, purple and gold, floated far and far around the piles and masses of ruins, growing paler and paler, till they lost themselves in the clear grey of evening; and opposite all the splendour of this burning city, and its setting monarch, rose the moon, looking wan and dull, and out of place, like an actress by daylight.

Mrs. Chester was sitting close to one window, industriously knitting, and, in her character of chaperon and companion, occasionally offering a counsel, making a remark, or proffering an assertion.

"Well, it's a very fine evening, and I shouldn't wonder if we have a very fine day to-morrow."

Zelie, with "a glorious sympathy with suns

that set," thought not of the morrow, and made no reply.

"I wonder whether any one will call this evening?"

"I expect my brother. It is very long since he was here...."

"Only a fortnight, or so."

"Only!....." and Zelie turned to the window, and repeated to herself—"only!"

"Now, my dearest love, you must not have that window open; there, your cough is come back."

"Oh, let it remain so; I cannot breathe."

"You promised your brother not to sit near the open windows."

"Ah, well, then, close it; but," she added, to herself, "it is in vain, and I might breathe the pure air while I can; I feel it will not be long."

A loud knock startled the pale Zelie, and made even Mrs. Chester's turban bob.

"Oh! it is that odious Lord Gripeall. I

cannot see him, Mrs. Chester. I am not at home to him."

Mrs. Chester seemed not to hear "I am not at home, Mrs. Chester."

"Remember, my love, your brother thinks Lord Gripeall an important friend for you."

"No, no, any one but he! I am not at home. I cannot be at home."

"Nay, but I beg the lovely Zelie will make herself quite at home," said the squeaky voice of Lord Gripeall, who at that moment pushed in his crooked neck and red-veined face. "Now don't disturb yourself, I beg; I wish you to make yourself quite at home."

"It is rather for me to request you to do so, my lord."

"Ah, very good, 'pon my soul! Well, you see I do." And he stood upon the rug, with his back to the fire, playing with the swallow-tails of his green coat. "How do, Mrs. Chichester."

"I beg your pardon, my lord; Chester is my name."

"Ah! very good, Jester! so let it be, a very good name, too, I take it! Jester, he! he! he! Court jester to the Queen of Song, eh? ha! ha! ha!" and his lordship laughed at his own wit.

Mrs. Chester laughed too, for she did not think a lord could be dull. In her opinion, a lord's joke must be a good joke.

Lord Gripeall, since last we saw him, is grown a little more grim; his eyes are somewhat of a more filmy blue, and his face of a browner red. His cheap, ill-made false teeth are grown very yellow; but he has resolved to keep his lip down, and make them do; this effort adds to the ugliness and baboonishness of his face.

"And where's brother?" he said.

"The Count is not yet returned."

"Well, we can manage to do without him, I dare say, eh?" and, extending a paralytic hand, his fingers covered with cheap rings, in which were set large and gaudy stones, he

patted the wan and transparent hand of Zelie, as it hung listlessly beside her on the couch.

"I beg your pardon, my lord," she cried, reddening, and withdrawing her own.

"By no manner of means, divine Zelie!" and he extended his. "Come, what are you afraid of? I am ever ready to take beauty and talent by the hand, eh? Mrs. Jester, he! he! he! ha! ha! ha!"

"I am sure you are, my lord," curtseyed the chaperon; and then, to please his lordship, she professed to have lost her knitting-needle, and went in search of another.

Scarcely had the door closed, when Lord Gripeall, who for some minutes had been sitting, in a most *dégagé* manner, with his cheap but shining boots, and their very pointed toes, one on the fender, and the other on the hob (while he took several pinches of inferior snuff from a gaudy but trumpery box), suddenly rose, and threw himself on the sofa beside the pale and shrinking Zelie.

"Come, don't be so shy, my dear," he said, extending his hand. "I wish to be your friend; I do, upon my honour. Now, why can't you believe me? I'm in love with you —I am, by Jupiter! You've made a conquest of me, and I'm come to throw myself at your feet."

Zelie looked up; the hideous old miser had twisted round his crooked neck to look into her face, as she stooped to hide it in her hands. He looked so ineffably hideous and wicked, that she uttered a faint scream, whether by accident or design we know not. But he fell on both his knees before her, and caught hold of her robe as she tried to rise, partly to detain her, partly to preserve his balance.

At this moment the door opened, and in rushed De Villeneuve, booted, spurred, and splashed, his riding-whip in his hand. Zelie rose to fly into his arms, but, weak from recent illness, the excitement overcame her, and she

sank fainting on her sofa. Old Gripeall tried to rise, but the hinges of his knees were not pliant; after two or three efforts he fell back on the rug.

De Villeneuve haughtily assisted him to rise, rung for Mrs. Chester to attend Zelie, and proudly requested his lordship to follow him into the next room, as he wished to have a private conversation with him.

The earl tottered after him on his spindle shanks, feeling any thing but pleased at the result of his genuflections.

"Now," said De Villeneuve, haughtily motioning him to a seat, taking one himself, and tapping his boot with his riding-whip, "what has your lordship to say to me?"

"I.....Oh!.. ..ah!....hem! Why, nothing particular; I wouldn't detain you, by any manner of means. I'm very glad to see you back again, Count—It is....."

"Quite an unexpected pleasure, my lord—eh?"

"Quite! I.....you.....ah.....hem! I'll not intrude upon you any longer. Don't stand on any ceremony with me. Is my fellow there?" and he nervously turned his crooked neck in its light blue stock to the window, "is my fellow there?"

"I should think not, nor any where else," sneered De Villeneuve, still tapping his boot. He seemed resolved not to let the earl lose sight of his smart but switching horsewhip.

"Well, adieu! don't move, don't stand on any ceremony—*au revoir*."

"*Au revoir*, indeed! My lord, I waive all ceremony, as you request it; and since the native temerity of your lordship's nature prevents your explaining to the brother the unexpected declaration you were evidently making to the sister, I (forgive me, you begged me to stand on no ceremony) *I insist*.." And he raised his voice till the earl trembled and grew of a pale violet tint — "I insist on knowing your intentions, and if they are not

what they ought to be towards my sister, I insist on prompt — nay, immediate satisfaction....."

"I....he... she....him — I was only indulging in a little innocent amusement — he, he, he! ha, ha!—eh?"

"No more! no more!" almost shouted De Villeneuve, stalking up to him, and coming so close to him, that the coarse auburn curls of his lordship's wig, as he trembled with sudden terror, touched the silver head of De Villeneuve's whip. "No more of that! What you call innocent amusement, I call insolent familiarity. Unless you knelt to my sister to implore her hand, you have insulted her, and therefore me. That insult must be washed out in the blood of one or both of us; and I trust that you will immediately prepare to meet me."

"Blood! washed out in blood!" Oh! how the old heart of Gripeall trembled! "You have not heard me out, Count," he said, coax-

ingly; "of course . . . I . . meant . . . to . . propose . . . . . marriage . . . to your sister, if I obtained her consent . . . but . . that I have no hope of . . ."

"Leave that to me; my sister's destiny is in my hands. The man whom I have seen kneeling at her feet, and *tête-à-tête* with her the while, that man becomes her husband, or my antagonist to the death. Am I to understand that you propose for my sister?—speak, my lord."

"I . . . do," faltered the old earl.

"So far so good. The marriage, a strictly private one, takes place, then, to-morrow. But now listen: though of a proud and noble family, I am a poor man; my sister's talent is my chief support; you deprive me of this, and that without preparation. To-morrow she is the Countess of Gripeall, and I lose ten thousand pounds; *that* I require you to make good to me."

"Ten thousand pounds! Make that sum

good to you! It is impossible—I cannot do it!"

"Well, then, perhaps you will name your friend."

"Friend! Oh no, I have no friend!"

"Oh! some one will act as second for you. Be quick! my time is short. After our meeting . . ."

"Our meeting! It is against my principles . . . . . to . . . . ."

"To make dishonourable proposals to my sister! . . . . by Heaven, sir!" and De Villeneuve, lashing himself into a rage, seemed about to seize on the earl, when the latter hastily drew out his pocket-book, asked for a pen and ink, and said—

"Let it be five thousand."

"Sir, I am not to be trifled with . . ."

"Oh! no, by no manner of means."

"You agree then . . ."

"Yes, if the lady consents . . ."

"Leave that to me."

"Be you here to-morrow, and with a special licence. You will give me that cheque to-morrow, after the ceremony; so that is all. My lord, now *au revoir* to-morrow!"

Away tottered the crestfallen earl.

"That is well," said De Villeneuve to himself, rubbing his hands. "Ten thousand pounds—no bad day's work—Zelie a countess, and I free!. . .Now, to manage her! She will be more difficult than the earl, for she has no fears; no, I must work upon her love—Bravo, Alphonse De Villeneuve! Ah! my lord, it was an evil spirit that tempted you to fall on those stiff old knees. I'll call you brother, or I'll call you out."

It were painful to trace the arts by which De Villeneuve wrought on the wretched, heart-broken Zelie; suffice it to say, that the next morning's sun shone upon her, as Zelie, Countess of Gripeall.

CHAPTER LXVI.

"My curse upon thy venom'd stang,
That shoots my tortur'd gums alang,
And thro' my lugs gies mony a twang,
Wi' gnawing vengeance;
Tearing my nerves wi' bitter pang,
Like racking engines."

BURNS.

The intensely cold winter had passed away; and, spite of the unwonted severity of the season, what with double windows, immense fires, sledging and long walks, amid the beautiful winter scenery of the place, it had passed happily.

Miss Tibby reconciled herself to the stoves, which at first she abominated; she soon found any kind of warmth preferable to a degree of cold, of which in England we can form no idea.

With her room heated to excess, her knitting, her abuse of Switzerland, and her sweet reminiscences of Scotland and Donald o' the brae, she contrived to get through the long winter months. The old bear a monotonous life better than the young; bodily comfort supplies the place of mental excitement; and, when warm, and provided with her knitting, and a listener, Miss Tibby would sit complacently enough, declaring that the hills and the pine forests were "jist naething at a'," to what they were in Scotland; and, as for the distant Alps, "they were na worth the fuss made about them, but were jist ghosts o' mountains, compared to those o' her ain dear land, and na fit to hold a candle to them."

Poor Grunter, who had professed an intention of devoting himself during his retreat to writing a work, which was to be a sort of sequel to his "History of Philosophy, and Philosophy of History," had become in this cold region a martyr to an inexorable yet con-

temptible foe to genius and philosophy — the tooth-ache.

Poor fellow! his philosophy was not proof against the attacks of such an enemy. When most severely tried, there was no peace in the house; he stamped, he roared, he yelled. In vain the gentle Ellen exhausted her ingenuity to devise new remedies; in vain he tried brandy, and laudanum, and creosote, and oil of cloves, and put burning poultices inside his mouth, and applied scalding fomentations outside, and wrapped his face and head in flannel. It seemed only like nursing the viper which stung him. He was in a frenzy. Sometimes the pain was dull and gnawing; again it was as if some small fiend inserted a red hot dart into his jaw. On one occasion a doctor was sent for, who advised extraction; but Grunter would not submit, and, in his agony, he was so much like an insane elephant, that the poor doctor did not feel at ease till he was out of the sound of the philosopher's

yells. No one dared approach him but Ellen. Miss Tibby declared "the auld fule was demented;" and even Mr. Lindsay preferred keeping out of his way.

Ellen came to implore him to submit to the extraction of the tooth; he was lying on the floor, his huge body heaving with pain, like a Leviathan in whom the murderous harpoon had been plunged. His large head was bound in flannels; his lips were swollen and burnt with all the hot remedies he had applied; large tears were rolling down his inflamed cheeks. He was a living satire on his own history of philosophy.

"Mr. Grunter," said Ellen, gently, "I am come to entreat you to let a stop be put to this torture, which you have endured now two days and two nights."

"I have, indeed, endured a martyrdom, Miss Ellen, a martyrdom few could have endured."

"You have had no rest for two days and

two nights," (she did not add, nor suffered any one else to have any, though so it was). "Take courage, dear Mr. Grunter. Have the tooth drawn!"

"Drawn! oh, no, oh, no!" and Grunter rocked himself backwards and forwards with his hand to his cheek.

"Do, dear Mr. Grunter. It will only require a moment's courage; and you have written so much on fortitude...."

"Miss Ellen," groaned Grunter, "of that fortitude I am now a great example;" and then, suddenly the pain increasing, he started to his feet, prancing about the room, tearing and stamping like a frantic bull; wildly tossing his arms to and fro, (even his habitual vanity forgotten in his now unbearable torture) so much so, that he did not remember that he was exhibiting before a young lady in an old scanty flannel gown, and his wigless head bound in the same unbecoming material. After several yells, which made Ellen almost

tremble, (so appalling were they) the pain subsided. He sank down.

"Fortitude," he said; "yes, Miss Ellen, I have written on fortitude, and in bearing what I have just borne, I have given a great, nay, the greatest proof of fortitude. Yes, Miss Ellen, bodily daring is Courage, enduring patience is Fortitude. It would be bodily courage to have this tooth out. It is mental courage to endure this agony, and keep it in! I prefer mental courage, on which rare virtue, if you refer to my work, page 103, you will find an essay. Oh! oh! oh! what shall I do. Ha! ha! ha! Oh! oh! oh!"

"Then, will nothing induce you to submit to the operation?"

"No! it is more consistent with my theory to submit to the pain." He was again a little easier.

"Poor philosopher!" thought Ellen, as the huge creature rolled and groaned, and occasionally shrieked. In his contortions, the

flannels came off his head. Ellen perceived that his huge face was beginning to swell.

"You will be easier soon," she said, "your face is swelling, the pain will abate shortly. Summon, then, all your fortitude, and get to bed at once. I will prepare you a quieting draught; I think you will have a good night, perhaps, many hours of undisturbed rest, and you will then awake free from pain."

"I am already easier; I am convinced that no pain can long resist true Fortitude. A coward, Miss Ellen, would have shrunk from this, and have sacrificed his tooth, because he could not have endured it. Ah! I did not write the History of Philosophy for nothing. I will to bed; I have battled manfully with the fiend, and I believe I have won the victory."

Ellen smiled. "Where is the philosopher," she thought, "who cannot twist his theories to his weaknesses, and his weaknesses to his theories?"

Grunter fancied that he proved his Fortitude by his endurance of the tooth-ache, when a moment's real Courage would have freed him from the pain. Ellen mixed him a strong composing draught: exhausted by two days and two nights' ceaseless pain, and his nerves lulled by the opiate, he slept. Twenty-four hours of unbroken rest restored him to himself and his friends. He awoke at ease, and strong to argue on his recent exhibition of Fortitude. But from this time he shrank from exposing it to so severe a trial; he confined himself and his books to well-heated rooms; and Mr. Lindsay and Ellen were now alone in their long walks.

Ellen would have been happy, but for the distance that divided her from friends very dear to her! Mountains rose around her, as if to shut her out from the world—a six days' post is an awful distance for the fond and imaginative! How much may happen in six days! The hand that traced the dear and welcome

letter we weep with joy to read, may, ere we read it, be for ever cold and stiff; nay, coffined.

Alas! for those who dwell beneath other zones—who have dear friends in the far East or West! what must be their fears — their wild and terrible imaginings! I could find it in my heart to weep and pray for all, whom distance divides from their hearts' treasures.

The hours which preceded the arrival of the post were passed in a nervous anxiety, which Ellen vainly strove to conceal; it blanched her cheek, and made her voice tremble. When there were no letters, her disappointment was extreme; and, when there were, her pleasure was blighted by the reflection — "All this happened a week ago! They were well then! Are they well now? What may have happened since? Where may they be now? . . .

Every week this feeling (fostered in solitude) grew more morbidly acute; and Mr. Lindsay, perceiving it (although Ellen never

complained), was about to propose to her to leave Winterthur, when some letters arrived, which induced him to prolong his stay. One of these letters was from Julian; it enclosed a twenty-pound note, and was written apparently in good spirits. He said—

"Beloved friends! Here are the first fruits of my perseverance and earnest desire to send you some assistance. Alas! alas! how paltry twenty pounds seemed once! How foolishly I was wont to squander what it is so hard to earn! Ah, I know the difference now between earning and spending, dear ones! . . . . You ask me of my occupations—of my success. My occupations are endless, my success but moderate. My time has hitherto been divided between teaching and literature; and between them I have realised enough to keep me alive and out of debt, and to send you this poor sum. Ah, it is very hard indeed, unless, by great luck, one has been brought up to a good trade, to earn twenty pounds in London!

"When first I found myself alone with Poverty in this great, and, to the Wretched, this awful city, I recalled all the great and influential people who used to dine at your table, dear father; and were so lavish of their offers, when there was no chance of my needing their assistance.

"I little dreamed, at that time, how much my groom and equipage had to do with the readiness with which doors sprang open at my approach. Alone, and on foot, I had often great difficulty in getting admitted at all. Then, after long waiting among other aspirants in an antechamber, I perhaps obtained an audience — received, instead of a warm shake of the hand, a cold finger at meeting, and a colder bow when I had told my errand. Then came surprise — intimation of the slight and brief acquaintance upon which it was hinted I had so presumed — remarks on the great competition and the limited power — evasive promises .... and then I was bowed

away, to meet a similar reception elsewhere.

"Letters, and I wrote many, were worse treated than myself—they obtained no answer at all. Thoroughly disgusted, I resolved to depend no more on others—to rely entirely on myself—to have done with Ambition, and call Industry to my aid. I advertised, and obtained a few pupils.

"You know that I have a little lodging in a street whose merit is, that it leads out of that Gower Street we once so despised, but which I now begin to look up to; for we are all imitators, and here to live in Gower Street is to be Somebody.

"My tiny lodgings are tolerably clean; that is their rare and only merit, and owing in some measure to their being almost unfurnished: but the culinary powers of the one small servant of all-work extend only to blackening a mutton-chop, or parboiling a poato. However, even this fare, a poor and ravenous

teacher 'disdains not.' All my pupils, whom I obtained by advertisements, promising great wonders for small pay, are in this region (now my world), but which we once deemed so remote and contemptible. They increase daily; but, alas! my funds do not increase in proportion! for, every week, I find in one family or another, some 'talented love,' to use the mamma's expression, 'brought into the bargain.' Had the army or the navy been open to me, I could not have endured this drudgery, but should have enlisted, no matter what my trials. *Mais on fait ce qu' on peut, et non pas ce qu' on veut.*

"The thought of your being in want, in a foreign land, silences the whispers of pride, braces the wearied frame, and urges the failing spirit. The few acquaintances of former days whom I have met, I have cut, because I saw they were about to cut me; all but Dashington and old York Sparkleton: they are still *benchers*. I sometimes see them walking in

the Rules. Trouble has made them human, and I have spent some merry evenings with them in that prison, which I then thought would soon be mine.

"My literary disappointments would fill volumes. I have written tales, ballads, sonnets, essays, capriccios, sketches; offered all, to all the magazines, and had many lost, and all rejected. But at length a paper, which had been the round of all the inferior periodicals, and which I sent almost in self-mockery and despair to the leading one of the day, was graciously accepted; it made a noise in the world, and I am now likely to be a regular contributor to its pages. — *Vive le courage!* I doubt not, I shall now easily dispose, among the minor fry of periodicals, of all my 'Rejected Addresses.' The twenty pounds I send you I received for my fortunate essay. Think, sweet Ellen, poor, vain, conceited, empty Julian has actually spun twenty pounds out of his own brain, and figures respectably, at

least, in the —— Review! If this has the result I expect, I shall give up my little daily increasing host of pupils, devote myself to literature, and begin to keep my terms at the bar. I have actually, dear friends, been reduced to having an evening class of little students, studying Latin grammar by the light of a small dip. The parents laud me to the skies, and the little ones love me, though I am their pedagogue.

"You will smile when I tell you some of my adventures. On one occasion, Mrs. Primer, one of the mammas, had a tea-party, and she told me that although Mr. Primer seldom mixed with any thing professional (he is clerk in an office), yet I was such a genteel young man, and took such pains with her darlings, she hoped to see me to her tea-party. I wished to decline, but found that, though invited so pompously, it was a great object with her that I should appear. The invitation was like a royal mandate; and fear-

ing to offend and lose my chief support, I went.

"The party assembled at six; the table was covered with muffins, toast, shrimps, slices of ham, beef, and small circles of cut sausages. The tea and coffee sent up their fragrant steams; and, having dined on a bit of black beef-steak and a hard potato, you will smile to hear that I emulated the good inhabitants of St. Pancras, and never dined at your table in St. James's Square, dear father, with half the appetite with which I attacked Mrs. Primer's viands; nor was I singular in this respect, perhaps I alone had the excuse of so bad a dinner, but I never knew what voracity was, till I sunk in the social scale.

"'I hope you're making a good tea, Mr. Lindsay,' said Mrs. Primer. 'Don't stand upon ceremony; things *is* provided to be eaten, and, though I say it as shouldn't, all is of the best. Do make a good tea.'

"Ellen, will you not think me a sad vulgarian when I tell you I complied with her request? I was an object of a sort of indefinable curiosity, for though in point of position the most vulgar of the vulgar set looked down on the *teacher*, they yet felt I was, to use their own expression, 'a cut above them' all. Several belles, with elaborate ringlets, gay silk frocks, very short sleeves, purple arms, tight waists, gaudy necklaces, and substantial feet, distinguished me by whispering my name to each other, blushing, bridling, and tittering when I addressed them, and always addressing me, the poor teacher, as Sir, while they spoke almost disdainfully to the other men of the party.

"The young men were the worst part of the set; the old are generally subdued: to me there is always something respectable, something chastened and refined, in the Aged. Women of every class have some beauty, some redeeming points; but vulgar young

men, forward, flippant, illiterate, gaudy, yet unwashed, quarrelsome and rude, with them I could not associate; and, as they despised me for my poverty and my profession, I was more the object of their dislike and avoidance. One of my little pupils whispered to me the next day, that brother Tom had said 'I was a milksop, a lady's man, a beggar, a poor teacher, and as full of pride as an egg's full of meat;' whereupon Susan, his sister, had *flown out* at her brother Tom; had declared 'I was quite the gentleman, and a pattern for she knew who; that I danced quite elegant; and she was sure I should turn out to be a lord some day!' 'Yes,' retorted Tom, 'the lord knows who!' Upon this Miss Susan, much provoked, had struck Mr. Tom. A severe scuffle ensued; but, as she was the most courageous, it ended by her scratching his face, and carrying off a handful of his red hair. The little boy begged me 'not to tell,' as it was all made up; Tom

having begged Susan's pardon, and promised to be very civil to me when next we met. Alas! alas! fancy my occasioning such a commotion in the family of a Mr. Primer, of Little Gower Street.

"One of the results of my success at this *soirée*, where, by the by, I danced with some city Hebes, was a complimentary remark from Mrs. Primer the next day, that she 'wished Master James held himself as I did; she was sure, as Mr. Primer had observed, that I must be a good fencer.' 'Do you fence, Mr. Lindsay?' I was taken by surprise, or certainly I should have *parried* this. As it was, I owned that I did, and she got me at advantage. 'Might I beg as a particular favour one little odd half hour, just to put James in the way of fencing a little? We should feel so indebted.'

"I rather unwillingly agreed. The lady, with many thanks, rose to go—she returned ere she reached the door. 'You are a very

elegant waltzer, Mr. Lindsay. My poor little Mary.....would so like.....a hint or two.'

"'I am willing to do any thing I can to serve you, madam; but I have some dignity to keep up as a tutor here, and I cannot risk it by hopping about for the amusement of my young friends.' She coloured, bowed, and retired.

"I cannot tell you, beloved friends, how I long to see you all again! to find myself once more under the sweet and long-disregarded influence of 'the Woman-Deity—Affection,'

> "'That only Eve, that never knew a fall,
> Sad as the dove, but like the dove surviving all.'

Yes, to be, if only for a few days, 'where the eye of the stranger shall haunt me no more.'

"I have seen but little of De Villeneuve. He has been in great distress himself, poor fellow! La Zelie is privately married to old Gripeall, and leaves the stage. Mr. Jobb drives two horses, so he is thriving, I suppose. Poor

Fitzcribb is become sub-editor of the 'Hornet,' and has offered to serve me. Milton is grown a very fine youth, and poor Corinna has been in half a dozen situations, and is now at home, where Lord Madrigal and his Fugitive Follies are constant visitors. Uncle Gregory has often kindly invited me to stay with him; but I have vowed to accomplish a certain object, and I must be firm.

"The other day, an elegant carriage, with dashing outriders, nearly went over me in a crossing. I heard a scream — I saw feathers and black ringlets waving, and a lady bowed. She pulled the checkstring, but I recognised Augusta, and darted off at full speed. I know not why I fled so rapidly; it was rather to spare her than myself, for my heart, thank Heaven! is now free.

"I feel as if I had awakened from a dream, and a dream that I do not even regret. I am grateful that this change in my fortunes oc-

curred before poor Augusta was mine; for the woman who could shrink from me at such an hour.....think what a wife she would have been, for a ruined man!

"I grieve to say that, from the slight glance I had of her, she is sadly altered. Her bloom and stately air seem gone; but, of course, she was shocked to see *him*, once all but affianced to her, careworn, splashed, and poorly clad, hurrying along, laden with books, and nearly run over by her equipage.

"I think she wished to follow me, to offer me any service in her power, for, even as I fled, I turned and saw her plumes waving in the distance. But I darted up a lane, and disappeared. A footman, in the Riskwell livery, has been in the neighbourhood, I suppose to seek me. I shall not assist him; for, though not too proud to toil, I am too proud to receive any attention from Augusta.

"Write to me soon, sweet Ellen. I often

conjure up, in my little solitude, your graceful form, and angel face. Farewell, beloved friends.

"Your devoted

"JULIAN."

There was something in this letter which made Ellen's heart tremble with inexplicable hope and joy: her tears fell fast as she read it; and Mr. Lindsay was scarcely less moved.

"Poor Julian," he said, as Ellen handed him the note, "noble boy! Sweet indeed are the uses of adversity. But for this change all his talents, all his virtues, would have been frittered away by soulless pleasure, or corrupted by unconquerable idleness. He would have wedded one who did not love him; and wealth would have been his curse. I value," he added, solemnly—"I value, Ellen, this bank-note, the proof of his industry, his noble endurance, his stern resolve, and the pledge of his unselfish affection for us, more than I should

a mine of gold. I would not change it for the wealth of a nation!"

Ellen blushed, as if this praise were her own, and retired to answer Julian's letter.

"We are very proud of you, dear Julian," she said, "and your letter made us both smile and weep. You have replenished our funds most seasonably; for we were come to the bottom of our last bag of *thalers*. Grunter has generously given us up all he had. I used to judge him harshly; I did not think he would have acted so nobly. I would not teaze you, dear cousin (you whose time is now so important), but a letter from you is a great delight, a real solace! We were much amused by your *soirée* at the Primers; I fear you have won Miss Susan's heart.

"The snow is melting away here, and all is green and sunny. We have seen, in this out-of-the-way place, more of the real character of the people than we could have done in a capital, or a town, through which travellers

pass, or to which visitors resort. And I must say, that, although not generally a pleasant race to live amongst, they are yet a moral and intelligent community. The great defect of their social system is the almost entire separation of the men and women; and the general devotion of all the energies of the latter to mere domestic and household drudgery.

"Knitting, the *lessive* (a great family-wash), and the performing for their children the offices of nursery-maids — to these occupations women of fine intellect and higher tastes are by custom entirely confined; and even at Zurich, the capital of the canton, about twelve miles off, I find it is much the same.

"I think I told you that it is the habit at Winterthur to keep up through life, by a weekly *réunion*, a sort of intimacy between all of similar age and sex, who frequented the schools together. I rather like this plan of refreshing old associations—they add a deep interest to the journey through life.

"In England, how soon we lose sight of all who set out with us on that perilous journey! How soon, at the cross-roads of life, do the dearest friends separate! Those who climb the hills, and those who glide quietly through the valleys, never, perhaps, meet again. They have no place of rendezvous. Not so here: people do not grow old in graceless solitude, thus, doubly sensible of the miseries of Age, a jolly troop grow old together, and keep each other in countenance the while.

"True, this system could scarcely exist among a roving people. Here all the women are stationary. The fields, through which they were carried in infancy, see them bound in childhood, or pace, in deep confidence, whispering important secrets to the eager *confidante*, at that age when the harmless joys of the child yield to the dreamy, unreal, yet enchanting feelings and visions of the girl. In these same fields, as stately matrons, they lead their little tribes—and here, in age, they

hobble out to sit in the sun and enjoy their impassive being. The same ball-room, where the girl made her first conquest, sees her, as a mother or a grandmother, watch the effect of her young charge's charms. Old associations, and hallowed memories, guard every spot; and therefore the people are enthusiastic in their devotion to their native town.

"Yet, we have formed some intimacies, some friendships. Our dearest friend is a Mr. R. S—, a man of rare nobility of character and generosity of heart, with a great taste for literature; he frequently comes with his charming wife, who would be considered very clever any where, and is here called the *bel esprit de Winterthur*, and his very young and very pretty daughters, to enliven our long Swiss evenings. Then we have another friend, a Mr. J. M. Z—, a mathematician, a linguist, and a great philanthropist, with a kind and gentle wife, of whose black eyes might be said, as of Byron's Zuleika's,

"'And oh! that eye was in itself a soul!'

Madame E—, a very fine singer, once a great beauty, and still a very handsome and agreeable person. Madame B—, a very amiable person, and one who, spite of all the prejudices which would have crushed her talents, is a poetess of merit, and who has printed, if not published, two very pretty poems, on the domestic lives of Reubens and Rembrandt; she is a fair proof that literature does not unfit a woman for the management of a household, for, while cultivating many elegant talents, she is a better manager than any *ignorante* among them; and, finally, about three miles from Winterthur, through a most romantic forest, an arcadian valley, and perched on an almost inaccessible mountain, we have the inhabitants of the old Castle of Kibourg. The Count and Countess S—, distinguished Poles, devotedly attached to their unhappy country, in the cause of which they have perilled all. They are young, handsome, accomplished, and most hospitable; and they have two lovely

little boys, with long golden hair, and faces such as Raphael gave his cherubs. One cannot look on these children without an inward prayer, that beings so beautiful may not always be exiles, but that Poland may yet be free, and their birthright restored . . .

"You would love these boys, Julian. They are indeed 'beautiful exceedingly,' and full of early daring, intelligence, *naïveté*, and affection. The elder, about eight years of age, is *already* his little brother's protector; there is a pensive grace, an almost prophetic melancholy, about the delicate features and earnest eyes of this child, which make one feel beforehand a deep interest in his destiny. The little fellow Isidore, or as he is called in fondness, Sisi, is a dear, consequential, merry, important little being, who fancies he can do every thing; so much so, that a very young and very beautiful widow having been seen by him in tears, at some allusion to her lost husband, he, with an expression announcing some

mighty conception, disappeared, and when I next saw him, he told me with great mystery —shewing me a piece of wood he had been fashioning—'*J'ai voulu refaire un mari pour cette jeune dame qui a tant pleuré je l'ai essayé, mais cela n'a pa reussi, je crois* (with an ineffably pretty shrug) *je crois que ce sera un peu difficile.*' On one occasion, when he saw the great, tardy, Swiss Diligence rolling along, '*Ah! ah! ma foi!*' he cried, '*voilà enfin cette grande négligence!*' Such remarks—and he is always making them—from the cherub lips of a darling scarcely three years old, are interesting beyond all power of my feeble pen to describe.

"With the friends I have named, and our own circle, you see we have not lived quite the lives of hermits; we have had concerts—amateur concerts (for the German Swiss have the German love, and much of the German talent for music). It is rather strange that the most prudish of the ladies, who would not much like a party where strangers were invited,

stand up and sing before a crowded room. Their voices are generally good, but they sing intolerably loud, and they have more science than taste. Here every one is compelled by law to learn music; a system that does not contribute to general harmony, and which is one of the absurd petty tyrannies of a republic—of these there are such numbers that I am now quite decided, in my own mind, that it is better to be governed by the one than the many.

"There are balls, but they are open to all classes, and therefore little suited to an English taste. I was asked to waltz by a moustached beau, of whom, in the morning, I had purchased an ounce of pins. They waltz from six till ten, refreshed by tea, apple-tart, and *eau sucre;* and then they retire to their quiet homes. The women are generally very pretty, and dress with great simplicity and grace; their braided hair and white dresses have a very classical effect, seated, as they always are, between the dances, apart from

the men. One excellent regulation is, that all parents, of all classes, are compelled by law to send their children to the public schools, from the ages of four to fourteen. Thus, there is no Infant Slavery, there are no distorted, crippled little victims of Machinery and Mammon. The children are taught kindly during school-hours, and then their time is their own, for sports suited to their age. They are a lovely, happy, privileged race: and no parent, however poor, thinks of making a child toil. This is refreshing to behold; this is life's morning unclouded indeed.

"The general feeling towards us, and towards all strangers, is one of enmity. Miss Tibby and Mr. Grunter, from their quaint attire, have been all but pelted; and, when my father and myself ride on horseback (an amazon is a thing so new here, and so much disapproved of), that the people follow us, shouting and hissing till they are weary, and we are out of sight.

"There is something very American in the manners of the tradespeople: they do not care for your custom, they will never send any purchase to your abode, they give little or no credit, and are more ready to affront than to serve you. It is the same with the servants. It is a place that Tories, like us, should shun; and, but for the valued friends I have mentioned, who have done their best to smooth all difficulties, enhance all pleasures, and reconcile all incongruities, we should have been extremely wretched here.

"An old grocer, of great *prétention*—(for he had attempted to visit us on an equal footing, even while vending his sugar and soap)—Mr. S., who had implored our custom, when we owed him a small sum, anxious to get his money, and yet not, by showing any distrust, to lose our custom, called on me, and, making up a piteous story, asked me to lend him ten pounds. I was taken in, and about to comply, although very inconvenient

to me to assist him to this extent; but, on consulting a Swiss friend, I learnt that he was very wealthy; that it was a *ruse*, caused by distrust of foreigners; and that he meant only to get our grocery paid in advance. Convinced of this, I sent him the exact amount of his bill, and forbade his ever addressing us again.

"I mention this as a proof how much all republics, great and small, resemble each other in their effect on the feelings and manners of the tradespeople.

"Poor Augusta! I fear she is, indeed, unhappy! Alas! how could she be otherwise! We long much to hear from you again; and all unite in best love, with your ever affectionate and anxious

"ELLEN."

By the same post came a letter from Babie Douglas. It was written by the request of poor Grizzy, and dictated principally by her. Grizzy's forebodings had not deceived her—

Grizzy Douglas was on her deathbed! Ah! what an inscrutable thing is a human heart!

Poor Grizzy! she had not been able to brave the shock: the Past had long been her world, and the Past was for her no more!

Moss-grown and ruined were the shrines where her fancy had dwelt, and now the unsparing hand of Truth had laid them waste. As she had said, the habits of her uneventful life were broken up, for she was a being of thoughts rather than of actions. It had ever been her habit to rise early and pray for the Absent, perhaps the Dead; but she could not pray for the False—at least, not with her wonted prayer. Often she awoke at dawn, from her troubled sleep, and, by a sort of instinct, was about to rise, to kneel on the accustomed cushion, worn by those old knees, when the truth, the, to her, terrible and hopeless truth, would rush (as alas! at early dawn such truths ever do) across her mind, and she would lie down again, and close those once

tearless eyes. But now an unwonted moisture was there, and murmuring to herself, "Ah! I didna remember; it was a' a dream. God forgive him! but I canna pray for him noo." She would lie awake, but quite still, till her hour of rising; an early hour, but one she never changed, hardly nurtured and self-denying as she was, until the fever of her spirit, and the exhausting nature of her inward grief, laid her on that bed on which she had so often dreamt such happy dreams, not of the Future but the Past.

And yet this old woman, whose heart at sixty-five was broken by a grief younger hearts are tough enough to resist, (are they to be envied?) — this same old and lonely being bore the gradual approach of the Destroyer with a calm and fortitude few men have ever shown. Her steady eye seemed to count the sands as they ebbed in Life's glass; her only link with the Actual was Babie; and her last effort in this mortal

world was a letter to Ellen, which she dictated thus,—

"From my Deathbed.

"My dear Ellen Lindsay,

"Dinna start at the sight o' that place o' rest whence this is dated — to me it is a welcome one. But ere lang I shall have left it for one mair welcome still! I told you, Ellen Lindsay, that Death was in my heart. I felt a strange cold hand, and I kenned wha's it war; but I was unco strang, and he has had a warld o' trouble to put out the light that burned sae brightly, though in so old and worn a lamp. Inward tears, for I am a Douglas, and too proud to weep outwardly— inward tears hae helped to quench that light, and noo a' is well nigh dune.

"In these last weeks of waking and pondering, the thought has come again and again, knocking at the door o' my heart (and at last I hae let it in), that a' this, which has killed my body, has saved my soul. I see that lang, too lang,

I was kneeling to an idol—lang, lang I was an idolatress, Ellen Lindsay! and Providence showed me o' what my idol was made! The shock brak my heart, but the light o' truth dawned on the ruins; and noo Grace and Faith, which despise not a ruined and a broken shrine, sit them down there, and a' is Peace, and Mercy, and Pardon. And where the creature was worshipped, the Creator reigns, and the Saviour smiles; so it is a happy change, and.....and.....yes, we must forgive if we would be forgiven. I do forgive Tibby Maxwell, and I send her my blessing and pardon, peace be wi' her! and may she see the errors and follies o' her flauntering life, and may my deathbed remind her, that her ain the hand o' Time is surely spreading!

"And now I have only to beg, that wherever ye may be, ye will suffer puir Babie to come to you. She will hae twa hoondred a year, and nae being used to sae

mooch siller, she will need your kind and watchfu' eye to see she does nae thraw it, or hersel awa! Be a mither to her, for my sake, dear Ellen Lindsay. I die in peace, because I recal your promise, and your smile o' truth as ye spake it.

"I leave ye my journal—the journal o' a heart rather than a life—a disappointed, broken, but now happy heart. I ken ye will value it for my sake. God bless you and yours, Ellen Lindsay! and that he will bless you, I prophecy fra' that spot whence we look clearly into the Future, though the Past and the Present fade before us—my death-bed! May your ain be as happy as that o' your eternally obliged

"GRISELDA DOUGLAS
"o' Douglas Glen!"

A postscript was added by Babie:

"Dear Ellen,

"My hand is so tired with writing the above, and my eyes are so dim and swollen

wi' tears, I can scarce say more than that if it pleases God to take dear sister Grizzy to himself, I will be unco glad to live wi' you. I have been lang deprived o' companions suited to my age and tastes, but I dinna complain. Grizzy has been a mother to me, and my heart breaks to think o' leaving her, but, after a', she is glad to be at rest, and it is my duty to be cheerfu', and do my best to bear up and enjoy life.

"I hope the foreign Count and Mr. Grunter, as weel as Julian, are with you. I canna say when I may be expectit; it depends on poor Grizzy's departure, and that is in higher hands than we can guide, but I think it canna be lang. Should there be much delay, I will write again; in the mean time, please to send me a letter to say where you are, and whether it is a merry place, as, of course, if ye see much company, I maun hae crape evening dresses made low, wi' short sleeves, and trimmed wi' bugles, to look a wee bit tasty.

"Hae ye officers quartered near, and is Mr. Grunter still living in the hoose? Hoping sune to be amang ye a', I remain, wi' best respects to Mr. Lindsay and Miss Tibby, and kind love to Mr. Grunter, Mr. Julian, and the French Count, ever, dear Ellen,

"Your attached friend,

"Babie Douglas,

"o' Douglas Glen."

"Frivolous being!" thought Ellen. "Yet she means not that she wishes her sister's death. No, she is not wicked, but so weak, so childish, that I do believe she would chase a butterfly over her mother's grave, and deck herself with the flowers that grow upon its sod ..... Poor Grizzy!" and Ellen's tears fell fast, "for thy sake I will endure, nay, I will counsel, and, as far as I can, protect this strange, this antiquated, and most tormenting charge. Poor Grizzy! peace be with her! I will redeem my pledge, and do my duty by thee, so help me, Heaven!"

That very day poor Grizzy Douglas died—died calm, happy, and acutely watchful and sensible to the last. Babie was in paroxysms at first; in fits on the burial day; and then, by degrees, she grew calm, and bugles and crape, bombazeen, black feathers, and jet butterflies, with her approaching journey, filled all her thoughts.

And Grizzy was left unmourned in her narrow bed; but the morning sun shone on the grave of the old spinster, who had so loved its earliest rays; and the green grass, and the daisies, and dear harebells deck the spot. It was the place of rest she had chosen in life. A yew-tree and a cypress overshadow it, but not so thickly that the moonbeams cannot sport over the headstone, and light up that name, pure as themselves. The summer birds sing among the trees, and hop over the sod; the sentinel owl wakes as to watch it at night, while the glowworm brings his tiny but sufficing lamp; and robin-redbreast, as if grateful

to the friend of his race, (for Grizzy had ever a ready crumb for poor robin) robin plumes his scarlet breast there on cold winter days, and glances with his bright brown eye, and scares away the insect tribe. And it is a pretty and a pleasant spot; and there Grizzy Douglas now sleeps well—and, oh, may peace be with her!.....

CHAPTER LXVII.

"A young lady decorously brought up, should only have two considerations in her choice of a husband. First, is his birth honourable? secondly, will his death be advantageous? All other trifling details should be left to parental anxiety."

The Lady of Lyons.

Augusta, followed, courted, and admired, was yet far from happy. Life had now for her no unattained object; either to be derived from her own mind, or from that of others. She had never known Ellen's exquisite delight in giving pleasure, in conferring comfort, or administering consolation. She had some affections, but all her sources of happiness were selfish, in the lowest sense of the word. She had no delicate and secret springs of enjoyment; she had made a good match; the

mean ambition of a life was attained. Pomp, luxury, adulation, and respect surrounded her; she had nothing to desire, and she soon found that to have nothing to desire, is to have nothing to enjoy.

Her husband was kind, fond, proud of her; but he was more plebeian, more rosy, more pursy, than ever. She had become accustomed to his fortune; she had not become accustomed to himself. Whether he was disappointed in her affection, or whether he had some secret source of annoyance, we may not divine, but he grew silent and thoughtful, as Augusta grew sulky and ungrateful; and on the whole, neither looked the happier for their union. Then, too, Augusta's not all evil heart was peopled by regrets, self-reproaches, and sometimes in the silent night by Remorse; and against Remorse and her fell brood what power have jewels, and feathers, and cashmeres? Alas! the soft couch, the sleep-provoking chariot, seem but thorny. The lonely luxuries

to which we have sacrificed our own self-respect and another's peace become loathsome. And Augusta often wished herself in such a cot as Mrs. Evelyn's, with a light heart, untortured by self-reproach, and Julian, no matter how poor, by her side, with looks of love, and blessing her from the depths of a grateful heart, for all she had dared, all she had sacrificed!.. Alas! alas!.....

When seeking pleasure, or rather chasing the fiend, Ennui, in her elegant and most modish equipage, she suddenly found herself almost driving, in her base and insulting pomp, over him, whom she had so wronged, so vilely sold, with his warm heart and noble impulses, for the fineries that surrounded her — sold, when he came in his deep distress to ask her to be the accompanying and atoning Eve of the exile of Eden, came without one doubt of her proud and glad devotion — when she saw him, pale, wan, care-worn, but how sublime, how beautiful, in his manly endurance,

his noble fortitude! how awful in the withering scorn, which had replaced the once passionate love of those unforgotten eyes—then, then, she felt the desolation she had brought upon her own heart; then would she gladly have been a beggar by his side, rather than the owner of all that disgraceful wealth; then did her cheek grow white, and her heart sick; and then could she have seen him, have induced him to tarry, or to grant her a moment's audience, she could almost have knelt in the mire before him, to ask him to forgive!

Luckily for her, he would not hear, he would not heed her; her efforts to convey to him her proffers of service, and her expressions of contrite sympathy, were vain; and, after a while, she gave up the attempt and rushed into dissipation, to banish thought. She dressed, and flirted, and rouged her now-faded cheeks; and squandered her husband's money; and neglected and quarrelled with

him; and was outwardly as gay as she was inwardly desolate.

Alas, for good matches, and good matchmakers!

But Mrs. Lindsay knew nothing of this. She saw Lady Riskwell's name in the papers, included in all fashionable "arrangements," "arrivals," and "departures." The beautiful Lady Riskwell figured in the "Court Journal;" her jewels, her carriages, were the theme of universal praise. But no one praised the husband; he was quite, as it were, and as Mrs. Lindsay said to herself, "taken into the bargain." But what did that matter? He grudged Augusta nothing, indulged her to excess; bore with her sulky, her passionate, or her peevish fits; and was a husband, (as Mrs. Lindsay said,) whom any woman might be proud of, particularly riding by her in his own coach, or sitting by her in his own crimson-lined pew.

"Ah! Augusta—Augusta had more sense," she added, "in her little finger than Ellen in her whole body. Augusta would be a countess, perhaps, when Ellen was a beggar and an old maid—and serve her right!"

CHAPTER LXVIII.

Crush'd was Napoleon by the Northern Thor,
Who knock'd his army down with icy hammer;
Stopp'd by the *elements*, like a whaler, or
A blundering novice in his German grammar.

BEPPO.

So let us welcome cheerful evening in!

COWPER.

The evening had closed in; a bright wood fire blazed and crackled in the little boudoir in which the Lindsays took tea. Ellen dispensed the fragrant beverage, "which cheers, but not inebriates."

Mr. Grunter, his large head still bound in flannels, sate in a high, black, armed reading-chair, to which a little table and lamp were

attached, waiting impatiently the finale of the repast, that he might regale the family with an intellectual banquet from "The History of Philosophy and the Philosophy of History."

The reader (considering the great and encouraging success of that great work) may be surprised that no other has as yet issued from the old usher's brain; but, as he once said himself, "he wanted knack," Fitzcribb was not to be had at Winterthur, and no other hand could put the ponderous machine, Grunter's mind, in motion. So, not to resign the importance and mystery of authorship and literary pomp, he announced his intention, before undertaking a work even more stupendous in its nature, and awful in its results, than the "History of Philosophy and the Philosophy of History," to add to his knowledge of the dead languages that of the mighty mother of our own tongue, the living German!

Now Ellen had a master; but Grunter did not choose to have reports of his progress (or non-progress) conveyed to his former pupil by a mutual teacher. So Grunter selected a taciturn old fellow, almost as crabbed as himself—one who gave very long lessons for very little pay. With this worthy Grunter was closeted every day; and strange noises, as of the German in wrath, and Grunter in despair, were (we grieve to say) occasionally heard by Miss Tibby, who was very jealous "o' the auld fule, Grunter, learning ony ither tongue at his time o' life, instead o' studying how to keep his ain in his head." She prophecied he would "bring on the bleeding o' his leg again, for his head was na' that strong, and, as Mr. Jobb was na' at hond, he'd, maybe, be carried off at short notice, and na' great loss either."

Poor Miss Tibby! had she known all, she would have had no reason to be jealous. The matchless difficulties of the German rudiments

first bewildered and then floored poor Grunter. The skill in penmanship acquired in his usher days enabled him to learn to write the German hand; but what he could write, he, alas, could not read! . . . No toil and drumming of himself or his master (who once forgot himself so far as to attempt to give him a shaking, which ended in his finding *himself floored*) could instil even the seven declensions into Grunter's mind. And, seeing this, after much pondering, he resolved not to give up the master, and thus proclaim his inability, but to announce to him that the elements of a foreign language were beneath the attention of a distinguished author in his own tongue; and then to employ him, during the lesson, in making translations from abstruse German sources, which he intended some day to remodel, with Fitzcribb's aid, and give to the world, in a grand work, called "The Literature of the German Empire, and the Empire of the German Literature."

This was a fine subject wherewith to excite the awe of Mr. Lindsay, the quiet mirth of Ellen, and the wrath of Miss Tibby. But it engrossed Grunter's mind, and put a few thalers into the pocket of a poor old fellow, who had scarcely wherewithal to buy snuff and sour kraut.

Well, as we have said, Grunter, having been engaged all day with his German master, was now preparing to be lecturer himself. He was glancing very angrily over his spectacles at Miss Tibby, who would have "jist half a cup mair;" and as she, too, wore spectacles, she contrived to repay Grunter's angry glance.

Suddenly, the unwonted sound of wheels in the lane attracted the attention of all.

"Who can be coming here in a carriage?" said old Lindsay, the thought of Julian busy at his heart; and the father's hand trembled, and his cheek grew red. Ellen turned

deadly pale: she too thought it might be Julian.

"Maybe, it is our dear Annie!" cried Miss Maxwell.

"Perhaps," said Grunter, "it is Fitzcribb come to say a second edition of my work is required."

The wheels were now distinctly heard in the garden, and through the shrubs glanced the light of the carriage-lamps. Loudly barked the house-dogs without, and the lapdogs within. Screech set up his shrillest screams. Grunter murmured, "It must be so. A second edition of the History of Philosophy, and the Philosophy of History, required by the unanimous voice of the whole reading world."

Mr. Lindsay seized a candle, and led the way. All followed; and, with pale cheeks and trembling knees, hastened down stairs into the hall. The bell rang loudly; the doors flew open. Mr. Lindsay extended his

arms . . . . .and playfully rushed into them—exclaiming, " Yer adopted daughter, Mr. Lindsay ! I'm glod I'm sae weelcome !" . . . . Babie Douglas ! . . .

CHAPTER XLIX.

"Is there, in human form that bears a heart,
A wretch, a villain, lost to love and truth?
That can, with studied. sly, ensnaring heart,
Betray sweet Jenny's unsuspecting youth?
Curse on his perjured arts, dissembling smooth!
Are honour, virtue, conscience—all exiled?
Is there no pity, no relenting ruth
Points to the parents, fondling o'er their child?
Then paints the ruined maid, and their distraction wild!"
The Cotter's Saturday Night.

And where was Annie — Annie, with her young heart full of its unhappy love, her Hebe beauty, which even passion had scarcely power to canker or to dim; so redundant were the health and bloom of the wild Scotch lassie, her warm, untutored fancy, and her love-taught cunning? Annie was now, by her own earnest

request, among a kind, a wily, and designing set. It was De Villeneuve who had suggested to her, during their lonely conferences at the Covent Garden Hotel, that if she wished to see him alone when her family were settled in Switzerland, she had better contrive to be left for her education at the convent he named in the neighbourhood of Cologne.

With Love's omnipotence, Annie had conquered all obstacles and effected this. Here she corresponded with this dangerous man; here, in the poetical solitude of a Roman Catholic Convent, love grew into idolatry. Those about her, with their own views to answer, fathomed her secret, and turned it to their own accounts. Their object was a proselyte . . . and with them, the end sanctified the means. It was nothing to the Lady Abbess, the friars or the nuns, that a solemn promise had been given not to interfere in any way with the religious opinions or practices of the young Scotch girl; they really considered that

a higher duty than that to their neighbour—namely, that to their God—called upon them to call back this poor lamb into the true fold, this lost child to the breast of the true mother Church.

Let this be a lesson to those rash and mistaken parents, who are beguiled by specious promises (never even meant to be kept), or if kept to the ear, to be broken to the sense, to place their young and impressionable daughters in the very circle of the enchantress. She of Babylon has forgotten none of her witcheries; as she was of yore, so is she now; hers, all that can seduce the senses and captivate the fancy. Music lends her mighty aid to melt and to inspire; painting to realize, and affection and sympathy to win — to win what? to win the young heart to the shrine of idols, to lead the young mind from light into darkness. Oh! what are a few foreign accomplishments worth, an accent, or a grace?—that for such flippery, parents, fond parents, should risk the

pearl of great price, the religion of a darling child?

Yes, eloquence, and kindness, and music, and sympathy, were all brought together on poor Annie's wounded heart; and ere long the confidence which she had withheld from the fosterers and companions of her childhood, was freely given to a specious monk and a coaxing nun.

No marvel, then, that her affections for those once so dear waxed fainter and fainter; no wonder that her letters grew constrained and cold; no wonder that cunning and concealment were now her policy. At heart she was already half a Jesuit, and quite a papist.

Entirely guided by a monk, who was the ruling spirit of the place, a clever, endearing, and most eloquent man, her heart, her soul, her conduct, were guided by him. About this time, De Villeneuve came to see her; he was on his way to Winterthur — they met, as he supposed, by stealth; but Annie was a Jesuit

now. She acted by the prudent counsels of a man who really took a deep interest in the fate and welfare of his young proselyte. Her beauty, intellectualised and softened by the life she had led, wrought promptly on the heart, or rather the senses, of De Villeneuve. He proposed to satisfy her scruples—a clandestine marriage, performed by a Romish priest—knowing what he supposed Annie, in her young innocence, knew not, that such a marriage between a Catholic and Protestant could not be binding.

Annie privately took counsel of her confidential priest, consented, and the ceremony was performed. For some days, De Villeneuve lingered at Cologne; Annie and he met privately, and he then told the mourning bride that he must tear himself from her, but that, on his return home, he would contrive to take her with him. Annie sobbed and fainted, and tore her hair, and beat her breast; but De Villeneuve left her all the same.

Yes, he left his victim with a light heart, for he had, as he fancied, wrought her ruin, and now his very soul was at Ellen's feet. He was the bearer of a letter from Sir Peter Riskwell to Mr. Lindsay: when given to him, this letter was sealed, and certainly he had never dreamt of breaking that seal. However, "the means to do ill deeds makes ill deeds done." The Custom-house officers at Antwerp had broken the seal; while De Villeneuve's mind was full of Annie, he never thought of this letter, when Annie was become nothing to him (as was now the case); in opening his pocket-book, the letter fell out. He remembered that Sir Peter had told him it was on important business. He looked at it, his colour rose, his heart beat, his hand trembled; for one moment a sense of honour and chivalry held out, against a vile curiosity and a base and interested treachery, and the next he deliberately unfolded and perused the letter.

What he there read we are not yet at liberty to reveal, but, instead of stopping to partake of the choice repast he had ordered at Manheim, he commanded post-horses, fee'd the postillions, travelled night and day, and arrived at Winterthur, on a bright spring morning, about a week after the appearance there of Miss Babie Douglas.

When, with a pale cheek and beating heart, he rushed through the beautiful and winding lanes of the villa where the Lindsays dwelt, he met Babie Douglas, dressed in fanciful mourning, with a black velvet cap, surmounted by an erect black plume, and decked with bugle tassels and jet butterflies, she was leaning on, or rather hanging to, the huge arm of the lion of the age, Ebenezer Grunter!

Alas! alas! shall we withdraw the veil, and shew that even philosophers can be weak! Babie and her puir twa hoondred have withdrawn great Grunter from the pleasant paths of peace and science, to lead him first along

the flowery haunts of flirtation, and then up the thorny steeps of love! Yes, Ebenezer Grunter has left book-making for love-making. Weep, weep, ye Nine! and smile and triumph,

"Foam-cradled Aphrodite, laughter-fed."

So full were Babie and her Ebenezer of their love, their "nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles," that the advent of the Count was to them of little importance, and they did not retrace their steps in his honour, but merely directed him where to find Ellen and Mr. Lindsay. He heard that Mr. Lindsay was at home with Miss Tibby, but that Ellen had roamed into a neighbouring pine-forest, which rose behind the gardens of the villa, and where she was wont, attended only by a huge, curly, red dog, a Swiss of a peculiar breed, to whom she was much attached, to sit, enjoying the fragrance of the budding pines, the beauty of the opening mosses, wild-flowers, and strawberry-blossoms, and the light and shade, which,

chequered as through cathedral aisles, the vistas and archways formed by the tall, the slender, and the graceful pines.

There it was Ellen's wont, while Mr. Lindsay wrote or read in his study, to "sit in the centre, and enjoy bright days." Now, with "Shakespeare's self, she speaks and smiles alone"—now roams through the romantic Past with that great magician — Walter Scott! —now weeps and trembles over the mournful truths, the beautiful but sad philosophy, and the wild spirit-stirring poetry of that great mental anatomist, who, if he ranks elsewhere as the heir at once of Shakespeare and Sir Walter, has established, in those searching and most mournful papers, collected under the title of "The Student," a right to rank, as an essayist, beside Addison and Johnson.

And this casket of gems, which Tragedy might be proud to wear, these stars of thought, illumining the darkness of so mournful a night (for what else is life, when painted as it is?),

Ellen had found among the treasures of the villa, and read for the first time. She had read it with delight both in English and German—rejoiced to see that the thoughts it contains, like gems of the first water, shine in any setting. It is well translated, and is, perhaps, in Germany, the favourite work of by far the most popular of our English authors, among that thinking people—one, in whose cause they nobly cast aside all national jealousy and prejudice, and love, and honour, with the loyalty due to the monarch of that realm, which is not bounded by seas or mountains — the mind. Yes, she had read this work in sight of the eternal Alps, which seemed to her pure and aspiring as the genius she was dwelling with. Here, too, she had first followed, with beating heart and quickened pulse, the exquisitely-told adventures of poor Jack Sheppard, and admired the genius that could invest his fate with an interest that makes that work the most popular of its class, and leads it in triumph through hosts of en-

vious detractors, to place it in the hands of Truth, and bequeath it to all after-time. Here she had made acquaintance with the witty and pathetic Boz, while each change "of many-coloured life he drew;" fallen in love with dear Pickwick, wept for poor little Oliver, learned to loathe Squeers, to cherish Smike, to shudder at that well-drawn villain Ralph, a villain whom, with all his villany, we cannot despise (a great triumph that!), and to follow, in fancy, poor little Nelly, in her poetical and touching pilgrimage with age and want.

With all these intellectual stores at hand, and with a soul to feel and to appreciate them, Ellen's solitude had been cheered, like Numa's of old! Genius, omnipresent Egeria! a blessing upon thy sweet visitings!—a blessing upon all who win us for a while from this vale of tears, who bear us on the buoyant wings of their great spirits to grand or pleasant scenes, who take the prisoned soul and lap it in Elysium!

When De Villeneuve hurried along the opening glade, and entered the forest, he distinguished a white robe flowing over the bright green grass, and a sunbeam, making its way through the dark pines, like Love struggling through the closing shades of sorrow and despair, lighted on the Madonna-brow and long gold hair of the entranced Ellen. Her guardian dog heard the step; she heeded not; he barked aloud, and pulled her skirt. She raised her eyes from her book, grew red, then pale, then red again with surprise and hope (for she had been long an exile, and he came from home and Julian), and then, rushing forward, she welcomed De Villeneuve with a joy which awoke in the vain heart of the Frenchman the idea that he was loved.

"Oh! come, come to the villa with me. Quick! my uncle will be so very glad to see you—to hear of Julian."

"Of Julian! I have not seen him for a long time. Has he not been over here?"

"No; is he coming?"

"I thought he was here. I am sure he has been abroad."

"Impossible! if so, where would he come but here? Well, come home with me."

"Not yet, Ellen; this paradise invites me. I have travelled night and day, I have had no rest; let me sit beside you for a few moments on this fresh grass, these flowers, springing up as winter is gone, like the hopes in my heart, Ellen — these dark forests, that one sunbeam can make so gay as one smile can light up my gloomy life. Look, Ellen, how beautiful is this world! See how yon pines seem like an army of giants to descend the mountain, and encamp in yon plain, while others appear winding onwards towards the snowy mountains, that Fancy makes the giant tents of a race of Anaks! Let me rest here, and look at once on the great and the beautiful."

"When you have seen my uncle, we will

return here. I will not rob him of this pleasure. You have never been an exile, or you would know what to an exile is a visitor from his home."

"Never been an exile, Ellen!—Oh, have I ever been aught else?"

"Come," and she took his arm; "my uncle will expect me; the post will be in."

"And what can the post bring you, that you so long for it?"

"Letters from.....from.....home, from Augusta.....my mother.....Julian!"

De Villeneuve was obliged to yield; he accompanied Ellen to the villa, was welcomed with rapture by Mr. Lindsay, and with great courtesy by Miss Tibby. De Villeneuve gave Mr. Lindsay the important letter from Sir Peter, which he had carefully resealed; Miss Tibby found a silent if not an attentive listener to her sarcasms on Miss Babie, and "the auld fule Grunter;" and, when Mr. Lindsay retired to read and answer his letter,

she, while De Villeneuve ground his teeth with impatience to be alone with Ellen, entered into a long comparison of the demerits of Grunter, compared to the excellences o' Donald o' the Brae, and the faults o' Miss Babie, her coquetry, her folly, and her forwardness, compared to her own modesty, discretion, and reserve.

CHAPTER LXX.

" Then did I seek to rise
Out of the prison of my mean estate,
And with such jewels as the exploring mind
Brings from the caves of Knowledge, buy my ransom
From those twin gaolers of the daring heart—
Low Birth and Iron Fortune."

The Lady of Lyons.

The morning after De Villeneuve's arrival came a letter from Julian : it announced that he had received an offer of a lucrative situation in the Colonies, to act as Secretary to a nobleman, and Editor of a magazine.

"It will be," he said, "an unspeakable pang to me to sever myself thus from all so dear to me, but I shall be able to ensure your comfort, to supply your wants, and, perhaps, some day to realise enough to return and dwell among you again. To accept this offer

I only await your consent, dear father, and then I shall contrive to pay you a brief farewell-visit.....and depart, strong in Hope and the conscience of feelings sacrificed to duties."

Ellen wept as she read, but Mr. Lindsay's eyes beamed with paternal pride and love.

"Sir Peter Riskwell's letter had decided me to visit England in a few days," he said; "besides, I have, I think, found suitable tenants for Lindsay Hall, and I would see you all there once more, before I resign the home of my fathers. But now I would set off at once. Prepare all things, dear Ellen; let us go to-morrow."

"I have business of great importance to settle in England," said Grunter, nervously mending a pen, blushing, and glancing from under his shaggy eyebrows at Babie, who was playing with the black tassels of her scarf, and coquettishly holding her head on one side. "I will accompany you, sir, *Deo volente*."

"And I wunna be left alane amang wolves and forriners," said Miss Tibby.

"Well, then, we will all set out together, and the sooner the better. We can call for Annie on the way."

The childish Babie was in a fever of joy at the prospect of this journey, with her now beloved and affianced Grunter. Preparations were hastily made, some tearful farewells taken of kind friends, and the exiles left the pretty and quiet home where they had so long nestled.

De Villeneuve's heart trembled a little at the thought of meeting with Annie — Annie, his victim—Annie, who believed herself his wife; but he trusted to that evil spirit which had never forsaken him, and to his boundless power over that unhappy girl. In the mean time, he left no effort untried to win upon Ellen's confidence and regard.

The weather was gloriously fine, and the journey a lively and most pleasant one.

What with Screech, the spaniels, and the varied members of the family, old Mr. Lindsay and Miss Tibby, Grunter, and Babie, Ellen and De Villeneuve, the party was large enough to engross almost a whole diligence, and to fill the pavilion-cabin of a Rhine boat. All were in high good humour; Grunter had produced a store of ready money; and there is something enlivening in the mere circumstance of a return to one's native land.

But at Cologne a dreadful blow awaited our party—Annie had fled; the nuns had missed her only the day before; none knew what had induced her flight, or whither she was gone. De Villeneuve, the only person except Grunter, cool enough to advise, made every inquiry: from what he reported, it was agreed to hasten to England. He expressed it as his belief, from all he had gathered, that it was to England she had fled.

Mr. Lindsay, the kind and good, was deeply affected, for he blamed his weakness in having

left her, though at her own entreaty, among strangers, it might be, foes. Miss Tibby was grieved, for she loved poor Annie. Ellen was miserable — and Grunter and Babie would, perhaps, have been more concerned for Annie, but that they were quite engrossed by each other.

They arrived at Aix-la-Chapelle, just in time to miss the morning post, and they had to wait till three in the afternoon, before they could proceed on their journey. They were in no mood of mind for sight-seeing, or for repose. Consultations, plans, regrets, and forebodings of evil had now supplied the place of sallies, and hopes, and glad prophecies. All Annie's good and kindly qualities were recalled and dwelt upon with tearful regret, and the uncertainty of her fate was a perpetual fever on the spirits of all.

After a vain attempt at a breakfast, to which, however, ample justice was done by Grunter and Babie, De Villeneuve, per-

ceiving Ellen's wan cheeks and wearied eyes, proposed a walk in the pretty suburbs of Aix-la-Chapelle.

De Villeneuve felt somewhat uneasy, as he perceived a splendid travelling-carriage in the courtyard of the inn, and recognised thereon the Gripeall arms. Could Zelie be so near? Could she have come there for the baths? or, had the old earl arrived alone, to amuse himself and restore his shattered frame?

None were at hand, of whom he could ask; and he hurried on, fearing he might behold at some window the wan face of poor Zelie.

Babie and Grunter set out with them, but, ere long, in true lover's style, they contrived to lose sight of them, in a pleasant lane; and Ellen found herself, before she knew they were gone, in the depths of a beautiful wood, carpeted with moss and wild flowers, and the birds singing merrily among the trees.

"Let us return," said Ellen; "we are quite alone."

"Would we were alone in the world, Ellen!"

Ellen tried to smile, as at a compliment, but she did not like the voice and manner of her companion.

"We *must* return. Perhaps there may be some tidings of poor Annie. Where—where can she be?"

"May I trust you, Ellen?—Sit down a moment, and I will tell you all."

"All! what do you know?"

"I know that it is possible, nay, almost certain, that she has eloped with Julian. He was long her clandestine lover."

"With Julian! Oh no, it cannot be! it is not so!" and Ellen started to her feet, pale as a young Niobe, and then sunk on the ground, mute and motionless.

De Villeneuve knelt beside her.—"Forgive me, forgive me, Ellen!" he cried. "I know you were not quite indifferent to that false and frivolous young man. But now you will

drive his image from that pure shrine, your heart! . . . now you will do a tardy act of justice, Ellen, and recognise my wild and boundless love—a love, which has existed on itself, unfed by Hope—a love, which the ruin of your fortunes has but rendered more wildly deep! Ellen, I am noble, I am rich enough to surround my heart's darling with all that makes life graceful and sweet! Speak, Ellen, say that I may hope."

"No, no!" said Ellen, wildly weeping, "I am grateful for your love—I am sensible of your generosity; but my heart is broken—I can never be yours!"

"You can—you shall, Ellen!" He grasped her arm, and Ellen screamed aloud; for he took a pistol from his pocket, and said—"Ellen, swear you will be mine, or I am a corpse at your feet!"

He had scarcely spoken, and Ellen had cried—"Stop! in mercy, stop! I . . . I will . . . I will! . . ." when the pistol was

dashed from his hand, and Grunter, furious with honest indignation, seized him.

"Shame on you to frighten a woman! If you cannot win a heart, Count, without these silly melodramatic pranks, why be content to be a single man."

Grunter was not a little elated at his own conquest, and felt a real contempt for De Villeneuve's want of success; he, too, had stolen into the wood, was playing at hide and seek with Babie, and had hidden behind an ample hawthorn-bush, when De Villeneuve resolved to try on Ellen a manœuvre which had had a brilliant success in one of his own little pieces, at *Le Théâtre des Variétés.*

Grunter still held De Villeneuve in his powerful grasp, when Babie ran laughing up, unconscious of what had happened.

"Whoop, whoop!—Ah, here he is!—La! I must tidy me a wee bit, here are sae mony people coming. What are ye doing, Ebenezer, dear, to the French Count? Come and

hide, will ye, else a' the world will disturb us."

But Grunter did not move; he still held the indignant and writhing Count, who was pale with rage, and gnashing his teeth in impotent wrath; and thus they stood when Mr. Lindsay approached, and with him Julian and the lost Annie! . . . .

"I have found him! I have found him! my ain dear husband!" cried the Scotch lassie. "Ah! dearest, when you left me, I was sae lonesome I could nae bear it, sae I set out for Winterthur, where I kenned ye meant to gang, and on the way I met wi' Julian, who was going to Winterthur to see his father, and I tauld him a', and he mad inquiries at the hotels, and we found ye out where ye were. And noo ye will never leave your wee wife mair."

Annie threw herself into the unwilling arms of De Villeneuve; and all stood transfixed with wonder, when a piercing shriek was heard, and Zelie, who, from her dressing-room

at the hotel, had seen and recognized De Villeneuve, and hastily followed him, pale, her hair dishevelled, and her eyes on fire, rushed into the centre of the group.

"What is this?" she cried; "have you deceived me, Alphonse? have you loved another? have I sold myself and my eternal soul for the vile sum that has enabled you to wed one who can never, never be to you what I have been? Is it for this I have linked my fate with yon vile dotard's? is it for this I left the balmy home of innocence, and toiled and made myself vilely great, to make you rich and happy? Bear witness all, I am not his sister! . . . I am his victim!—speak! is that woman your wife, Alphonse?"

"No; she is not my wife."

"Explain yourself," cried Julian: "you must answer this to me."

"I fear no man," said De Villeneuve, proudly. "To gratify a silly fancy for a forward girl who would not let me rest, I

suffered the marriage ceremony to be performed by a Romish priest, aware, as of course the girl was too, that it could not be binding, she being a protestant."

"Ah!" cried Annie, "Father Eustace knew you then better than I did. But you are caught in your own snare, Alphonse; for a week before our unhappy marriage, I became a member of the church of Rome .... And now," she cried, rising almost into dignity as she spoke, "begone, unhappy woman! I am, before God and man, his wife; I am the Countess De Villeneuve."

At these words Zelie uttered a shriek, as if she had received a death-wound. The bright scarlet blood overflowed her pallid lips; Alphonse extended his arms, into which she sank. She had broken a blood-vessel in her lungs, and death seemed frightfully inevitable.

"Fiends, you have killed her!" shouted De Villeneuve, the "late remorse of love" awaking, as he saw the guilty but devoted one

dying at his feet. "Leave her to me; touch her not; she is mine, all mine — and worth more, fallen and sullied flower as she is, than any of you proud and cold ones who would crush her. For thee, poor fool! who, aided by a wily monk, hast thus outwitted me; thou mayst be my wife, but thou shalt never see me more; and you, proud Ellen, once the object of my love, now of my scorn, know that I am not the romantic fool you deem me; nor would I have proposed to wed you, but that I still behold in you the heiress of great fortunes. To each and all of you I bequeathe my curse!"

So saying, he lifted Zelie in his arms, bore her to her carriage, which awaited close by, carried her into the very room where the old Earl was bending his crooked neck over his chocolate, and installed himself sole nurse, by the Countess's bed-side.

CHAPTER LXXI.

"Away; the centred soul, in hours like these,
Daunts not itself with phantom images;
One voice alone is heard within the heart
We loved, and we must part."

The Death of Nelson.

"My poor Ellen!" said old Mr. Lindsay, "of what great fortunes are you then the heiress?"

"Of all the wealth of your love, uncle."

"And of mine," murmured Julian. "Ah! it is indeed a pang to leave you now — now that my heart mirrors your perfect beauty, and my soul appreciates your matchless worth. Ellen, I have long been enamoured of a Memory, but a Memory which will be my sole companion through my exiled life."

"Nay, if it is so, and you have enough,

marry her, and take her with you abroad. You shall have my blessing, my children."

"And leave you lone and desolate in poverty, to which you are yet all unused? Never! Julian will toil, and earn wealth, and return to us. We shall not be young, perhaps, as now; but the hearts where immortal and true love dwells can never grow old."

Mr. Lindsay wiped his eyes, and murmured, "A blessing on your true hearts, my dear children!"

And Annie, Countess de Villeneuve, the weeping bride — Annie was now one of the party. Annie, loving as she was, had some womanly pride: and, though she would have remained with De Villeneuve as his slave, while she believed him true, she would not follow, like a spaniel, one who had spurned her, and openly preferred another. Mr. Lindsay insisted on her remaining with him till some arrangement could be made to bring her villainous husband to see that his interests would be promoted by his behaving well to her.

Ere long, the mild arguments, the simple truths, and the quiet piety of those around her, won the poor child of passion back from the errors of that creed, which is so merciful to those whose sin is Love (witness immoral Italy! where the wife, the husband, the cavalier, and....the father-confessor dwell in harmony together, and where the latter, alas! does not pronounce his curse, scarcely even withdraws his sanction from a system of organized disregard of household duties, and of wedded truth.

Yes, Annie saw her error, and if "The monks were merry in Castile" when Annie Maxwell renounced her blessed faith, "The monks were woeful in Castile" when Annie, Countess de Villeneuve, returned to the pure bosom of that Church, which, if it will palter with no weakness, while the heart clings to its errors, forgives all, when the Prodigal, casting aside the darling sin, seeks shelter in her bosom.

The travellers have reached Antwerp, and are awaiting the vessel which is to convey them to London. Ellen is hanging on her Julian's arm, gathering the short-lived flowers of a wild ecstacy, on the very brink of an eternal separation. Grunter and Babie are sporting "a wee bit;" Miss Tibby, leaning on Annie's arm, has set out for a tobácconist's on the quay, to get her snuff-box replenished. "Vandertonald, *marchand de tabac*," and a Highland image, with pink knees, red sandals, and in the act of taking a pinch of snuff, attracted her attention: they entered the shop. A tall Flemish woman, and a tribe of squinting, red-haired children, were there. Annie tried to explain, but the woman understood neither French nor English. In a moment, she threw open a door of a little back-parlour; there sat an old man over a glass of grog. She spoke sharply to him in Flemish, and, as he did not seem inclined to attend to his customers, she shook, and, as it were, pulled him into the

shop. He was a man of about sixty-five, with one eye, a shock red wig, shaggy eyebrows, a portly person, and an air of ineffable conceit.

"What's your wull, lassie?" he asked of Annie, for her youth and beauty struck him.

"Wi ye jist gie me an ounce o' yer best Scotch mixture, friend?" said Tibby, presenting her box. "I perceive yer a countryman o' mine, sae gie me the best, and dinna charge too dear."

"The best snuff for the best price—I mak na difference. Gentle or simple, I have but ain price for friends or foes. If I give an ounce o' snuff to ilka coontrymon, or self-styled friend, their's wad be a sma' gain each, and mine a groot loss. I've a gude wife, and mony bairns, and times are heard wi' me in a foreign land, and I have kenned better days."

"Fra wha part o' Scotland do ye come, friend?" asked Tibby.

"I'd be after asking the same question o' yersel," said the canny Scotsman. "Ah!

that's a style o' snuff-box I ken weel. In my younger days, an auld lady, the aunt o' a bonny lassie I coorted, had jist such a ain. Puir lassie! I'd be glod to ken what is become o' her, and o' anither, a pridefu' crater. They were baith flames o' mine, and puing caps for me. I was a bonny Heeland officer then, and pretty, flirting Tibby Maxwell, and tragic, noble Grizzy Dooglas, were o'er the lugs in luve wi' me."

"Who are ye?" shrieked Tibby.

"Her Vandertonald, in Antwerp; in Scotland, they ca'ed me Donald o' the brae."

"Donald o' the brae!" cried Tibby.

"Donald o' the brae!" re-echoed Annie.

"It canna be. If ye war Donald o' the brae, ye'd nae a forgotten Tibby Maxwell."

"Ah! ye canna be Tibby Maxwell, else ye'd nae a forgotten Donald o' the brae. Aweel, aweel, let us shake honds for auld lang syne. I'm glod to see ye weel, Tibby, though time has dune his wark upon us baith. I'm a morried mon, wi' mony bairns...."

"And I am a single woman, for yer sake, Donald. Why did ye na retoorn?"

"It's a lang tale. Shipwrecks, and Poortith, and Sickness, and Disappointment, and, finally, a wife and the wee bairns. I was taken prisoner in America, but escaped to Europe; went through mony changes; becam the luver o' a tobacconist's daughter! .... lost my gude right eye by a hansel o' snuff thrown at me by a spitefu' rival; and, when my father-in-law died, set up for mysel. And where is poor Grizzy Dooglas?"

"Deed, deed, o' a broken heart, and for your sake!"

"Ah, she was ever a tragic, high-speaking crater. I feared she'd na survive my loss; but it was her ain doing, for a' that."

Poor Grizzy! had she seen Donald o' the brae at that moment, she would have laughed at her own delusions.

The braw wife, now thinking the discussion had lasted long enough, called loudly to Van-

dertonald. Poor Donald! he was evidently henpecked. The wife held out her large hand for the price of the snuff; Donald could not bear to take it from Tibby Maxwell. The packet-bell rang; the old lovers took a hasty leave.

"To think o' Donald o' the brae coming to that! A tobacconist, and morried to sic a low-born hizzie! Aweel! aweel!"

Miss Tibby begged Annie's secrecy on this disgraceful *dénouement* of her long love-passage, and, strange to say, she after a while quite forgot her recent encounter with Donald o' the brae, and returned to all her romantic reminiscences, not of the old one-eyed tobacconist, but o' the bonny Heeland officer.

CHAPTER LXXII.

"Oh, Mary! dear, departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?"

BURNS.

The evening sun was pouring his slanting rays through the windows of a room, the solemn stillness of which proclaimed it the abode of death.

On a white couch lay the light form of a young and beautiful girl; a smile seemed to have set upon the lips, and the red sun threw a faint glow upon the cheek. But yet the unmistakeable change was wrought — Zelie was dead!

With something of the natural poetry of fancy—something of the acquired love of effect peculiar to her profession — she had caused herself to be arrayed in the novice's garb, in which Alphonse had first seen her, when her beauty captivated his senses, when her voice, among the vestal quire, struck his ear with wonder, and he formed the plan of making her his victim, and a prima donna! . .

The Earl, who hated death, had left the young Countess's remains to the care of Mrs. Chester and the *soi-disant* brother; and De Villeneuve was now kneeling, alone, and in unbearable anguish, by the corpse of her who had so wildly, so fondly, so devotedly, loved him! And, ah! it is not over those whom *we* have loved, and cherished, and worshipped *in vain*, that our hearts seem to break as they breathe their last farewell! It is those who have *loved us*, cared for *us*, watched, comforted, never forsaken, ever believed, ever honoured, ever trusted, ever sheltered us!

Death effaces all distinct recollections of the beauty that won our wildest worship, the wit that captivated, the grace that enthralled, yea, even of the intellect that dazzled ..... The memory of the senses, nay, that of the mind, is brief; that of the heart is eternal. Oh! great avenger, oh, mighty Death! the unloved, who have loved on, borne with our careless words, our cold looks, our pre-occupied hearts, and still planned for, cared for, watched for *us*, a day of deep and dreadful atonement comes for them; the closed eyelids have an appealing power we can never shake off! The ever-silent, placid lips convey an eternal reproach to our hearts. We may forget the being *we have loved;* we never forget the being *who has loved us;* and this is partly the cause of the unforgetting tenderness with which we treasure the memory of lost parents. While they yet live, often impatient of their care, their counsel, their tenderness—when they die (and we have none to

love us so again) how eternal is the regret, with what a sense of loneliness, with what an unutterable longing the heart looks from the arid and lonely present, to the fresh and fairy life we led, when watched by the omnipotence of a parent's affection!

And so in woman's love!—when she really loves! However elevated the man she loves, however much he ranks above her in mind, fortune, station ..... her tenderness, even for the loftiest, partakes of the watchful, protecting devotion of maternity — the fearful, the ever-sacrificing, the ever watchful! — such is woman's love—such had been Zelie's love for De Villeneuve.

For the first time he felt that he *had been loved, and was alone!* He caught Zelie's lifeless form to his heart: its stony coldness chilled him. The Past, the Present, the Future, swept across his maddened brain. He looked again on that once fondest being. He deliberately bolted the door, wrote a melo-

dramatic note, in true French style, bequeathing his curse to Annie, and his heart to Ellen, requesting it might be embalmed, and placed in a crystal urn in her bridal bower. And this was prompted partly by revenge, to wake a suspicion in Julian, that the heart thus bequeathed dead, had been coveted when living.

Ere long a report of a pistol was heard; the door was broken open; Mrs. Chester rushed in, followed by all the household. Alphonse de Villeneuve was a corpse by the side of La Zelie.

CHAPTER LXXIII.

"See, my liege, see through plots and counterplots,
Through gain and loss, through glory and disgrace,
Along the plains, where passionate discord rears
Eternal Babel—still the holy stream
Of human happiness glides on!"

Richelieu.

The family were assembled at Lindsay Hall, previously to its being resigned into the hands of the new tenants. The Reverend Gregory and Mrs. Lindsay were there, accompanied by a poor, wan, broken being, victim of India, and a liver complaint; a widow, once the most brilliant and most beautiful of Mrs. Lindsay's daughters, and who had made a great match, long the chief boast of the Matchmaker!

Never had Lindsay Hall looked so lovely. The diamond river sparkled in the sun; Capricorn bounded over the bright green sod;

Screech and the Macaw vied with each other in clamour. Never had the flowers looked so bright, the trees so green!

"How blessings brighten as they take their leave, Ellen!" said Julian, as they roamed together through the beautiful avenues of horse-chestnuts, the spiral and waxen blossoms of which rose from the dark foliage, like the ivory pagodas of a fairy city. "Why will not my father say that he approves of my sacrifice, and sanctions my accepting the appointments offered me to-morrow? I must decide, and leave you, Ellen. But, I have Love and Energy; others have made fortunes abroad; why not I? Will you wait for your unhappy exile?—say, sweet Ellen!"

"I will," whispered Ellen; and Julian clasped her to his heart.

And now they were summoned to dinner. An elegant banquet was spread in the large hall, the sun came in through the chequered panes! Sir Peter and Lady Riskwell had arrived, not in the dashing equipage of yore,

but in an humble post-chaise. The truth was out at last; Sir Peter Riskwell was a ruined man. His speculations had long been failing; and now he was undone!

Augusta was pale, sad, and silent. Her rich dress was put on without one particle of coquettish care. Wealth and station had been her gods; she had lost them, and she saw nothing worth living for now.

Mrs. Lindsay looked from Ellen, in her blooming beauty; on her widowed daughter; on Lady Riskwell; and, in fancy, on the tomb of poor Lydia St. Leger; and then her heart asked itself what had her matchmaking availed? Sir Peter was dull and crestfallen; he had never had much but his wealth to establish him in his own opinion, or that of any other.

Grunter looked very important, and Babie and he kept up a succession of glances, nods, and signs. Ellen was so young when her sister went to India, that she had quite to make acquaintance with her; but Ellen saw

that she was unhappy, and Ellen was familiar with sorrow.

The dinner passed off silently enough. Mrs. Lindsay tried to talk, and failed. Gregory and Grunter conversed a little on the design of the work of the latter, "The Literature of the German Empire, and the Empire of the German Literature;" and Julian amused them by an account of Mr. Jobb, who now drove about in his chariot and pair, and had removed to Bond Street, and a villa at Hackney. He had also news of the Fitzcribbs; Corinna Fitzcribb had corrected the "Fugitive Follies" of Lord Madrigal, and induced him to commit one of a more permanent nature. The old peer proposed to the young poetess, and was accepted. True, he was poor for a peer, but what was poverty to him was wealth to them. He was good-natured, and now the whole Fitzcribb family was staying at Madrigal Abbey, and seemed likely to stay there; for Corinna, in her prosperity, clung to the sharers of her former

sorrows; and the bride of sixteen was the idol of the bridegroom of sixty-five.

"There, Fitzcribb," said Julian, "is engaged at his ease on a work intended, Mr. Grunter, to cut out 'The History of Philosophy, and the Philosophy of History,' the success of which has long been his bane. There Milton revels in 'Paradise Regained,' and Johnson in the 'Happy Valley.' There Mrs. Fitzcribb pursues her literary labours, nurses her young 'Shakespeare,' and has received overtures of reconciliation from her family. There Sappho leaps, not like her namesake, from despair, but joy. There Swift jokes and puns; and all his jokes and puns succeed, for he is the brother-in-law of a lord. And there Benoni rides a pretty pony, and his parents see his cheek grow rosy and his eyes bright; and the Past is forgotten, or remembered only that the Present may be the more keenly enjoyed."

When Julian had exhausted the subject of the Fitzcribbs, the cloth was removed, and a dead silence ensued.

Presently Mr. Lindsay rose, and said, in a loud and solemn voice, "You are aware, my friends, that we are met here for the last time before I resign the Hall of my forefathers into the hands of its new possessors. This I do without one pang, for I know those successors to be worthy, I know they will comfort the Poor, cheer the Sorrowful, and console the Afflicted; for they have been tried themselves in the great court of Adversity, and they have stood that trial well—as I said before, I resign the Hall to them without one pang. May they live long to bless the day on which I yielded it to them! I will name them presently, and we will drink their healths. But first listen to an old man's tale; it has its moral.

"An old father had a son, an only son, and a dearly loved one; and, living with him, there were two fair girls, endowed with every grace. Between these girls he wished his only son to choose. Both seemed to love him; but he was rich and courted, and their love had not

been tried. The son, too, he led a sorry and an idle life; he squandered time and money; and the old father, seeing him so vain and idle a coxcomb, began to doubt whether it were wise to trust him with the management of a fortune, and, with that greater treasure still, a fond woman's love. Now, mark! before he fixed on one of these fair girls, before he made his son independent, the father resolved to try them all, by that great touchstone, Adversity. He availed himself of some small and trifling failures, to pretend total Ruin! He went as a beggar with a beggar-son to the home of those two girls. The one forsook — but we will not dwell on that. The other, angel as she is, accompanied the old man into penurious exile; toiled for him, cheered, blessed, and would have followed him in beggary through the world.

"Meanwhile, the idle boy, who had sported in the sun, baffled manfully with the storm; he struggled, and he conquered. Deterred

by no false shame, he earned his bread in honesty, and unaided. Here," and Mr. Lindsay took a note from his pocket, "here is what the boy, bred in luxury, earned in crowded London, without one friend to aid, and by the sweat of his brain. Here — here is a note worth all the Bank of England holds! Here is the proof of the son's worth, the son's affection. His merits won him the offer of independence abroad. He might marry, and bear with him one he loves, one who loves him; and the thought of the old man's lonely hearth has made him resign the happiness of his own.

"I need not name them! Julian, you are answered!—I never was ruined; and now I am most blessed. The future tenants of the Hall, then, are Julian and Ellen Lindsay!

"Sir Peter, your hand! I will assist you to the utmost. Sister, I forgive; bestow your blessing on the lovers; and you, Gregory, yours upon those best of children! Weep not, Augusta, all will be well with you. Mr.

Grunter, I thank you for having kept my secret; and you too, Sir Peter, you have managed this affair well; but I suspect, from the Count's remark to you, Ellen, he had peeped into your letter."

Ellen looked at her uncle, to remind him of poor Annie's presence.

"And sae ye have na been ruined, after a," said Miss Tibby. "Aweel, aweel! I've shared your sham adversity, and sae I'll e'en share your real prosperity, kinsmon! Wi' a' yer tricks upon travellers, ye remember me o' puir Donald o' the brae; he was unco fond o' quips and cranks, puir Donald!"

Strange force of habit; it was not till Annie touched her aunt, and smiled an April smile, that Miss Tibby recalled her late rencontre with the old one-eyed tobacconist; when she did so, she bridled up, and remained silent.

Ellen was in the arms of her happy parents. The young Countess forgot her own sorrows in Ellen's joy: Augusta tried to do the same.

"Marriage is a holy estate," said Grunter. "'Nil insipientius cœlibis vitâ.'"

Grunter was in such high spirits that nothing short of the Latin grammar could have translated his rapture, so it forced itself into the familiar quotation of former times. Babie blushed.

"It is indeed a holy estate," said Mrs. Lindsay; "and now you're come to the end o' your Latin, I propose the ceremony should not be delayed too long, for 'there's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip.'"

"Let it be a double wedding, Grunter," said Mr. Lindsay. "Ah, sister Lindsay, what match of yours can equal this of mine! Come, let us drink the healths of both brides and bridegrooms; and let it be remembered that, after all, the heart is the best Matchmaker!"

THE END.

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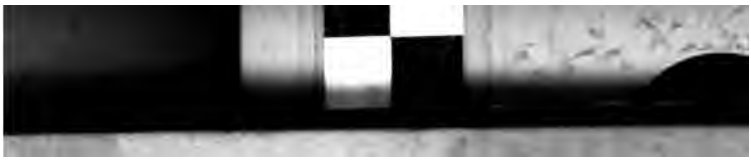
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